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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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A CITY AND A SOUL.

A Story of Chicago.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

"Science, although furnishing many rich and varied instances of transformation, fails to give data concerning the gradual development of the professional man—artist, author, physician, lawyer—from the waiting eager grub. What causes such a metamorphosis, what influences favor it, what casualties retard it, what circumstances preclude it utterly."—Charles Egbert Craddock in "The Despot of Broomfield Cove."

CHAPTER I.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

The train from the East on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern R. R. was creeping slowly into Chicago on a September morning in 1884. So early was it that the sun was not yet visible, and many passengers were still dozing on the car seats which had served them from motives of economy, or from stress of poverty for beds, many having thus caught what snatches of sleep were possible for the one or two nights necessary to make the trip from Boston, New York, or intermediate points. Among such passengers were two ladies, both of them pretty and with intelligent and interesting faces, and one of them of more than ordinary beauty. They occupied two seats facing, which had served them not uncomfortably as cots.

At the first gleam of daylight, these two, with a few others, had rearranged their seats, made such hasty toilets as were possible, and were now occupied in strapping their belongings into the smallest compass. They were thus employed when the train stopped at the Englewood station, where several early travelers city-ward came aboard. One of these an elderly gentleman, catching a glimpse of their faces, stopped in his rapid walk through the car, with a smile of welcome.

"Why—Bless me, this is a surprise!—I thought you were going to stay East—some one told me so yesterday—and my nephew would I declared he wouldn't go to school this term if Miss Constance was not going to be his teacher." He had been addressing the taller of the two as he shook hands with both, but he now turned to the younger, who responded with a smile, which was rather in the lustrous brown eyes than on the lips. It was the one first addressed however who replied:

"Oh no, we were only on our vacation, doctor, Connie and I were both homesick for a sight of the sea, and we decided to be extravagant for once, so we have been enjoying life for two months at her birthplace in New York, on the Long Island shore. We have had a delightful time—Connie has taken innumerable sketches of sea and woods and shore. We have both taken our degrees as tramps, and have bathed and gormandized until I wonder that you recognized us through our tan and increased weight. I don't know how we are to endure Chicago's noise and dirt and smoke after our delightful rest from them all!"

"Yet after all, I guess you are both glad to get back to smoky Chicago—no place in the world like Chicago—now is there?" queried the gentleman, with a laugh. A little frown gathered on the bright, piquant face of the elder girl.

"Why should we like city life doctor," she answered, "when it means only renewed toil, a looking forward to months of half-paid labor, and unfriendly criticism by unit critics of that labor—no I am not glad to get back to Chicago!"

"Pessimist!—speak for yourself!" here broke in the girl who had not yet spoken; her voice was wonderfully sweet and thrilling as she continued: "I am glad to get back, doctor, and so is Laura if she would only confess it.

Why should we complain of hard work when that work is sweetened by kind words and looks from our pupils and friends? Why complain of small pay when we have soaring ambitions? Why fear our hand-to-hand struggle for a living while we manage to get it? The very whirl and tumult of its danger are delightful. It is true Chicago is a great smoky, threatening ogre to those who do not know it. A seething cauldron of men, events and opinions—but I like this uproar of battle, and I love Chicago and come back to it gladly."

After a few more words the gentleman who was on his way homeward from a professional visit, passed on to seek a friend in the next car, and the ladies subsided into their seats to await their arrival at the Central Station, chatting meanwhile with each other as to their plans and purposes for the coming school term.

Most of the passengers had ere this aroused themselves from their late naps, but a few still kept their recumbent positions. Among those who were apparently sleeping was a young man who occupied the seat directly back of the two ladies. He was a countenanced appearing young fellow, dressed in an ill-fitting suit which seemed to have "ready-made" stamped upon every obtrusive crease. His straw hat covered his eyes as he reclined upon his seat, and only part of a sunburned nose was visible, a rather large but straight nose, a mouth strong yet sensitive, a longish chin, and resolute jaws. The brown, finely-shaped hands crossed on his breast showed acquaintance with severe manual labor.

Half dozing, he yet caught the import of the girlish talk in the seat ahead, the slow movement of the cars making every sound distinct.

This was our hero, Justin Dorman. Impassive as he looked to those passengers who happened to glance his way, his mind was full of excited thoughts as he lay there revolving the fact that he was really in Chicago, that great city of the West which a month ago had seemed so far away and apart from any future possible for him, in his Massachusetts farm home.

His parents had discovered after selling off bit after bit of their once large farm, in order to meet the increasing needs of their family, that some opening must be found for their second son Justin, now in his twenty-first year, by which he could at least pay his own way; and this his mother had indicated in her letter to a brother who was practicing law in Chicago.

The short note which came in answer to Mrs. Dorman's letter, proved to be the most exciting epistle that had ever reached that household. It was as follows:

"Dear Sister:—Sorry to hear of your difficulties. I intend to discharge one of my clerks as soon as I can find a reliable man to take his place. If your son is a good penman and can be relied upon to do exactly as he is told, I will give him the place at ten dollars per week salary. I should have preferred your oldest, my namesake, Thaddeus, but as you say he is to be married soon and will take charge of his future father-in-law's farm, of course I must take the next best. I suppose your younger sons are now old enough to do most of your own farm work with their father's help. Please reply at once with specimen of Justin's handwriting. Regards to all. From your affectionate brother.

THADDEUS FAIRFIELD.

Fortunately Justin was a good and rapid penman, and had won a prize for his proficiency in penmanship while a student in the Village "Academy" where he had been educated. The result was that Mr. Fairfield's next letter enclosed a cheque to cover the expenses of the trip to Chicago, and gave explicit directions as to his route.

There was great commotion in the Brownville neighborhood over his going. The dozen or more families who had thus far in life made up their circle of acquaintances, sent delegations to the Dorman place to interview him as to his hopes and prospects, and to add some special tid-bit to the store of good things Mrs. Dorman was preparing for his lunch-basket.

On the day of his departure for Chicago a party of his young friends, including his three brothers and Anna Perry, his brother Thad's fiancée, accompanied him to the lonely country railway "depot."

Amid the handshakings, the tearful or smiling farewells which were bestowed upon him, Justin was jestingly dared by Thad's "intended" to kiss her and the other girls for good-by, and though the bashful fellow had scarcely ever kissed his own mother, since he was a boy, yet with the "other fellows" standing by laughing, he could do no less than accept the challenge, and he bravely passed the ordeal. But not one of the girls who laughingly or coyly accepted his farewell salute, blushed more furiously than Justin himself. He felt shyest of all in approaching Lissa Wood, the pretty seventeen-year-old daughter of the Dorman's nearest neighbor. As he bent toward her, she raised her soft blue eyes for one swift movement to his face, and he was surprised to see them filled with tears.

A strange subtle thrill passed through his heart at the sight. Tears, for him, from this golden-haired little girl, whom he had known from babyhood, and whom he still looked upon as a child!

A stranger subtle thrill passed through his heart at the sight. Tears, for him, from this golden-haired little girl, whom he had known from babyhood, and whom he still looked upon as a child!

"Oh Justin!" she murmured, "don't go—I will miss you so much!" Then she sobbed, and Justin, fearful of attracting attention, hurriedly whispered with a tender pressure of her hand: "Don't feel so, Lissa, I'll write you, if you wish, when I get to Chicago."

The whistle of the incoming train which was to bear him away, was heard at this moment. A half grown lad who had evidently slipped from the back of the runaway horse now came into view, and a man from another quarter who had caught the animal was leading it toward the boy. Curiosity satisfied, the party again turned to Justin. There were a few hurried words of leave-taking, the conductor shouted "all aboard!", and he was off, carrying with him a picture of Lissa, who was standing a little apart from the others, a deeper tint than usual on her dimpled cheeks and a half sorry, yet happy light, in her dewy eyes. When he thought this incident over, Justin felt worried and puzzled as well as pleased. He wasn't sure that he really cared for the sweet girl, and wondered how far his impulsive action and promise had compromised him for the future.

Just at this point in his musings, the slow-moving train came to a standstill. The young ladies in front having arranged things to their satisfaction, were again seated when Justin rose from his recumbent position, and hurried to the door. "He thinks we have reached the station," said the taller of the two.

"He's from the country evidently," remarked the other musingly, "but what a good, honest, innocent face!" Constance, that this is the first time you have noticed that young fellow? I have been observing him ever since he boarded our train at Albany. To tell the truth I got a glimpse into his lunch-basket, and it made me so homesick that I have longed to scrape acquaintance with him ever since—full of home-made goodies which made my eyes water. I can just see how his mother looked when he packed that basket for him."

"Or his wife."

"He's got no wife—he's 'over young to marry yet'—besides he hasn't a married look. He shies too quick at the sight of a girl."

"Oh, Laura Delmarthe! You surely haven't been trying to flirt with him!" exclaimed her friend in tones of mock horror.

"No—I respect my calling too much to yield to my natural inclinations. I never overlook the possibility of the presence in any public place of some to me unknown sister, cousin, or aunt of one of my pupils. So I never lose my tutorial dignity—because I don't want to lose my hard-won position in the B. school. No, my knowledge how this boy shies at the look of a woman is the result of my wonderful powers of observation. You've been absorbed all the way in your stupid old book. Ruskin's 'Seven Lamps,' indeed! If you'd had a farthing candle, or would use your own eyes, you might have seen, as I did, how horribly uneasy the boy became yesterday afternoon when a brazen-faced woman took seat beside him and tried to open conversation. He escaped from her at the very next stopping place, taking the seat behind us."

Justin, having learned from the brakeman that the temporary stop was at one of several sub-stations of Chicago, and that he would know when they reached the end of the line by the general stampede, now came slowly back to his seat.

At last Van Buren street depot was reached. The passengers poured out of the cars in hot haste, crowding upon each other. A wisecracker lingered a little until the pressure became less. Among these were the girl friends, and Justin, the latter lingering because having understood from their talk that they were school teachers, he wished to ask them a question, as he felt he could trust them to his answers more than as if he knew nothing of them. In his country home teachers of either sex were looked up to as the very elect,—superior beings who could do no wrong.

Though he lingered he did not muster up sufficient courage to address them until fortune favored him by giving him an excuse to do so. Both girls were burdened with a number of parcels, and as they joined the lessening stream, Justin immediately behind, one of these parcels dropped at his feet. He picked it up and touching the taller girl on the shoulder said:

"Excuse me, but I think one of you ladies dropped this package."

It was a very comely and sedate face which turned toward him and a pair of serene grey eyes looked into his.

"Thanks," she said, "Constance, this parcel is yours—thank the young man for returning it."

Two lovely brown eyes were raised to his, and a singularly thrilling voice said, "Thank you." In a low tone and with a faint smile.

"I guessed from something I heard you say that you lived here in Chicago, ladies," Justin now found courage to say, "and as I am a stranger, I thought I would ask you if you could direct me to Michigan avenue—is it too far to walk?"

"What number?" promptly asked the taller girl.

Justin gave her the number.

"That is quite a distance, Michigan avenue is not far off, but it is a long avenue, and if you are going to that number you had better take a cab."

"But my Uncle said I was not to call before ten, and as it is so early, I could perhaps just as well walk," he blurted out in his anxiety.

Laura Delmarthe surmised the situation at once, and as she felt sure she would never set eyes on this particular young man again, she obeyed her naturally kind instincts to help him.

"Well, now I'll tell you what you had better do," she said. "You will have plenty of time to study yourself up a bit, the gentlemen's room in the depot. Then after getting breakfast, you can leave your hand baggage at the parcel counter, they will give you a check, and on returning this and paying a small fee you can get your baggage any time. Ask any policeman round the station where to find these. Then if you walk down this (Van Buren) street directly east, you will soon come to Michigan avenue. There is a park at the foot of the street directly in front of the lake where there are plenty of seats and a good view of Lake Michigan, and as it promises to be a fine day, you can spend your time pleasantly until the hour for your appointment. Then you must hunt up a cab, the fare is not dear, and drive to your friend's house. They are very aristocratic at that end of the avenue," she concluded with a smile, "and anything less than a cab would never be forgiven."

They were in the depot now, and Laura pointed out to him the gentlemen's room, and the proper official of whom to make inquiries. Justin thanked her effusively, his eyes meantime wandering admiringly in the direction of her pretty but silent friend.

The girls walked for some time in silence toward State street, where they were to take the horse cars home.

"Laura," broke out the younger girl at length, as with laughter in her eyes she turned to her friend, "how did you dare say what you did? Wasn't it virtually telling him that he ought to wash and fix up generally before he would be presentable? You are the most incomprehensible creature! I didn't know where to look as I listened to you."

An amused smile sprang to Laura's lips, as she replied in even tones:

"He knew where to look, Constance, if you didn't, for his good honest eyes turned to you as though you were the most interesting thing he could see in Chicago."

"Do talk sense, Laura," rejoined the other, a little impatiently, "and tell me why you said what you did to him."

"Why? I should think that was apparent enough! When he spoke of his Uncle, who lives in such a neighborhood as No. Michigan avenue, I read the whole story. His mother or his father had made a misalliance—cast off by the aristocratic branch; the offended parent, (in this case his father, his mother, you know, filled that lunch basket for him, so she must be perfect), is dead. Mother writes a despairing letter to Chicago brother; he relents, and sends for her only son, intending to make him his heir—if presentable. Well, was I going to allow that blessed youth to appear before that haughty relation with a big lunch basket, a satchel, and an umbrella, mused hair, dirt streaked face, and on foot? Not I! I took into consideration the amplitude of this enormous and still growing city, and I knew the chances were a thousand to one against my ever meeting him again, so why should I hesitate to give him a bit of good advice, and so lay up in heaven one more good deed to offset my many bad ones?"

"What a romancer you are, Laura, for a girl who has so much practical sense," commented her companion in an admiring way. "I can see now how thoughtful and kind it was. Still I think it much more likely that the uncle maybe some coarse-grained fellow who has made money by stock-raising or land speculating, or after all he may be nothing but a servant in the house."

"Oh, Connie—what a horrible realist you are for a girl who aspires to be an artist. I disdain your stock-raising, land-sharking, бир-энд-теоры theory! That young fellow has good blood in his veins, despite his countrified look. Did you notice his well-shaped hands, his fine head, and his clear honest eyes?"

Constance laughed a little wearily.

"Yes, I did notice his fine hazel eyes, but I think we've given him as much consideration as we can afford to this morning. Here's the car!"

CHAPTER II.

INITIATORY.

Justin was genuinely grateful to the tall slender, self-possessed Chicago teacher who had spoken to him, despite her apparent youth, in so motherly a tone. She was to him an entirely new type of womanhood. So too, was her lovely companion, who had expressed herself so enthusiastically in favor of Chicago.

He obeyed Miss Delmarthe's suggestion to the letter. He did not, fortunately for his vanity, take in all which that advice implied, but he thought she ought to know the usages of the city, and he felt more at ease at the thought of meeting his uncle, fortified by the hints she had given. After breakfasting he visited a barber, and blushed as he noted the fancy touches to hair and moustache revealed in the shop mirror, after the "tonsorial artist" had done with him. Then destitute of any tell-tale baggage he started down Van Buren street to the Lake Park.

Unused to the sight of a great body of water, for his home was miles from the sea-shore, Lake Michigan, sparkling in the rays of the newly risen September sun and rippling gently under a light breeze, sent a strange thrill through his being. He sat down on

one of the benches of the Park and watched with eager eyes, whatever came within their range. The gulls were gathering in groups here and there over the Lake, dipping, swimming, diving and soaring in a leisurely, graceful, self-possessed way. His fancy interested them with human feelings, emotions and aims. Suddenly at a distance he saw one of the many small boats rowed swiftly by a couple of men, coming in to a pier occupied by a number of men and boys who were fishing. The loiterers of all sorts along the tracks of the Illinois Central railroad seemed to center their interest upon the boat, and ran eagerly toward the pier. Ragged women and little children picking up stray bits of coal or wood on the tracks, sauntering men with sea glasses in their hands, grimy newsboys and bootblackers in search of customers, railroad laborers at work on the tracks loading and unloading freight, all sped in one direction. Justin felt the common impulse and walked rapidly toward the point of attraction, the end of the pier where the men in the boat, assisted by some of the fishermen, had lifted a long, strange-looking bundle.

"What is it?" he asked a lad who was just ahead of him.

"Oh nothing but a floater, I guess," said the boy, carelessly.

"A floater—what's that?" he queried, dim ideas of some enormous fresh water monster, so-called, running through his mind.

"Golly, don't yer know what a floater is? You must be fresh. A fellow or girl drowned in the lake, got mad and pitched 'emself in, or somebody else got mad at 'em and pitched 'em in afore they knowed it—drowned folks afores; that's what we call floaters, 'cause they floats on top of the water, don't yer know?"

Justin pressed his way among the crowd that had gathered about the body and got near enough to catch a glimpse of the fearful sight—the blackened, swollen face, with wide staring eyes, the small clenched hands, the dripping lengths of dark hair, the bedraggled dress and sodden bits of finery which spoke of the "floater's" youth and womanliness. He grew faint at the unaccustomed sight and turned hurriedly away, watching the excited crowd from his first point of view.

All his life had been passed in such peaceful, pastoral surroundings where death came but infrequently, that this sight moved him strangely. Hitherto he had seen death only in the quiet homes where infancy or worn out age had passed from earth. He had attended as in duty bound, the few funerals which had taken place in his neighborhood, but the glimpses of death thus caught at rare intervals were surrounded by sweet as well as solemn associations, and connected with accounts of last utterances, full of peace and hope, of loving attentions and friendly sympathy. He had never seen any one die, and the still faces he had looked upon seemed full of a benignant calm. But here at the first entrance upon his new life death had met him in a new and horrible form; death by violence, of a young girl, who ought by right of her youth and girlishhood to be happy also. Then he recalled with a shudder some foul insinuation which had reached his ear in the rough crowd.

Whatever depth of feeling Justin was capable of was unknown even to himself. His life so far had not been calculated to call forth much strength of sentiment or of character, and the thoughts evoked by this revelation were confused and painful. Presently the crowd began to disperse a little, and one young man emerging from it, walked with a quick, business-like step to the bench where Justin sat, and promptly seating himself, drew forth a note book and pencil and apparently oblivious of any one's presence, began to write rapidly. Justin had a countryman's usual suspicious fear of strangers in a strange city, and moved uneasily to the further end of the bench, glancing from time to time at the new-comer who paid no attention to this distrustful movement, being engrossed by his writing which occupied him some fifteen minutes. By the end of that time Justin's good sense suggested to him that this must be a reporter for one of the daily papers, and thereupon the stranger grew to be an object of interest, and he viewed him less suspiciously. He was about Justin's own age and had a bright, wide-awake, sensible look. He was of medium height, and had a pale complexion, dark, smiling eyes, and straight black hair, cut rather close, a dark well kept moustache and an energetic manner.

At length the vigorous scratching of the pencil ceased. The young man looked gravely toward the pier, tapping his fine set of white teeth with his pencil, and then turned his eyes full upon Justin in a friendly way. "Pretty hard case, that," he observed, motioning toward the unsightly thing on the pier. "I suppose you didn't know her?"

"Oh, no, but it is awful to see such a sight, and a young lady, too," said Justin slowly, not knowing what else to say, while his eyes filled with tears.

"You are new to Chicago, are you not?" queried the other in an interested tone. "I am new to such sights as that, anyway," answered Justin. "I never saw any one before who was drowned, and I was thinking how awful her folks must feel. Perhaps she was pretty too, and to have them see her look like that!"

"I guess her folks won't mind. Some fellow down there recognized her and told me about her," returned the other. "She was a girl, city-born and bred, of a fairly decent

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

1. To what church, churches, did, or do you belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunication between the two worlds?
4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with the phenomena which you call manifestly authentic? Give particulars.
5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly, for the answers you give.
6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?
7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws tend to help one in the conduct of his or her relations to the family, to society and to government?

RESPONSE BY HERBERT GASTON.

1. My parents belonged to the Episcopal church. I have never been in fellowship with a church.
2. I have been a Spiritualist for eighteen years.
3. I became convinced of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of intercommunication between the two worlds by investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism.
4. The most remarkable incident in my experience, which I can authenticate occurred to me in 1884, in Leadville, Col. I was present at a séance at the house of a Mr. T. P. Kelley, Mr. Kelley was both a medium and a Spiritualist. Mr. Kelley turned to me and said: "I see a man standing near you—he comes to you—he appears to be giving a laboring man." I asked does he give him? He replied, "No, but he shows me his left hand from which the first finger is gone." I replied that I did not recognize him. Mr. Kelley hesitated a moment and then said, "The man appears behind prison bars as if in prison, and again exhibits his hand." I instantly recollected the man and the circumstances he evidently wished to recall to my mind. The facts were these: In 1886 I was practicing law in California, and was retained to defend this man who had been indicted for murder. After a lengthy trial he was found guilty and sentenced to be hung. Pending an appeal to the Supreme Court of the State, evidence was discovered which clearly proved the man innocent of the crime for which he had been convicted. In the mean time the Supreme Court affirmed the judgment of the lower court. I thereupon presented the matter to the Governor of the State in proper form, and obtained a pardon for him. He died about five years after he was pardoned. Mr. Kelley had never known or heard of this man at the time of the occurrence I relate. Nor was he in my mind at the time nor had I thought of him for years.
5. I regard Spiritualism as a religion, at least it is so to me. My reasons for so regarding it are that it presents views of the Infinite Intelligence or All-Rather, and of the relation he bears to universal nature and of the ultimate destiny of the human race which accord with ascertained truth, and are not derived from any source known to me; and furthermore, it teaches how we shall work out our salvation with due care, if not with fear and trembling.

Seattle, Washington.

RESPONSE BY A. J. LANGWORTHY.

1. During my life I have had many "hair-breadth escapes" both on land and water, and in what I regard as a most remarkable case I begin to see veritable method. On land and water and in the water I have been "face to face" with the "grim monster" many times but always conquered. From my articles in the JOURNAL in November and December, 1889, on "What is Mesmerism?" one would naturally suppose that the clairvoyant work related would have weakened my materialism, but it did not, for I said there is some phase in human nature not yet understood, and let it go at that. I knew that the human mind could gather many things through clairvoyance that were unexplainable, but I was ready with Bob Ingersoll's best dodge—"I don't know." I said it will some day be explained on scientific principles. It has been, and has changed the attitude of my defense. Now, I do know. Mine is a belief; belief may be an error; it may be based on mistake, but knowledge founded on a rock of human testimony, testimony as strong as such can be made, is knowledge that none can intelligently gaisay, and only the prejudiced bigot who knows nothing, will cry humping! I will confine my convictions as to continuity of life to proofs that come from the Spirit-world. The latter days in March, 1884, were beautiful and unusually warm spring days. Upon going out from dinner one day, I found the nurse with my darling and only daughter, then, in front of the house. She was a sweet child, about twenty months old, with very large dark blue eyes, bright curly hair, fine features and spirituelle in every particular. I stopped and played with her for a moment and then said, good by Ella, and took her a step or two when I heard a voice saying, "She is about to die." It was quite loud and distinct to me. I turned quickly around, looking in every direction. I saw nobody except those mentioned and asked the girl if she heard any body speak, and she said no. The child was in apparent good health and I could not account for her change. I looked at her and she singularly hallucinated I thought, but by the time I had walked a few blocks to the office I had left my mind. I unlocked the office, a room 12x15, walked in, closed the door, and again the same words were repeated in a still louder voice of a man. I was astonished, annoyed and somewhat worried for some time, but my materialistic tendencies would not allow me to hold it, and before I went home it was entirely gone from my mind. Upon my return in the evening my wife said: "Ella is quiescent." I had a little flower in my fingers as I went to the cradle. I said "Ella," and handed it to her. She looked at it languidly for a moment, saying "pretty," and dropped it, closing her eyes. Then came the voice again, apparently loud enough for the whole household to hear it, and she said, "I don't hear it at my wife, felt that she did not hear it, but said nothing. I could not control my emotion and hastily went out of doors. After supper I went for the doctor who came and left some medicine, saying "I will come up in the morning," which he did, when she was broken out with the measles. Every effort was made to save her, but truly she died, and when we had consigned her to the dark and cheerless future, I could no longer ponder over the information I had received. I tramped it under foot, not wishing for an explanation.

Since the days of the rappings in 1848, I have been continually seeking light on that subject. I have had perhaps a hundred communications by pencil, slate and word of mouth, and have had a hundred good tests, not so much error was mixed up with truth that I was only half convinced, but now I understand that the truths are still truths, and

the errors the result of faulty conditions, which will be remedied as mediums become more spiritual in their work. At last came the straw that broke the materialist camel's back. Sitting at my table one morning, writing, I looked up and saw my father, and brother Sidney who was killed in the war, sitting on the opposite side. I rubbed my eyes and looked again, still they were sitting there. "A strange optical illusion," said I. "No, my son, it is all true," said my father. I looked again and said, "Two senses are deceived. I must be crazy." "We came to convince you of spirit return," said my father—and each taking a sheet of my paper, and one of the several pencils that lay on the table, wrote me the most astonishing communication concerning family matters that could be penned. They were of such a nature that I could not show them, for they were proofs only to me, were written in their own hand writing and bore genuine signatures. When I had fully comprehended the whole matter, I looked up and they were gone. I prayed for their return but they did not come. I studied over the writing until I was satisfied of the continuity of life. There could be no mistake in that; it proved the identity of the individuals beyond hallucination. I have never seen them face to face satisfactorily since, but they have told me through others that they were a long time preparing these conditions as now I am satisfied. First, I am convinced that in other ways with far less trouble. I could give a great variety of other tests that I have received since, but they are not capable proof to any but one who knew the circumstances. It is well that the cause does not rest upon the conversion of people as skeptical as was I, else it would make little headway. The greatest majority of the people either dare not or will not submit the claims of the continuity of life to their judgment, but few have such opportunity as did I. I will only say in conclusion that my life is shorn of the dark and murky materialistic condition, and sunshine has taken its place.

RESPONSE BY O. STODDARD.

Some ten to fifteen years ago there came up the question in my mind, "What is life?" or, what is gained or obtained by it (this life I have particular reference to) with all its cares and anxieties, its losses, its crosses, its joys, its sorrows, its hopes, its fears—everything that goes in as the wool of life, filling the warp and completing the web. It was rolled upon me with seemingly the weight of the earth, with apparently no hope of its ever being answered in this life, with grave doubts of its being answered in the next. Yet, with all my doubts, I couldn't let the question alone. I must keep continually wrestling with it. I asked ministers and church members, everybody that I supposed could give me any light on the subject, yet to no purpose, notwithstanding all the wisdom of the ministers, so I was obliged to "tread the winepress alone," and toiled on alone, traveling back in the stream of time to when earth was a "pre-mist" floating in space, watching her through all her evolutionary processes until man appeared; and when he first appeared I found him a most brutal creature following his fellow man with his war club and eating the flesh of his captive, and so with my retrospective views I brought him along down the stream of time till to-day, and as I see him to-day with all his care and sorrow. I saw that he had come for one purpose and one, and that was to individualize the spirit, and that God himself could not do this till he did come, and when once individualized it was individualized forever, and it made but little odds with the First Great Cause whether man lived an hour or a hundred years in this life; he lives on through the endless cycles of eternity as any individuality that comes into existence eight years ago. Now to my coincidence. When I had gone thus far in thought there were still fog and mist, for I had up to this time, no authority. But I visited Lake Pleasant that season. Brother Denton gave the closing address of the season. He took for his theme, "Man, his present, past and future," going over the same ground, coming to the same conclusion I had in my search on the question, "What is Life?" When he closed, I went upon the stand taking him by the hand I said, "Bro. Denton, your discourse this afternoon is worth more than all other discourses I ever heard in my life; it has cleared up that question of all questions, 'What is Life?' there is not a particle of mist, or fog; it is as clear as the noon day sun," and so it has been ever since. I have never seen him before consequently had never spoken to him. But he picked up my train of thought, and gave me the information I had so long sought; thus comes the coincidence. I had struggled with the question for from three to five years.

Analysis and Synthesis in Spiritualism.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

In science and philosophy there are two methods of thought and investigation, the analytic and the synthetic; though, in a specific sense, the scientific method may be called the analytic, while that of philosophy may be termed the synthetic. Corresponding to these two are the two modes of reasoning, the *a posteriori* method and the *a priori* method. An argument may be likewise be considered the process of aggregation and aggregation; also those of iconoclasm and construction, in a sense, all these being expressive of the innate duality in nature. Analysis and synthesis are each complementary to the other; in the economy of nature both are equally necessary. Sir William Hamilton tells us, that "analysis and synthesis, though commonly treated as two different methods, are, if properly understood, only the two necessary parts of the same method. Each is the relative and correlative of the other." Some minds incline more to the analytical than to the synthetic, while with others the converse obtains. In some mentalities the elements of synthesis seem radically deficient, almost wholly absent; in others synthesis appears dominant so preponderantly that the action of analysis can scarcely be recognized at all. In all minds of the character thus described, whether analytic or synthetic, there is a lack of proper equilibrium, a want of the requisite mental balance. Nature enjoins due recognition and wise application of both these universal principles. Both underlie the very foundation of natural law, so to speak. The construction of the universe is involved in the immanence of these essential principles of being; the constitution of nature, in all departments, is due to the omnipresence of the elements of analysis and synthesis.

For forty-two years Modern Spiritualism has been an increasing factor in the world's progress and history. In its comprehensive fold it includes matters pertaining to religion, to science, and to philosophy. During all the years mentioned, it has been thrusting upon the world's notice a constantly ac-

cumulative aggregation of facts—facts challenging a careful scrutiny and scientific investigation. Consequent upon the presentation of this wealth of facts, is the demand for an intelligent and rational philosophy competent to grapple with the facts and consistently explain them in their entirety. Side by side with the facts, the phenomena, have been favored with a varied assortment of so-called philosophical explanations thereof,—some arrived at through the analytic method of investigation, others the product of the synthetic school of thought or the result of pure *a priori* considerations.

After forty-two years of active life and manifestation, we find the adherents of Spiritualism still divided in opinion as to which of the two methods, the analytic or the synthetic is the best calculated to advance the truth or truths underlying the spiritual phenomena. On the one hand we see those who deny synthesis, and think that the analytical investigation of our phenomena constitutes, at this time, "the be-all and the end-all" of the scientific student of current psychic manifestations. On the other hand are found those who think the analytic method of investigation is of no value,—just so much labor thrown away,—that the character of all psychic phenomena should be determined in the light of certain definitely formulated principles of an intuitive or a *a priori* nature. The advocates of this course of action first construct or imbibe a system of thought relative to the nature of spirit and matter or of God and the universe, and accepting that system of thought as quasi-infallible, as it were, they gauge and weigh everything pertaining to Spiritualism in accordance with their peculiar mode of thinking, irrespective of what the facts may be. With these extremes, if the facts do not conform to their ideas, so much the worse for the facts. Now, synthesis, as has been said, is just as important as analysis, but the two should be employed in unison and conjunction,—neither is complete without the other. A synthesis that ignores the results of analysis necessarily involves error and leads to intellectual confusion and ultimate shipwreck so far as pure truth is concerned. Synthesis should primarily be based upon analysis. There is a homely adage attributed to David Crockett,—"Be sure you are right, then go ahead." We are also told that "facts are stubborn things." To the synthetic philosopher, founding his conclusions on the workings of his own inner spirit, the facts which he has thus reached in attempted explanation of the principles in nature underlying the several classes of spiritual or psychic phenomena. Premature synthetism, jumping to conclusions from insufficient data, is, unfortunately, of too common occurrence in this world; and in Spiritualism it has oftentimes produced disastrous results.

There is really no hard-and-fast law or rule by which to dogmatically determine the producing causes of any and every phase or instance of psychic manifestation; and any definitely formulated synthesis, of an *a priori* character, based upon the peculiar theories of the formulator rejecting the nature of spirit, or of spiritual science, or of the laws of spiritual action, psychological, chemical, etc., will necessarily be largely fallacious. Our knowledge of the laws governing the production of spiritual phenomena is too limited and vague to warrant, at this time, any complete synthesis of spiritual science. Much analytical work is yet required, much careful, patient experiment, investigation, and deduction is necessitated, ere we will be able to construct a synthesis upon having made much headway in the solution of the vexing problems confronting us in our study of spiritual phenomena. We must first be analytic, then synthetic. First our facts must be carefully investigated, studied, and classified. If possible, they must be reduced to an intelligible and complete system, and their various phases be traced, arranged, and scientifically determined so far as practicable. Correct segregation is an indispensable prerequisite. Broadly speaking, the so-called spiritual phenomena range themselves under three general heads,—(1) those due to fraud and jugglery; (2) those due to the direct action of the inhabitants of the spirit-world, and (3) those due to the action of the psychic faculties of the residents of this world, such as clairvoyance, telepathy, clairaudience, etc. Some phenomena are of a composite nature, due to more than one of the three producing causes just stated; some may be a mixture of fraud and embodied psychic action, or a mixture of fraud and spirit action; others, a mixture of psychism and spirit action. To segregate the multitudinous manifestations, ranging from the grossest fraud to the highest degree of spiritual or spiritualistic, into their respective classes, as fraudulent, psychic, and spiritual, and their combinations, is no easy task; indeed, with our present imperfect knowledge, it is impossible. In spiritual manifestations generally, there are three important factors, the medium, the sifter or sifter, and the spirit or spirits. All three act as they are combined, and the result is the phenomena which we are endeavoring to determine. Who is there among us qualified to divide what portion thereof is due to each of these three agencies? Who can tell where the mortal leaves off and the spirit begins? From this is evidenced the folly of attempting to formulate yet awhile a complete synthesis of spiritual science and philosophy. We are all groping in the dark in no small measure. What is demanded, in order to establish an approximately correct system of spiritual science, is this: collections of accurately recorded and scientifically studied facts embracing all the phases of spiritual and psychic phenomena, each individual case being thoroughly tested and impartially scrutinized by competent, analytical investigators, deeply imbued with the genuine scientific spirit—that is, free from bias and preconceived opinions, independent of what that truth may be. After searching examination, analysis, and test, the various phenomena should be arranged, classified, and tabulated, and the true character and the operant causes of each should be determined, so far as possible in accordance with the results arrived at in pursuance of the above-mentioned system of research and study. Conclusions should be arrived at slowly and only after thorough, exhaustive canvasses, criticisms, experiment, analysis. Precisely the same methods should be adopted in the formulation of the fundamental truths of spiritual science as are in use in other departments of science, except that, owing to the obscure and variable character of the spiritual phenomena, greater care in arriving at definite conclusions is indispensably required. In this connection, attention is invited to the admir-

able article, in the April Forum, by Richard Hodgson, entitled "Truth and Fraud in Spiritualism." Synthesis is absolutely necessary in Spiritualism, but to be of a permanent value, it must be founded upon the results of analysis. In this as in all other branches of exact knowledge, first facts, then the analysis of those facts, then their synthesis. Spiritualism is in need of a good synthetic philosophy, but it can never hope to obtain such till better analytical methods of investigation and classification are pursued than have been as yet generally adopted.

In view of the foregoing, it is evident how valuable has been the analytical work that has been done by the RELIGIO-PHILICAL JOURNAL during the past dozen years or more. It has worked nobly at the process of segregation, the necessary forerunner to aggregation. Instead of supinely letting the tares grow with the wheat, it addressed itself to the unpleasant task of separating the various classes of psychic phenomena, and well has the task been performed. The debt of gratitude that is owing the editor and publisher of this journal from the Spiritualist public can never be fully estimated. The good that has been performed by this paper is incalculable in extent. Had not the JOURNAL taken the stand that it did and which it has maintained unflinchingly to the present, where would Spiritualism be now? Everywhere, and whatever there may have been of genuine phenomena would be crowded to the wall, crushed out of existence. But thanks to the indomitable courage in defence of honesty, truth and common sense displayed by the editor of this journal, Spiritualism is now in a better position before the world, intellectually, morally, psychically, and scientifically, than it has ever been before. For years the JOURNAL has labored to place Spiritualism upon a scientific basis, to segregate the spurious and depraved elements in it from the good and genuine, and, with the better, to lay the foundation of an accurate synthesis of spiritual philosophy and science. It has done at the same time both destructive and constructive,—destructive of the vicious and the false, constructive of the true and the pure. The work of analysis and classification is not complete, but now enough of solid result has been secured to warrant the furtherance of a more definite and pronounced system of constructive work than has been possible before. This constructive work, the JOURNAL announces, will form a distinctive feature of its policy when it appears in its new dress in May next. Let us hope that the Spiritualists of America will rally to its support, and assist all they can in the upbuilding of true Spiritualism, of practical Spiritualism, a Spiritualism that will bless the world with its beauty and its efficiency for substantial humanitarian work. Let us hope that it will be to the front in every field of virtuous, elevating, and philanthropic enterprise, a Spiritualism that shall be "for the healing of the nations," a Spiritualism that shall be worthy of the earnest support of every lover of his kind, a Spiritualism rooted in the scientific analysis of indisputable facts in nature and upheld in verity in the illimitable sweep of an all-embracing synthesis.

San Francisco, Cal.

ORGANIZATION.

M. C. SEECEY.

I have been pleased as well as amused as I have read the various phases of the discussion on "Organization." The discussion has been provocative of thought and the widening of the views of this generation of Spiritualists. But to one of the old timers—to one of the "forty years ago" Spiritualists, who has passed through and who has tried to study all the phenomena, the discussion has been amusing. It seems to the writer that many have gone astray from the true object to be attained. What is wanted is not a "church," nor "national circle," nor a new christening of the old faith, but a temporal organization for temporal purposes. Let those who believe in the higher Spiritualism, and by these I mean primarily those who are of the JOURNAL's constituency—those who accept its simple creed—come together and organize an association on business principles. Let it be legal, organic, in corporate form; offered by business men for purely business purposes. Let the "almighty dollar" be the one object to be gathered in, and with that modern necessity for all kind of work we can begin to give some sort of consistency to what all are striving for, and finally grow into the "Modern Church," the "Ideal Church," the "Coming Church," which is the "Church of the Spirit." The JOURNAL has laid the foundation of this church. Let us rest here and turn our attention to the bread and butter side of the question.

As the JOURNAL, in its editorials, is now running near the lines of a scientific theism in the hope of reaching the lower strata of thinking, there ought to be a corresponding answer from its readers of that which will give body to the grandest movement of the nineteenth century. A great deal has yet to be done before the ideal structure can be reared. Let the discussion go on. Let Mr. Alcott, the JOURNAL, and others ventilate their views; it help; it gives to the rising generation of Spiritualists a view of their faith which their fathers shared without discussion. It is simple; but unless it is lived it is like all other faiths, a sham and a show merely. Let us discuss for the time, without forgetting the "Church," the "devil," "heaven and hell," "spirits," and the "bright, bright summer-land," and see what a secular organization can do to "raise" and husband that vulgar, common-place thing called the "almighty dollar." The American eagle should have a chance in all this medley of gnosticism, nihilism, pantheism, and anthropomorphism.

FRANK CHASE.

If we ever organize, the first thing that naturally engages the attention is the name. "Church of the Spirit" has been suggested as a name for the church of the future, which it is supposed to be the mission of Spiritualists to originate. I cannot conceive of a better one. Some things which that name might imply are: Spirit communion, knowledge and belief in God as a great spirit, the father of our spirits and his spiritual influence upon us at all times; and this implies the brotherhood of man, recognition of the existence of the spiritual universe and the necessity of cultivating the beautifying spiritual gifts, to prepare and fit us for that future world, to teach spiritual knowledge to others; and there are many other good and practical things which that name implies. Volumes might be written and fall short of explaining it all. In the second and last place the question will be concerning the object of this church of the future.

"Truth and beneficence," I will suggest.

In these words we have a central statement of the principles for a new organization. The word truth means all truth, and the word beneficence stands for all good works and needed reform. We run off on no tangent, are in no ruts, are on no narrow gauge, but accept all truth that ever has been or ever will be discovered, historic, scientific or philosophical, demonstration concerning the existence of the great, positive mind which we call God, and his laws which are the laws of nature, disquisitions and demonstrations concerning the spiritual nature of man and how he comes to be the son of God—all truth, whether it concerns the largest planet in the universe, or the smallest mote that floats in a sunbeam. The word beneficence stands for all that is good, whether it be the redeeming of worlds or the cultivation of that refinement of feeling which would not needlessly set foot upon a worm; all truth and beneficence, whether it has been discovered as yet or not. If the astronomer discovers a new planet to-morrow, still the existence of that planet is a part of our creed to-day all the same. Any practical plan of beneficence that can be formulated in all future time is a part of our creed to-day. It is impossible to transcribe all our creed; even the fabled recording angel could never do it. To do good is my religion, said Thomas Paine; and all the truly great men of the world have practiced on that principle. There is no truth or reform which can afford to ignore. The heroes, philanthropists, and reformers of all ages and nations have practiced on this creed and always will.

S. Sutton, N. H.

Religion is Emotion.

The following is an extract from an address by Mr. Morell Theobald and Dr. R. M. Theobald, delivered before the London Spiritual Alliance, last November:

With a deeper philosophical perception, the French seer, Pascal, says, "Toute notre raisonnement se réduit à céder au sentiment." (All our reasoning may be resolved into yielding to what we feel.) And it is a familiar fact that, in moral cases, where the ethics of conduct are involved, it is safer to yield to earliest impressions, than to wait till the first flash of pure white spiritual light has subsided, and the colder and more variously colored lights of intellectual conviction have contributed their reasonings, and perhaps also their sophistications.

Religion then is feeling; its seat is in emotion. But all emotion is not Religion. Religion is emotion that is dependent upon the recognition of a divine power and presence; and so it is in itself a sort of truth organ; an inward revelation. In its most elementary germ, we may not say that it implies any distinct, conscious act of homage or worship to a divine person; nor any express affirmation of conscience, clothing itself in ethical forms; because these are, more advanced developments of the religious sense, and imply a certain amount of intellectual culture, a diffusion of the primary emotion so that it controls the will and informs the mind. In its crudest form Religion is simply a sense of infinite and absolute dependence; it is a consciousness, however dim and inchoate, of the infinite, and a feeling that the finite individual personality is essentially united to an infinite presence which claims perfect and lasting loyalty.

Nationalism.

Mr. Edward Bellamy's enthusiastic presentation of the nature and purpose of nationalism, as contained in the last issue of the *American Israelite*, will, I think, result in a more correct estimation of the significance of the movement he fathers. There is a tendency to regard "Looking Backward" as an enlarged fairy-tale. We hear continually of "Bellamy's Vision," just as one would speak of any idle entertaining literary dream. It is almost unnecessary to state that Mr. Bellamy's novel is only a development in popular form of the doctrines of an entire school of economists. Nationalism is Socialism, pure and simple. Indeed, it is probably only by avoiding the odium attached by the unthinking mind to the latter term, that the former title has been preferred. Mr. Bellamy does not present, nor claim to present, a single theory not already formulated in the works of those who have gone before him—Carl Marx, Ferdinand Lassalle and Saint-Simon.

The result, consequently upon all thoughtful efforts proposing radical changes in economic processes, has attended "Looking Backward." Nearly a year ago a few enthusiastic converts formed a society in Boston for the purpose of realizing the scheme of "Looking Backward." The impulse spread. Similar organizations arose throughout the country, and at the present time about seventy-five, I believe, of these nationalist clubs are in operation. The official organ, an ably-edited monthly, *The Nationalist*, has a large circulation. In fact, an entire literature has been created by the agitation. Finally, the unprecedented sale of "Looking Backward"—now in its three hundred thousandth—together with the thought and discussion the book has aroused are among the most remarkable events of the present decade.

The educational value of the agitation is admittedly incalculable. We have been brought to reflect upon new things in a new way. The question arises as to whether any greater result will ensue, whether the nationalist will succeed where the socialist has failed. To the present writer it seems improbable. The factors that hinder the spread of Socialism abroad are all present here. A number of new obstacles intervene. The novelty in the United States of the idea of the modern distributive process, the innate conservatism of American character, the proneness to discountenance even a system of fraternal co-operation as dissonant with democratic ideas of self-help, present, at least for the present, insuperable difficulties to the realization of so radical a reform as the nationalist scheme. Is this, then, unfortunate?

The thoughtful reader must be struck by the nostrum character of radical remedies for economic evils. Books such as "Looking Backward" and "Progress and Poverty" are very suggestive of patent medicine advertisements. Not an abuse, not at all; not a disorder obtaining in the present system which is not to be displaced by harmonious perfection under the new regime. Unfortunately, all history disclaims such marvelous transitions. The law of evolution holds in the economic as well as in the physical world. Economic institutions grow and are not made.

Are we then to adopt a policy of absolute *laissez faire*, or accept in meek resignation the present system as the divine order of things, like those who refused to acknowledge the existence of poverty because the Bible stated "The poor shall not cease in the land." By no means. Without breaking with the historic past in so violent a rupture

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"Hypnotism and Crime."

The Forum for April contains a timely and instructive paper on "Hypnotism and Crime" by the eminent French writer, Dr. J. M. Charcot. Dr. Charcot says that laboratory crimes in which pistols go off only in the subject's imagination, are common enough to those who have made hypnotic suggestion a study, but the difficulties of using hypnotic subjects as instruments for the commission of actual crime he shows to be much greater than is generally supposed. In the first place all subjects are not equally available for such experiments. Some absolutely refuse to obey. They will ask the operator why he wants the crime committed, and give reasons for refusing to commit it. This resistance to suggestion is a difficulty with which criminals would have to contend at the outset. It requires several hypnotizing sances to put the subject into a somnambulic state deep enough to warrant the expectation that a suggestion to murder, for instance, will be accepted. The training is more difficult and the fit subjects are fewer than most writers on the subject represent. "So then we have these points to take into account; fenness of the subjects, time and labor spent in their training and possible resistance to suggestion." Dr. Charcot thinks that "an unconscious automaton controlled by all the caprices of a fixed idea," whose victim must be at the stated place at the stated hour, or an attack of babbling mania or acute delirium may be the ending of the matter with danger to the magnetizer is not the person to select to commit murder. "What is it that the criminal desires above everything? To escape punishment for his crime. Can he imagine that he will make sure his revenge and conceal himself from prosecution by putting a weapon in the hand of a lunatic somnambule? A moment's reflection shows that in the matter of criminal suggestions there is a wide interval between theory and practice. In this utter lack of real crimes attributable to somnambules the theorists of criminal suggestion entrench themselves behind the papers, contracts, deeds of gift, etc., that somnambules may fraudulently be made to sign during the hypnotic sleep. Well, suppose he signs a check, or a receipt for goods, is it to be supposed that the signer on awaking will part with his property and utter no word of protest? In the first place, having, as always happens in such cases, lost all memory of what took place in somnambulism, he will ask himself how it came about that he should sign such a paper. From that question to the explanation is but a step; and should an investigation be made, it must bring confusion to the holder of the check or receipt."

Criminal suggestion Dr. Charcot relegates to the lowest place as regards the commission of crime with the aid of hypnotism. The accounts published in the newspapers on this subject, from time to time, when investigat-

ed are always found to be exaggerated and distorted. The real danger to be looked for is in the injurious effects of hypnotization produced upon predisposed subjects by ignorant or inexperienced operators. "We can track a showman magnetizer of this sort," says Dr. Charcot, "by his victims everywhere. When he has gone it is noticed that subjects with whom he succeeded best become nervous and irritable. Some of them fall of their own accord into a deep sleep, out of which it is not easy to awaken them; thereafter they are unfitted for the performance of the duties of every-day life. Others, and they the majority, are seized with convulsions exactly resembling the crises of confirmed hysteria." Considering how obstinate this neurosis may be, Dr. Charcot thinks that public exhibitions by magnetizers should be prohibited by law, and that "medicine should henceforth seek to reign as absolute mistress in this newly won domain, and should repulse all intrusion." This might be said with more reason if the medical profession generally had a thorough knowledge of the therapeutic value of hypnotism, which it is now known may be a powerful means of overcoming disease, and if the members of the medical profession were any more moral or honest than people in general, which notoriously they are not. That the practice of hypnotism should be subject to such legislation as will make it a safe agent no one will dispute; but for the medical profession to arrogate to itself an exclusive monopoly, after having as a body done all it could to prevent the development of hypnotism as a science, is too preposterous to be tolerated.

Mr. Salter vs. Mr. Davidson.

In his work "Ethical Religion" (p. 276) Mr. Salter says: "It is not necessary that [man] hope actually to witness the final triumph,—it is enough, I believe, that he can think of it; that something of the glory of it may descend upon him as he toils for it; that the labor of his hands have an eternal issue there." In a review of "Ethical Religion" (printed in the *Ethical Record* for January) this passage with others was quoted by Mr. Thomas Davidson who said: "He (Mr. Salter) seems to think it the highest morality to labor for the temporary moral good of others, and yet wrong and mean to crave everlasting moral good for ourselves." Mr. Salter replied to Mr. Davidson at length in the same number of the *Ethical Record* in which the critique appeared. "I have not denied, nor do I deny personal immortality," to quote a sentence; "I have only said that in the absence of belief in it the reasons for the higher moral life still go on." Mr. Salter's position seems to be that the foundations of morality are in man's moral nature and in the moral order of the universe, and that its obligations are equally binding whether there be a continuance of personal consciousness after physical death or not. Mr. Davidson thinks that there can be no consistent system of ethics, no solid basis for ethics and no adequate reason and motive for ethical conduct without the doctrine of immortality. The JOURNAL sides with Mr. Davidson as to the certainty of immortality and regards the conception and hope of personal continuity as helpful morally as it is needed rationally to explain what otherwise is inexplicable; but Mr. Salter's position that morality does not depend upon the doctrine of immortality, that morality has its reason in the nature of man and in the moral world, and that therefore its obligations are the same whether man is limited to this life or passes to higher conditions seems to be entirely reasonable. The man who sacrifices happiness and gives up his life,—as he thinks,—expecting no reward beyond, exemplifies a nobler morality than the man who makes such a sacrifice with the expectation of reward operating as a motive. Mr. Salter, with all his skepticism as to personal immortality stands on higher moral ground theoretically than that occupied by Mr. Davidson, even though the latter declare in positive language in favor of immortality. Ethical truth would remain the same and the obligation of morality and its necessity to personal and social well-being would continue undiminished, even if man's life were limited to its present stage and conditions.

Protetantism and the Public Schools.

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* refers to the decision of the Wisconsin Supreme Court against the use of the Bible as a text book in the public schools as a "ridiculous and un-American deliverance." The Presbyterian Synod recently presented a memorial to the Methodist Conference asking for co-operation in "arousing the people to maintain the American theory of religion and education," and the Methodist Conference responded with a series of resolutions in accord with the sentiments of the Presbyterian memorialists; criticizing the education afforded by the public schools as "a godless and therefore necessarily immoral education," and demanding that the public school curriculum shall be made to include religious instruction and that the religion taught shall be the Christian religion. What is meant, of course, is that the Protestant Bible should be read and the Protestant creed should be taught in the public schools. As the *Providence Journal* says: "It begins to look as if sober-minded and conservative men would presently be obliged to take as firm a stand against an attempt to secularize the public schools in the interest of Protestantism as it has already been found necessary to take against the attempt to divert a portion of the educational fund of the State to the support of distinctively Catholic

schools. One of these attempts is, of course, not a whit better than the other. Each, in fact, is fraught with equal danger to the integrity of our common school system; and it is not easy to understand how any native-born Americans can so far forget the spirit of their land as to join in either of them. The fact is patent, however, that in opposing the Catholic contention in this regard the extremists among Protestants are beginning to put themselves in a position which is essentially the same as that occupied by the Roman ecclesiastics."

Much of the opposition of Protestants to the Catholic policy in regard to the public schools, springs from a desire to control these schools in the interests of Protestant denominational beliefs. But the schools should be conducted under a system which will make them available for all classes and sects. This is the "American" system and it cannot prevail in a country where there is such diversity of religious belief, without entirely excluding religious instruction from the schools.

"Spiritualism."

Under this caption a writer in the *American Review*, who signs his name Spiritualist, has some strictures on "Spiritism" (not Spiritualism), taking the JOURNAL as a text. He proceeds, in his own way, to fashion a man of straw and then whack it with his knife because it has no life. The JOURNAL fully agrees with this writer that "spiritism" is not a "religion," but a fact upon which his religion is founded. He is a Swedenborgian—not a "Spiritualist" as he claims. Like many of his cult he seeks to draw attention to his master's limitations by unjustly assuming a title he has not courage to avow. He ought to know, if he is competent to write for the *American Review*, that the JOURNAL takes the ground that "Spiritualism," not "spiritism," is a religion; that the spirit of goodness and truth dwells in every heart—leading the soul out of darkness and error into the light of a new day. While we reverence the truth in the Bible which this writer proclaims as all-sufficient, we do not believe it longer adequately ministers to the welfare of the race. We believe that under the illumination of the present its barbarisms and errors will give place to truer faith.

The *American Review* is a new candidate for public favor and emanates from the center of the universe—Chicago. The three numbers which have appeared have several well written articles; the most notable being those written by our old friend Prof. J. B. Turner of Jacksonville, Ill. His "Christ's Words" run through the series and more is to come. We wish the *Review* success in its chosen field. It is a broad one and certainly needs cultivation in the sense the *American Review* hopes to emphasize.

Finding Water With the Divining Rod.

The claim that a hazel twig, in the hands of certain persons has been or can be a means of ascertaining the location of water underground is generally discredited, and regarded as evidence of credulity and superstition on the part of any one who asserts such a claim. John Fiske in "Myths and Myth-Makers," refers to this "superstition" in terms of contempt. Notwithstanding, there are intelligent and trustworthy people who continue to repeat the statement and to appeal for proof to their own experience. On the sixth page of the JOURNAL this week may be found a narrative relating to the subject as circumstantial as can be desired and almost tediously particular and minute as to details. The writer of the statement is known by the editor of the JOURNAL to be an honest and honorable man, and the letter itself contains internal proof of the sincerity with which it was written. How can such statements be set aside as worthless, on the ground of antecedent improbability? What is there intrinsically improbable in the alleged fact of finding water in the way described? It is not put forward as something supernatural or anti-natural, but as a phenomenon, dependent upon entirely natural, even though subtle, and unexplained causes? The following, clipped from an English paper—the *Western Mercury*—is descriptive of an experience with results similar to those of which Mr. Fuller gives a detailed account:

"The divining rod, as a means of finding a good supply of water, stood a very successful trial at Oundle, Northamptonshire, England. Mr. W. Todd, a landowner, requiring a well on a portion of his property sent for a diviner, a man named Pearson. There has lately been some considerable difficulty in obtaining water in this town, and the commissioners have spent £38 in trial borings. Although these trials were conducted by a professional man they proved futile. In the presence of a number of spectators drawn together by the novelty of the experiment, Mr. Pearson walked over the estate with the usual V-shaped hazel twig. The rod was visibly agitated in several places, but the diviner kept on until it almost bent itself double in his hands. At this spot he indicated with confidence that a good supply of water would be found. A well was accordingly sunk with the result that at 17 feet deep, water was found in such abundance that it rapidly rose to within three feet of the surface, at which height it has since remained."

There are trades in which even fewer than eight hours should constitute a working day; but how obvious it is that a any attempt to reduce the number of working hours, without reduction of pay, to be successful must be general, and not limited to one city or town. Those who are engaged in production will go

into business where they can produce the cheapest, and customers will go where they can buy the cheapest. Manufacturers in Chicago cannot, on the basis of eight hours pay and ten hours work, compete with manufactures in the same lines of production in other cities, whose work is done on the basis of ten hour's work for the same pay. The other cities competing with Chicago would underbid and undersell her, and the effect would soon recoil upon the workmen whom necessity might compel to remain here. Hence the necessity of the same arrangement in all the competing cities, in order to secure the permanent success of the eight hour movement.

Mr. C. P. McCarthy of New York City, is an expert mesmerist. He is now giving a course of instruction in mesmerism at his residence, No. 512 East 116th street; the present course began on Wednesday evening of this week, and is to continue for ten successive Wednesday evenings. Ladies and gentlemen, especially physicians who desire to become competent and practical medical mesmerists, will do well regularly to attend these lectures, or secure private instruction, if possible, from Mr. McCarthy. The following list of topics will give an idea of the ground Mr. McCarthy covers in his course of lectures: 1st evening, "What is Mesmerism? Will-power Illustrated and Explained;" 2d evening, "The Human Hand, and How to Use It Magnetically," illustrated on birds and sensitives; 3d evening, "The Relation of Mesmerism to Health and Disease, Its Curative Force Demonstrated;" 4th evening, Last Subject continued; 5th evening, "General Principles of Mesmerism Expounded—and the Causes Which Have Led the Medical Profession to Acknowledge Its Power Under the Name of Hypnotism;" 6th evening, "The Effect Commonly Produced by Mesmerism, and Its Various Stages of Sleep;" 7th evening, "How to Mesmerize; with a Description and Explanation of Various Methods Used on Subjects and Sensitives;" 8th evening, "Clairvoyance and its Uses;" 9th evening, Experiments on Sensitives, Illustrating Nature's Power as a Magnetic Force; 10th evening, "A General Review of the Preceding Instruction with Practical Experiments," illustrating Medical Mesmerism as Nature's Safest and Most Powerful Therapeutic."

Of the General Federation of Women's Clubs whose meetings were held in the Scottish Rite Hall, New York, last week, Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, of Orange, N. J., was elected president; Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of Indianapolis, first vice president; Miss Mary B. Temple, of Knoxville, Tenn., recording secretary; Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, of San Francisco, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Kate Tannett Woods, of Boston, auditor. Delegates were in attendance from nearly a hundred clubs, and three-fourths of the states were represented. The object of the Federation is to bring into communication with one another the various women's clubs throughout the world in order that they may compare methods of work and become mutually helpful. The clubs represented were mainly literary and social. A number of papers were read and speeches made, after which the convention adjourned, singing the National anthem. An invitation was received from the Chicago Women's Club to hold the next convention in this city.

Hon. John A. Collins who passed to the higher life April 3, was born in Vermont in 1810, was an apprentice with Horace Greeley, both learning the same trade, and he studied for the ministry at Andover Theological Seminary, but left before finishing his course to engage in anti-slavery work. He was very successful as a lecturer and an organizer. "At one time," says Oliver Johnson "a series of one hundred conventions extending over several States, East and West, was held by an organized corps of lecturers under his superintendence." Years ago he took an active part in the Woman's Rights Movement. Half a century ago he lectured and wrote in favor of co-operation, and he has been the leading spirit of the National Co-operative Home-Steal Society which he and others formed in San Francisco. Mr. Collins was led by his investigations many years ago to adopt Spiritualism, and at the time of his death he was president of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists of San Francisco. He went to California in 1849. His life was one of varied activity and usefulness.

According to the statement of Mr. Goshen in his recent budget speech to the British Commons, there was in Great Britain last year, without any corresponding growth of population, an astonishing increase of consumption of intoxicants. To make the matter plain, the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer shows there were, 30,000,000 more "drinks" taken in Great Britain during the last fiscal year than during the preceding year. The total revenue of the empire from the sale and manufacture of alcohol was \$146,325,000, representing, as the amount spent by the consumers, \$700,000,000 yearly. Exceptional productiveness and prosperity in Great Britain, according to Mr. Goshen, have caused this increased consumption of spirituous drinks. It has often been said that poverty leads to intemperance; now an explanation of it is sought in the prosperous condition of the people.

The Illinois Steel Company at Joliet, Ill., on April 26th, submitted to its employees a proposition for profit-sharing substantially as follows: Employees on application to receive 1 per cent. for the first year, 1½ per cent. for the first year and a half, and so on up, ½ per cent. increase for every six months till it reaches five years and 5 per cent. when it will remain permanent. This per cent. is on the amount of wages received and the ob-

ject is to get better work with waste and more continuous service. president Stirling said he regarded one proposed as an improvement on systems of profit-sharing. Its benefits would be mutual. The employees present at meeting received the proposition with approval.

It is announced that Mr. Wilkinson, grandson of Samuel J. May, the sturdy Abolitionist is to marry Miss Davis, daughter of the great pro-slavery advocate and Confederate leader. Thus love triumphs over the hates and divisions of the past, closes up the old chasm and declares for "union." Mr. Wilkinson is a rising young lawyer; Miss Davis is a lady of accomplishments, much admired for her personal qualities. The young pair will have the best wishes of the whole country.

The increasing interest in hypnotism is daily observable. On last Saturday night the editor of the JOURNAL gave a paper on the subject at the fortnightly dinner of the Press Club of Chicago. Mr. Carl Sixtus, hypnotist, of 174 North State street followed with some experiments. Mr. Sixtus uses hypnotism for medical purposes and does not seek to exhibit the phenomena as an entertainment. He failed to hypnotize any of the club, but gave some interesting exhibits with patients whom he had previously put into the trance state. The dinner was the best attended of any during the season, there being more applicants than the dining rooms would hold; this shows the grip hypnotism is getting on the public.

"A City and a Soul," a story by Mrs. Sara A. Underwood, written expressly for the JOURNAL, in which the first two chapters are given this week, will be continued through several numbers of the paper. It is an instructive as well as a thrillingly interesting story, showing the awakening, energizing and broadening influence of a great city like Chicago, upon a young man born and brought up in a quiet New England town. The labor troubles of this city, the anarchist meetings, the Haymarket Square tragedy and the causes which led to it, are all vividly described, and in a way to heighten the interest of the story for all who are interested in the social and industrial movements of the day.

The tyranny of labor unions is no more to be defended than the tyranny of capital. When the bricklayers and plasterers, for example, demand that the number of apprentices to be employed by one boss be reduced from three to one, they demand what is unjust and against the interests of the workmen. Have not their own boys, and the sons of their neighbors a right to learn these trades? If American boys are to be prevented from learning trades, then they must help to swell the number of unskilled laborers, while foreign mechanics help to supply the demand for skilled labor. Let there be no combinations against boys learning trades.

In his recent harangue to Italian pilgrims, so-called, the Pope indulged in his usual abuse of the government of his own country for its "war made without truce against religion and against the church of Jesus Christ." He knew very well that the Italian government had not made war on religion, had never even opposed his pretensions in regard to spiritual matters. The Government some twenty years ago wisely took from the Pope the temporal power which he and his successors had usurped, and it now antagonizes the papal ambition to control secular affairs, but opposition to political ecclesiasticism is a long distance from war against "religion" or "the church of Jesus Christ."

On another page Mr. Joseph Singer contributes an interesting paper under the title "Precocity." On a late Sunday afternoon a little company gathered at the home of the JOURNAL's editor and were entertained most delightfully in listening to the playing of the young genius, Walfred, spoken of by Mr. Singer. In addition to his musical attractions the little fellow is a charming boy. We wish he could be heard at some of the summer camps, for his presence and musical performance would add greatly to the attractions.

Mr. Geo. W. Walrond, late of England, is in the city on business, which will keep him here several months. Mr. W. brought with him from England testimonials of high character. He is a trance speaker and has been ministering during the past winter most acceptably to a society in Montreal. With his family he is located at 272 East Indiana street. We bespeak for Mr. and Mrs. Walrond the kindly attention of Chicago Spiritualists and all others interested in psychics and the spiritual philosophy.

Dr. F. Zeller, of Carondelet, according to a special despatch from St. Louis, Mo., gave on April 21st, an interesting exhibition of his hypnotic powers to a few intimate friends. The patient treated was a colored boy named Dixon, who had received a dangerous stab in the head from a penknife in the hands of a companion. The wound was an unusually difficult one to dress, and it was necessary to place Dixon in an unconscious condition. This was done by the doctor looking fixedly in the boy's eye and telling him he could not feel any pain. Slowly the boy's eyes closed, and he sank into insensibility. Then the bandages were removed, some of them having to be torn away from the flesh, and the wound was scraped without Dixon giving any evidence of pain under the operation

wound had been dressed the lad
sed to sit up and told that he could
ve either leg. Vainly he tried to move
bs. Dixon was kept in this mesmeric
ion for some thirty-five minutes and
bidden to open his eyes, which he did,
same time regaining his muscular
after which he walked out of the

Books Wanted.

worthy Universalist preacher, who still
upies the pulpit, and whose life has large-
been spent in ministering to the poor and
edy, writes that he is much interested in
e cause of Spiritualism, and finds the in-
erest growing on him. He hopes to be able
o buy some Spiritualist books after a while,
and specially names those of A. J. Davis, it
has occurred to us that there may be some
of our readers who have works they would
like to send to this deserving brother, or to
others who cannot afford to purchase. Should
there be any who can respond to this sugges-
tion we will in confidence give the address of
the gentleman referred to. There are thou-
sands of volumes which ought to be kept trav-
eling instead of standing on the shelves
after their owners have no further use for
them.

Hypnotism by Letter.

Sixty eminent physicians and dental sur-
geons conducted some very remarkable hyp-
notic experiments in Berlin in the case of a
girl whose tonsils were removed by an abso-
lutely painless operation. During the state
of coma the patient obeyed the slightest sug-
gestions of the hypnotizer. Another patient
was hypnotized by a letter, in the absence of
the operator, written to a surgeon named
Turner, and worded thus: "Go to sleep by
order of Dr. Bramwell. Obey Mr. Turner's
commands." Dr. Bramwell also hypnotized
another patient by a note sent by the hands
of his daughter, and still another by a mes-
sage sent by telegraph. These statements are
vouched for by the London *Lancet*.—N. Y.
Sun.

The repeated experiments by the Society
for Psychical Research go to confirm the
truthfulness of the above. "Telepathic Hyp-
notism" is the title of an exhaustive paper
in one of the volumes of the Society's pub-
lished *Proceedings*.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Dr. S. F. Deane, an old and experienced
Spiritualist of Carleton, Neb., has our thanks
for a fine cabinet photograph wherewith to
enrich the JOURNAL's collection. We would
like to have about 100,000 such subscribers
as Dr. Deane.

Dr. J. K. Bailey writes that during March
and April he held parlor meetings and gave
public lectures at Elmira, N. Y.; Elgin, Ill.;
Dubuque, Strawberry Point, Fayette and
Castalia, Iowa. Address him P. O. box 123,
Scranton, Pa., for engagements.

Mr. Robert R. Jones of East Randolph, N.
Y., writes that Miss Jennie Hagan has closed
her engagement at that place to the regret
of all concerned. She has given excellent
satisfaction and will return in June with
Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, when they antici-
pate an interesting meeting.

Rev. H. H. Brown passed through the city
last week en route for Salem, Oregon, where
he is to preach for the Unitarian Society. As
Capt. Brown he will be remembered by thou-
sands who have heard him in years past on
the Spiritualist rostrum. He is to-day no less
a Spiritualist than ever, but feels he is now
where he can do a more constructive work.

The *Hermesist* has the JOURNAL's thanks
for a most appreciative editorial notice. "Get
Understanding" is the motto Dr. Phelon uses
on his *Hermesist*; those who desire some of
that commodity will do well to subscribe for
the little magazine. We presume ten cents and
a request for a copy addressed to Dr. W. P.
Phelon, 619 W. Jackson street, Chicago, will
secure a sample.

There is general agreement that the Pan-
American Conference, although the dele-
gates had no authority to bind their respec-
tive governments, did work which will prove
to be of far-reaching importance in the fu-
ture. The principle of arbitration was ac-
cepted by all the delegates. Closer relations
between the United States and all the South
American states will be one of the results.

"Father" Ryan of St. Peter's Catholic
Church, Louisville, N. Y., has a way of extor-
ting money from members of his congrega-
tion which is rather too energetic to suit his
superiors. The other day he struck a lady
member in the face with a prayer book on
her refusal to pay the amount of money
which he demanded of her. He was suspend-
ed from his priestly office for conduct unbecom-
ing a priest.

On the sixth page an Ohio subscriber is
quoted concerning matters which every
Spiritualist who respects himself and his
faith should consider—and then act! We are
tired of constantly dwelling upon the incon-
sistencies and crudities which characterize
public expositions of Spiritualism. We have
done our part in pointing out these weak-
nesses, and showing the road toward consis-
tency, strength, and permanent improve-
ment.

Mr. J. J. Morse, 16 Stanley street, (Fair-
field), Liverpool, England, is evidently de-
termined to spread spiritualistic literature
in his native country. He established the
Progressive Literature Agency in 1878, and
has kept it going ever since, even while he
was in America. He has just published a
fine catalogue of the books he handles and
the newspapers for which he is the accredited
agent, including the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL
JOURNAL.

PRECOCITY.

JOSEPH SINGER.

Two facts of human nature always fill me
with astonishment—one is genius, the other
stupidity—and both are equally inexplicable.
But of all manifestations of soul-life, that of
precocity is the most wonderful. It is like
a portion of heaven making its home in our
midst, and obeying the laws of its parent ex-
istence regardless of the trammels of our
clay. The attempted explanations have but
darkened the subject.

Theosophy claims to solve the problem by
supposing the gifted child to be a reincar-
nated genius of a previous birth—a re-em-
bodiment in which it unconsciously utilizes
the experiences of a past life. Though beset
with the slight difficulty of its improbability,
yet the theory seems to me, in all candor, to
be the only argument in behalf of reincar-
nation that is worthy of any consideration.

The spiritualistic hypothesis is even more
groundless. That a departed spirit or any
number of them should be the inspiring cause
and (in some way) the ever present conditions
of the child's strivings, is wholly incredible.
This would be making the spirit world sub-
servient to our wants with a vengeance. Un-
der the conception where would the person-
ality of the child be? The innumerable ob-
jections annihilate the theory. How then
explain the facts that I shall adduce direct-
ly? I can not! Better however to leave them
unexplained until a profounder knowledge
of our spiritual existence shall furnish us
with an adequate key to unlock their mean-
ing.

In times past my spiritualistic friends took
me to task for affirming in an essay that
Blind Tom the black, idiotic musical genius,
gave no proof whatever of any external, con-
scious power as manifested in his playing.
I then stated that he had an education—one
of the best attainable. At some future time
I may explain this affirmation, so seemingly
contradictory of well-known facts. Little
Hegner the wonderful boy pianist, is another
proof of the foregoing—he is also a thorough-
ly educated lad—an artistic education simply
condensed in time. If this were all however
the facts could be dismissed by saying that
a precocious boy was simply one who attained
to a given state of development in a com-
paratively short period of time. But this is
far from all. The lacking element is the one
under consideration.

Certain animals when removed from par-
ents and surroundings, and before they
have had time or opportunity to gain the ex-
perience of how to live like their kind by im-
itation, will act under given circumstances
as their parents would if similarly placed.
Who knows the secret of their knowledge?
The explanation is ordinarily satisfactory by
calling it instinct—a term simply descrip-
tive of the fact but perfectly meaningless as
a rationale. This fact has a close connec-
tion with our subject. Bear in mind that
the baby animal acts without knowledge.
Profoundly considered, the most astounding
achievement of precocity does not surpass
the unconscious behavior of the animal.
Yet who would attribute inspiration to the
lowly brute?

The speculations thus briefly stated, have
for years thrust themselves upon me—and
whenever a living example like young Heg-
ner challenges the wonder of the world, they
recur with increased force. Without sug-
gesting then it may not be out of place to re-
cord a few facts of precocity that have come
under my personal observation. About ten
years ago a youngster raised his powerful
voice in my house in complaint of the cold air
bath that he was unceremoniously thrust
into. He has insisted upon staying and worry-
ing me to this day—and I also insisted in
the course of time that he should learn to
serve me more attractively than in his
initial effort—that is by studying the noble
art of fiddling. It is well that we can't al-
ways foresee our inevitable woes, else my
friends would never have heard more than
one bow scratch. When that "wonderful"
baby attained to the mature age of six, I
gave what is technically called a "kinder-
garden" course of my pupils' recitals.

Said symphony is a musical composition for
children in which various toy instruments
are utilized to imitate the effects of a grand
orchestra. To my little Walfrid I assigned
the drum part. This he learned by ear with
startling ease and certainty. It was an ex-
hibition of the highest kind of a refined
rhythmic sense. Now every teacher knows
the necessity of a course of training that a
pupil may follow with safety accelerated or
retarded passages. Where did he get the ca-
pacity, without the training? Soon after he
had begun the study of the violin, he glanced
over my shoulder while I was practicing a
piano piece. He seemed interested, and to
my astonishment I noticed that his eyes fol-
lowed the printed page line for line, think-
ing that the movement of my head might
give him the clue, I purposely tried to throw
him off the track, but in vain. Considering
the facts that he had only then been study-
ing a few weeks, and therefore could only
have recognized the simplest notes—and fur-
ther that the violin requires but one staff,
while the piano needs two, and that the mu-
sic was intricate and covered with black
notes, it was a serious question to me how
he managed to follow my playing. To my
inquiry he replied: "Papa I follow by watch-
ing the accents." He could not make it
clearer—his explanation was of course inad-
equate. A similar fact aroused my atten-
tion long before, in the case of a half idiotic
pupil that I once had. After a number of
years of tuition when he could play quite
difficult music, I learned to my horror that
he did not know the time value of hardly any
of the notes which he successfully per-
formed.

At another time I utilized Masons' "accen-
tual treatment of scales" (I won't waste pre-
cious printer's ink in explaining this techni-
cal matter) in making his scale practice
little more interesting. In a little while his
face lit up with an expression which to me
had an unmistakable meaning, and he ex-
claimed: "Oh papa, that is a trick, I have to
play the scales so many times before I can
stop." He intuitively divined the rhythmic
law which underlies this method of scale
practice. Shortly after, I spent fifteen min-
utes in the vain endeavor to explain the mat-
ter to a very intelligent lad of about fourteen
years of age.

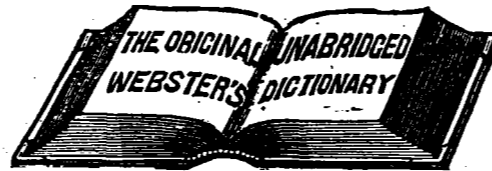
In one of our violin duets an interval ap-
pears. Were it not for its repetition several
times I should have considered it an error of
print. It was undoubtedly meant for some
characteristic effect, but failed as it over-
stepped the narrow line between the sublime
and the ridiculous. The first time of its
performance he looked inquiringly at me,
with a pained expression on his face. Quite
educated amateurs have not noticed this de-
fect in the piece. Whence comes this know-
ledge of the true in music before a process of
ordinary education?

In one of his violin solos there is a redun-
dant measure. I asked him when he had
played the piece several times if he detected
anything wrong therein. He immediately
pointed out the error. An exceedingly clever
pianist failed to discover the flaw after re-
peated trials and having it played to her be-
side. The inaccuracy was far from being
glaring—but it was a violation of a law of
rhythm. The refined time-sense manifested
in this little episode, it is, which makes his
co-operation in concerted numbers as reli-
able as of any artist. In testing new instru-
ments I have never known him to fail in ar-
riving at a just estimate of their value, un-
erringly detecting every weakness and spe-
cial excellence.

Synonymous with precocity is the rapid
assimilation of subject matter. I have seen
him master and almost memorize a three
page composition in an hour and a half, with-
out the least instruction or help, which to
my certain knowledge was studied several
hours daily for several weeks, by a young
man who had studied under good masters
almost continuously for seven or eight years
—and who had not completely mastered it at
the end of his practice.

In an analysis of these facts, a peculiar
psychical feature is noticeable. It may be
said that genius reads into the subject mat-
ter. As an illustration: a gifted woman of
great literary ability, once boasted to me
that she could read any manuscript no mat-
ter how illegible written—at sight. Having
at the time some notes with me that I had
scratched down in a railroad journey, I pro-
duced them to test her skill. To tell the
truth I could not decipher them all myself,
having lost the trail of the thoughts which
inspired them. To my amazement she read
the notes with as much ease as though they
had been printed. Now she certainly did not
read altogether what was there. How did
she grasp the unskillfully imprisoned
thought? List, the great pianist, would
translate a manuscript musical score into a
piano solo, at sight—a feat, which, if I were
to describe it in detail to my readers, would
absolutely startle them at the colossal
achievement. It must be the same species of
intuition which guides a mere child's fingers
through an intricate and difficult passage,
very quickly while the average student slowly
and painfully assimilates it, first phys-
ically and then spiritually.

The purely physical side of the problem is
a consideration not to be overlooked. The
most illy shaped and illy adapted hands for
musical purposes will somehow manipulate
them in the service of a thought which the
most perfect ones will fall in, not so controll-
ed. It would seem that the merely physical
act of stretching a large musical interval
would be accomplished with ease by a large
hand. Yet I have seen the most laughable
failures in that endeavor, while a small, ut-
terly unmusical hand would somehow ac-
complish the feat. Of course I do not deny
that a harmonious union of the mind and
physique exhibit the highest physical ex-
pression, in this world. The mind demands
a certain set of actions to embody an idea—
the body then becomes the unconscious means
to obey it. In the quillard the conception is
evolved slowly and with conscious effort,
and its embodiment in the physical is cor-
respondingly imperfect. How, in advance of
its ordinary development, does this idea find
lodgment in the organisms of the favored few,
is one of the most mysterious of our other-
wise mysterious lives.



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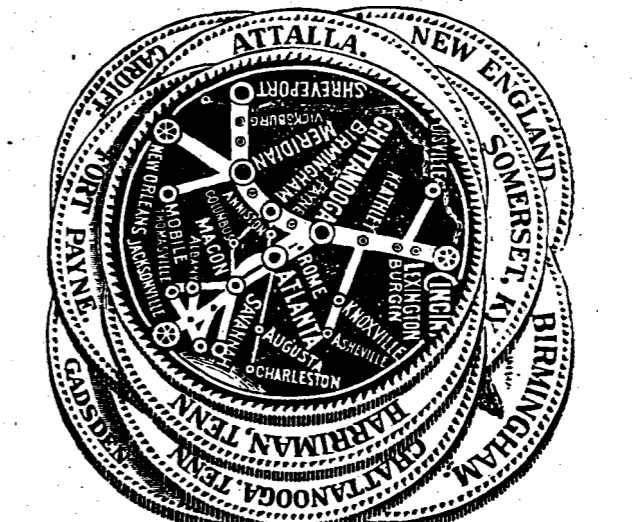
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Joy under the chin to give him courage. Had he known what that boy was to do for him in future, perhaps he would have chucked a little harder.

There was a group of well-known pugilists in the strangers' gallery of the house of commons a few nights ago to hear a debate upon a bill affecting their calling, and they were so offended when one speaker intimated that it was unnecessary to pass a law to keep these men from hurting each other, because they always took care to arrange that between themselves before they began a fight, that they all got up and marched out in a body.

The Higher Light.

The night descends upon the hills
That morning splendor made so fair,
And shadows that had wrapped their feet
Climb to their crests and slumber there.

O'er all the earth a silence falls,
And calm and peace, like balm, descend—
The silent winds, the misty fields aglow,
In the sweet restful darkness blend.

But far above my head, where yet
The light still floods the arching sky,
Against the clouds that flush and pale
I see the soaring eagles fly.

And lo! beneath their outspread wings
I see the last rays of the light
Which day has hoarded up for them,
Ere come the stars and sleep of night.

So while the darkness shall blot out
The shadowy depths that stretch below,
Souls that aspire shall find the light
Where the far heights are yet aglow.

MARY H. KROUT.

Says the *Commercial Gazette*: The Spiritualists of Cincinnati are growing in numbers every year. A well-kept medium said last night that there were thirty thousand Spiritualists in the cities of Cincinnati, Covington and Newport. The Cincinnati Spiritualists had numerous seances every night in the week. They are of various sorts—slate-writing, materializing and test. Every Sunday night five or six hundred people sit on hard wooden chairs in the assembly-room of Lytle Hall, on West Sixth street, between Vine and Race, and listen to address from noted mediums. Last night there was scarcely standing room. Many prominent people are Spiritualists. The most devoted believers are women.

It is quite probable that more than the number mentioned, many more, are Spiritualists in the sense that they believe in continuity of life and spirit return; but as there is no general organization in those cities and no way of taking a census of those who openly profess Spiritualism it is sheer guess-work to name any number.

We catch up the sentiment of Theodore Parker, and which was adopted by Abraham Lincoln—"This is a government of the people, by the people and for the people."—as if it expressed a glorious fact. But every intelligent man in the country knows that David Dudley Field gave a better description of our system as it exists in practice when he said that cure was a government run by politicians, bosses, houses and cliques for their own benefit. "The citizen has about as much to do with the selection of men to fill the offices under our government as a savage on the Congo has a voice in the selection of his chief. The influence which the citizen exerts in our politics, 'if he belongs to a party,' as he generally does, is in order obligations to obey his masters, and they command him to vote the regular ticket, as they take their whisky—straight."—*Western Rural*.

Prof. Hinkle, writing in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, makes mention of a remarkable character whom he met at Salem, Mass., in 1869, Daniel McCarty by name. McCarty was fifty-one years of age at that time, but proved to be the satisfaction of Mr. Hinkle that he could remember where he had been, the state of the weather, etc., for each day and hour since he was nine years old—dates covering a period of forty-two years! These remarkable facts were verified and verified by other records and newspaper files kept in the city of the hundreds of tests resorted to try his powers he never failed of proving himself a wonder-wonderer in a single instance. This prodigy of memory worked at the Salem Register office, and naturally he would think him able to furnish brains for half a dozen papers, but on the contrary they could make no use of them whatever except to turn the press twice each week.

We don't believe this story; and shall not without a sight of the documentary evidence.

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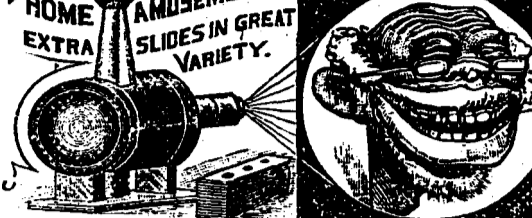
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(Continued from First Page.)
A City and A Soul.

family, not much principle, liked dress, was led astray early, given up by her friends, took to drink and fast living—and this is the end. It looks like murder, though it may be suicide. I am reporter for —" he added with a frank smile. "You're from the country I take it."

"I'm from Massachusetts," said Justin a little stiffly.

"I was born there—in Boston. Always glad to meet a fellow citizen of the old Bay State," putting away his note book and nodding. "Here's my card. Good day, sir. Wish you much success," and he was off.

Justin looked at the card which read "Ernest Floyd, reporter for Evening —" and then at the open faced watch—presented to him by his father in view of his coming to Chicago—which he had set that morning by the depot clock. It now indicated 9:30. Mindful of the wide-awake teacher's advice, he hired a cab to convey him to his uncle's home. As the cab bowed past block after block of the magnificent residences with which Michigan avenue is lined, Justin gazed wonderingly at them, thinking it hardly possible that his mother's brother could live in a house so fine as these; for correspondence had been so rare between the brother and sister that he knew comparatively little about Uncle Thaddeus save that he began life poor, but with a good education, a certain amount of talent, and a determined will. He came West before his younger sister was grown; studied law, and married a wealthy lady.

Justin and his brother Thad, had felt rather aggrieved at the little notice taken of their mother by this brother, and when it was decided that it would be best to accept his uncle's offer he and Thad, talked the matter over carefully and concluded that Justin must in no way lose his independence in dealing with the Uncle, nor accept any benefits for which he could not make due return.

So it was in a slightly rebellious state of mind that he found himself when the cab at last stopped before a fine residence built in a little less pretentious style than most of those by which it was surrounded. Not knowing how long he would be expected to stay, he dismissed the cab before ascending the flight of steps leading to the front door, and rang the bell.

"Is Mr. Fairfield at home?" he inquired of the servant who opened the door.

"Mr. Thaddeus or Mr. Ferdinand?" she asked. He had forgotten that his cousin Ferdinand must now be a man older than himself.

"Mr. Thaddeus Fairfield," he answered. Asking his name, she ushered him into a parlor, telling him to be seated till she ascertained whether Mr. Fairfield was in. Justin thought a little resentfully that his uncle had been looking for him, as he knew when he would arrive. He had yet to learn how very busy a busy man in a great city may be, and how many pressing interests could interfere with the smaller courtesies of life.

The girl came back in a few moments: "Mr. Fairfield has a caller in the library with him just now," she said, "but he told me to tell you he would see you presently," and she left him alone.

Justin had time to look around him very fully before he was again disturbed. The portieres which divided the two long parlors were drawn back, giving him a view of both handsome rooms which together looked like a large hall to his eyes unaccustomed to so much grandeur, and he could not help wondering how his mother in her one best dress, an old fashioned black silk, her tired wrinkled face and faded blue eyes enshrined in her black straw bonnet, trimmed with brown ribbons and red roses, would look in these rooms of her brother whom she had so often thought of visiting. Soft, rich-toned carpets, handsome rugs, beautiful oil paintings, bric-a-brac of all sorts, with all the accessories of a parlor where Justin waited. Here and there, as he looked, he saw a bust, such as can be found in so many wealthy homes, indicated the wealth and refinement of the inmates. Presently he heard a door open; then two gentlemen walked leisurely through the wide hallway conversing earnestly. The front door opened, a few words more were exchanged, one went out; the other walked slowly into the parlor where Justin was waiting. Here he came to confront an elderly gentleman of medium height with a finely shaped, judicial-looking head covered by a heavy growth of grey hair, with white eyes, broad overhanging deep-set, kindly grey eyes; a square, firm mouth and chin, and grey side-whiskers.

"So this is Lucinda's boy, Justin?" he said with a cordial hand grasp. "Welcome to see you so promptly. Have you had breakfast?" Justin replied in the affirmative. Then the uncle asked a few questions in regard to Justin's mother, his home and family matters, meanwhile regarding him with a steadfast searching look as if he were mentally taking stock of him with merit and demerit marks. Justin answered his questions briefly, for he felt rather shy in this strange house. Soon Mr. Fairfield mentioned the business which had brought the young man to Chicago.

"The position I have to offer you" he exclaimed "is that of copying clerk and general assistant to my chief clerk, Mr. Vane. As I feel some responsibility in regard to you I have prevailed upon Mr. Vane to take you to board in his own family, and he will induct you into the routine of your work."

He was interrupted by the entrance of a young man who on seeing Justin exclaimed "I beg pardon—I did not know you had a caller" as he turned to leave.

"Here, Ferdinand" called Mr. Fairfield. "Let me make you acquainted with one of your down east cousins—this is Justin Dorman one of your Aunt Lucinda's boys—Justin, this is your cousin Ferdinand, my only son."

As Justin awkwardly shook hands with his cousin he caught a glimpse of both in a full length mirror opposite, and the contrast he saw there reflected, remained a distasteful memory to him for many a day. This was the picture it appeared to him: a slight, slender but well-formed young man dressed with exquisite taste in the height of fashion, with a fair aristocratic face, dark blue smiling eyes, a finely curved mouth whose red lips and perfect teeth were scarcely concealed by the light moustache, a well-polished head surrounded by short crop of golden hair inclined to curl, the face a little tanned from recent exposure—the man grasping the hand of a tall broad-shouldered shabby-looking fellow, brown-faced, brown-haired, brown-eyed, and dressed in an ill-fitting and unbecoming brown suit. Never before had Justin appeared to himself to such disadvantage. Among his own set at home he had scarcely given a thought to his personal appearance but had a vague consciousness that he would compare favorably with the most of these—farther than that he had not cared. But this mirrored contrast with his more favored cousin stung him with a bitter

sense of humiliation altogether new and painful.

Despite his confusion he managed to stammer his pleasure at meeting his cousin; this was so cordially met on Ferdinand's part that he felt more at ease.

"Are you going soon to the office, Father?" asked Ferdinand.

"Yes I have an engagement at noon with a client and I want first to introduce Justin to the office and to Mr. Vane. You had better order the carriage at once and I will take him down with me."

"I was going to ask you to step to Conleys' stable and look at the Shetland pony I spoke to you about. I think she will be just the thing for Flossie—gentle and handsome" said Ferdinand.

A little girl, apparently about eight years of age, had quietly slipped into the lower parlor just as Ferdinand began to speak. She was busy at first arranging the disordered music scattered over the piano, but she now came forward into full view.

"Oh Papa!" she cried, clasping her small hands. "Are you going to buy a pony? Please don't! I want, I must have—a dear, delightful donkey. Papa, make Ferd get me a donkey. He is so acquainted with donkeys and horses and such that I just know he knows where the right sort of donkey is to be found!"

"Flossie," said her brother severely, "how often have I told you that children must be seen and not heard. You talk at random, my child."

"Ferd, don't be silly," observed the little woman with a toss of her wavy brown locks. She pirouetted on her toes till she reached Mr. Fairfield, one of whose hands she clasped in both her own. He tried to look gravely into the roguish brown eyes raised to his.

"Flossie how often must I tell you to stop and think before speaking. I'm ashamed of my little girl. See, here is a cousin you have never seen before from Massachusetts. What do you suppose he will think of Chicago little girls, taking you as a specimen? Justin this is your youngest cousin, Flossie, my only living daughter and sometimes my naughtiest child."

Justin could only smile in the kindest fashion at the arch face now looking with fearless curiosity up at him. She whirled herself away from her father and standing before her cousin, held out her hand, exclaiming, "Shake, Cousin Justin! I've just been longing for something new and exciting to happen to me. I didn't know it would be a cousin. Never mind about the donkey now, Papa, since Ferd don't want me to have one, I mean thing—a cousin will do as well to amuse me."

There was nothing to do but laugh, although Ferd bit his moustache a little angrily, and Justin colored. She turned quickly to her father.

"Papa," she said "I don't think my cousin will be half as horrified at me as he will be at your lack of the bonnet. I'll be a 'donkey'—this in a tone of mimicry and with the air of quoting from some one—"otherwise you would have introduced me properly. You should have said: 'Mr. Justin Dorman allow me the pleasure of introducing to you my beloved and charming daughter, Miss Florence Frederika Fairfield—ahem.'"

"There Florence Frederika," interrupted her brother, "you are showing off sufficiently for once; tell me, have you seen mamma this morning?"

"Why, certainly, Ferd—I went into her room just now, and she wished me to make her excuses to our cousin, for not coming down, as she does not feel well enough to receive callers this morning."

"Is it any sick?" asked Justin in tones of genuine sympathy.

"Mrs. Fairfield is never very well," observed his uncle quietly, as Ferdinand left the room to order the carriage, "and does not get down stairs very early. You will meet her next Sunday when I want you to take dinner with us."

"You're not a very handsome cousin, but you look good and agreeable I like you," here interposed Flossie who had been attentively staring at Justin, much to his embarrassment.

"Really Florence" said her father now quite sternly, "you are getting too unbearable. I shall have to punish you, if you continue to make such speeches. You are too much indulged. Leave the room now child and don't come in again until you are given permission."

"Oh, I don't mind," murmured Justin, "don't send her away; I think it very kind of her to say she likes me, I'm sure."

"Oh when Papa says 'Florence' in that way, cousin, he means business, and I must go. Kiss me good-by Papa won't you, and I'll be good next time we meet; this is the time of my 'perverse' days as mamma calls them."

She kissed her father heartily, then started to go; at the doorway she paused, threw a kiss to Justin and said "Good-by, good cousin—until Sunday."

Ferdinand returning announced that the carriage was waiting. In a few moments Justin was seated in the family carriage by the side of his uncle, whirling toward the center of the city. Alone with his nephew Mr. Fairfield became more confidential in his manner, asked him about his westward trip, and took charge of his baggage checks, saying he would have his trunks sent to his boarding place at once. Justin feeling more at ease related some of the incidents of his trip, and spoke of the dead body he had seen that morning taken out of the sea.

"It was quite as well you saw that sight," observed his uncle speaking in earnest tones, "and I am glad you spoke of it to me as it reminds me to say a few necessary words of warning on this your first introduction to city life, especially to such a mammoth city as Chicago, which is full of pit falls to a young man, as it is also full of opportunities for one who is level-headed and energetic. You must be constantly on your guard against temptations of all sorts. Of course you do not drink. Do you use tobacco?"

Justin gave a decided negative.

"Well then I wouldn't be induced to try either, if I were you. You must be careful, too, as to what company you keep, especially careful as to female society. Think carefully of every temptation, in every direction, that may come to you. I don't know how they will come, but such things are inevitable, and when you are in great doubt as to any step, promise to come to me and frankly explain your difficulty and I will do the best I can in advising you. Please remember what I now say to you. A city like this is full of business enterprise, push, scheming, knavery and fraud, is sure either to make or mar a man for all time, just according as he has sense to use his opportunities wisely, or the weakness to let temptation to wrongdoing over-master his will. I am giving you a little lecture, because I am going to let you stand on your own feet, and I shall watch, even when you are unaware of it, to see what the city will make of you. I know how easy your life, so far, has been made for you, and I can see that you have a great deal to learn from experience; but I think you

have the right grit in you and will come out all right, but be ready to meet and to conquer difficulties. For the rest Mr. Vane, my head clerk, will be your chief in all things; he is a safe and steady man, and you will have a comfortable home. You will pay him five dollars a week for board out of your \$10 per week salary. The rest must suffice you for everything. Here we are at the office."

(To be continued.)

J. J. Morse on American Spiritualism.*

In a paper read before the London Spiritualist's Alliance on the evening of January 31st last, Mr. Morse gave his impressions of Spiritualism in this country. As the opinion of an intelligent observing and sympathetic visitor the paper is valuable. It might have been more so, though less popular, had Mr. Morse been more critical and plainer spoken in some particulars.

The lecture, as previously announced in the JOURNAL, has been published in pamphlet form, and already the second edition is underway. The following extract will show the style and spirit in which Mr. Morse speaks:

THE PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM.

The current literature of Spiritualism comprises quite a number of periodicals, the oldest of which is the well known *Banner of Light*, edited by that veteran worker and whole-souled Spiritualist, Luther Colby, who is ably assisted by Jno. W. Day, another well-known and earnest worker, writer and poet. For information concerning the current topics in the movement, the work and the workers, the *Banner of Light* is essentially the premier newspaper of the country. It is the oldest journal in the world devoted to our cause, and enjoys a universal circulation, being found in almost every country under the sun. Next in age, but equal in importance, comes the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, published in Chicago, and edited by Col. Jno. C. Bundy, who is, without doubt, the most intellectually able wielder of the editorial pen in the ranks of American Spiritualism.

He is uncompromisingly committed to the "scientific method," the stern exposé of fraud and wrong doing, and constantly insists upon the cultivation of the higher mental, moral, and spiritual attitude in the entire personality of the Movement. His paper is widely circulated, greatly appreciated, and no doubt has a very successful and useful future before it. In the Western country the two leading papers are published in San Francisco. The *Carrier Dove*, occupying the somewhat unique position of being edited by a woman, Mrs. Julia Schlessinger, and in a manner that reflects upon her the utmost credit. Typographically it is an exceeding handsome journal, while the literary merit is very high. One of its regular contributors is William Emmette Coleman, one of the most erudite scholars, and acute thinkers in the ranks of the writers upon Spiritualism, in America, to-day. This journal enjoys a large measure of popular favor, is quite extensively circulated, and is largely quoted by the secular press of the State. The other paper is entitled *The Golden Gate*, its editor being the Hon. J. J. Owen. It is also admirably printed, well edited, and contains a wide range of interesting articles. Mr. Owen was for many years the editor of the San Jose, Cal. *Mercury*, a paper of power and influence in the State, and consequently he comes to his present task thoroughly well equipped for its duties, and his paper ever presents an appearance.

The only monthly journal published in the United States, but just discontinued, was edited by Dr. J. R. Buchanan, of Boston, in which city it was published, under the title of the *Journal of Man*. The scholarly editor is one of the most original thinkers and investigators that American Spiritualism has produced. He is really the spiritual originator of the science of psychometry, and has written largely thereon, as well as upon the questions of moral education, physical and psychical development, and kindred subjects. The magazine in question was well worthy an extended circulation, and it is to be deeply regretted that it is no longer published.

Mr. Stainton-Moses editorially notices Mr. Morse's address at some length in *Light*, from which we briefly extract as follows:

Mr. Morse opens with a very true remark: "To understand American Spiritualism we must understand the American character." That is true of all men. Spiritualism finds a man out; it tells what stuff he is made of; it soon shows to what use he puts his knowledge, and it is a test, a try, or a puzzle, a ground of disputation or a deep and abiding satisfaction; a solution of the great problem of life and an earnest of that life which is to come.

Now America is a big place, and the Americans are a big people; broad in their view, discursive somewhat, and not disposed to pin themselves down to details. Edison states a hundred "notions" in a week; Englishmen turn them into working account. The type of the American intellect differentiates American Spiritualism. It is, as Mr. Morse puts it, "a comprehensive gospel, that embraces every current interest affecting human life." It is characterized by what we may call, without offence, a certain spread eagleship which gives it a flavor peculiar to itself. We do not here consult a medium as to the purchase of stocks and shares. We have no camp meetings; perhaps climate is responsible for that. Journalism is estimated fairly. We always read our exchanges, and Mr. Morse's estimate is substantially just and true. In literature he notes what we remark here. Spiritualism has flooded the novel. Plots are based on its teachings and phenomena, and the first knowledge of it to a mass of people is derived from reading a work of fiction that deals with some phase of it. In the pulpit it has also taken its place. "The sermons of to-day are altogether spiritualistic in tone and tendency." It is to be noted that, side by side with this permeation, popular Spiritualism in the States, is, in Mr. Morse's opinion, disintegrating. Fads are rampant, and the quality of the old discourses is not maintained. He warmly endorses Mr. Bundy's plea for unity.

*The Status of American Spiritualism as seen during a four years' visit, by J. J. Morse. With an appendix. *Review of Enquiries into Spiritualism*. Liverpool Progressive Literature Agency. Pamphlet, price, 15 cents. For sale at the JOURNAL office.

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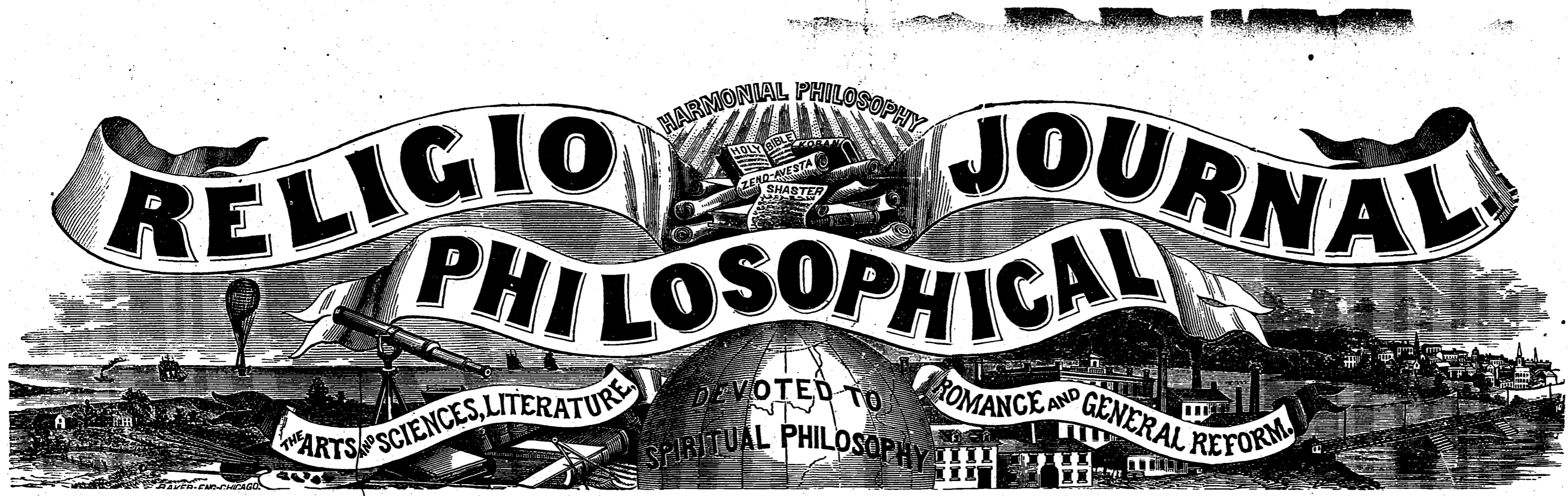
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LABOR CAPITALIZATION

B. F. U.

The ex-Chancellor of Germany in his retirement and as a private citizen, has expressed his views with freedom and frankness in regard to the struggle between labor and capital and the socialistic tendencies of the times. He declares that a marked improvement has taken place in the condition of laboring classes during the latter half of the present century, that in the struggle between labor and capital, labor has scored the most victories, and will continue to gain wherever the laboring man has the ballot, and that should there ever be a final victory it would be that of the men who labor. But he declares that if this struggle between labor and capital should ever come to an end, human activity would come to a standstill, and a condition of slavery in which men would be content because of their degeneracy or a condition of life, without work or progress, as in those regions where men live like the brutes, would be the only alternative. The strife and struggle which produce progress are by the friction of competition. As for the socialistic system of government it "is a species of slavery—a sort of penitentiary system for the union of the intended victims of such a system." If the political parties that oppose Socialism do not unite in opposition to it, they must succumb to socialistic domination, until such time as Socialism in its turn is overthrown by the excess of slavery inherent in it, as in slavery. Bismarck sees no way out of the conflict between labor and capital. Indeed, he says: "This conflict of classes will never cease. To solve it is like trying to solve the problem of squaring the circle. It is the Utopian dream of a thousand years—the millennium to be realized only when men become as angels."

The ex-Chancellor of Germany is a man of colossal intellect, of large knowledge of men and affairs, of wonderful powers of penetrating beneath the surface of things, of discerning the value of passion, prejudice and selfishness, as well as the higher intellectual and moral qualities as factors in political and social movements, and of making therefrom large generalizations for use in diplomatic policy and governmental administration. His views, especially now when there is no padlock on his lips, and when personal ambitions can no longer tinge the expression of his opinions, are entitled to a careful consideration. But on the other hand, his imperious nature, his association with kings and princes, his own rank, his long experience in controlling not only the people but governments by intrigue and threats, and the fact that he belongs to an age of fear and force in government which are happily giving way to popular self-government,—all lessen the value of his utterances, when he declares oracularly the limits of future social and industrial possibilities.

Without questioning that competition will continue to play an important part in human progress, the whole trend of evolution, as well as the dreams of poets and prophets, and the aspiration of the human heart, justify the hope that the "conflict of classes" will not last forever. There are many indications that co-operation is to be the leading principle of the industrial system of the future. If workmen can secure the advantages of combined effort by voluntary association, they may be able to obtain those noble humanitarian results at which Nationalism aims, without sacrifice of individuality, and without those evils of a paternalistic system of government that Prince Bismarck now deprecates, but which, more than any other man living, he has encouraged.

John Stuart Mill was of the opinion that capitalists would "gradually find it to their advantage, instead of maintaining the struggle of the old system with work-people of the worst description to lend their capital to the association—to do this at a diminishing rate of interest, and at last, perhaps, even to exchange their capital for terminal annuities. In this or some such mode the existing

accumulations of capital might honestly and by a kind of spontaneous process become in the end the joint property of all who participate in their productive employment; a transformation which thus effected, would be the nearest approach to social justice, and the most beneficial ordering of industrial affairs for the universal good which it is possible at present to foresee."

This passage is quoted by Wordsworth Donisthorpe in his recently published work, "Individualism, a System of Politics," a part of which is devoted to an examination and defence of the system called "Labor Capitalization," an outline of which it is believed will be of interest to readers of the JOURNAL. Mr. Donisthorpe treats the subject first historically, to show the line along which evolution of the relation between capital and labor has proceeded in the past.

In the earliest periods of which history gives any account, all who toiled with their hands, all who grew or worked as artisans were slaves. To the master's power there was no limit. The slaves had no rights. In later times it was unlawful to hurt a slave without just cause. In Rome slaves rose to the position of doctors and literary men, and could own property. The incursions of the Northern barbarians destroyed the relation between master and slaves or rather produced a condition of things which changed the classes and sub-classes of Roman slaves to "serfs." At first serfs or villeins belonged to the lord of the soil. Villeins "held lands on terms of doing whatever was commanded of them, nor knew in the evening what was to be done in the morning." Afterwards there were "privileged villeins" who could not be removed from their holdings so long as they performed certain services. After awhile these services, one after another, were commuted into a fixed rent in kind or in money, and finally in money only. Town life and trade brought changes. A middle class arose and its triumphant conflicts with the ancient feudal aristocracy developed the two classes—the employers and the employed, the capitalists and the manual laborers. Now the battle is going on between these two classes. "Louder and louder roar the discontented hosts of wage-earners. Inch by inch the baffled capitalists retire before the onward pressure of numbers." The battle must end. Which side shall win? Wage-earners see that they receive more than is necessary to keep them in repair for the employers. They feel that they have a right to a share of the profits of the work in which they are engaged, that they are worth more than the wages they receive. Hence the agitation for a sliding scale. The arbitration between employer and employed, and the forming of large co-operative societies for production and distribution are due to this feeling, that the workers are entitled to a share of the profits of the business to which they contribute of the wealth they help to create. The laborers themselves are coming to act upon the principle, which they do not theoretically understand, that they themselves form capital and the tendency is toward a system of capitalization of labor as a substitute for the present systems of wagemod.

Mr. Donisthorpe believes that now "the employer pockets more than half the workman's just share." He takes the whole of the interest on laborers. Consider the money value of American slaves. "And yet what is the worth of civilized man if he would but claim his liberty and work only as free man can? not too long, not too monotonously, but intelligently and economically, with an interest in his work, and a love for his art or craft? and what then would be a workman's share of production?" The contention of the labor capitalizationist is that the laborer is entitled to all the profits of his labor and to a share of the profits of the business. Now the laborer works for so much per day. The employer takes all the risk and pockets all the profits, interest included. He guarantees the wages of workmen, whether the business is profitable or not concerning which the workmen are indifferent. Uniformity of wages is impossible, because the profit and loss account varies. The capitalist strives to employ labor and skill as cheaply as possible; the laborers aim at the highest wages they can get, with the fewest hours and least work. Employers try to increase surplus value by supplanting male labor with female and child labor, which results in increasing the amount taken by capital and lessening that which goes to labor. The effect is a conflict between the interest of employers and the employed.

When there is an increase in profits wages must be raised or the men strike. There is a decline in business and profits sink; then the capitalist grumbles and seeks to reduce wages. The workmen's expenses have increased, their families have grown larger perhaps, they have better tenements and are paying higher rent than before their wages were raised, and reduction of wages means to them sacrifice which involves degradation. Men unite in trade unions which tend to uniformity of wages, labor deteriorated to the standard of the inferior workmen, discouragement of superior skill and strength, and a leveling down of the industrial classes. "Perhaps, if no other argument could be urged against wagemod, the mere fact that the whole of the gain from labor-saving machinery has fallen into hands of the employer to whose members it is almost entirely due, would suffice to condemn it."

Mr. Donisthorpe's proposition is that the workers instead of letting themselves out for hire by the day or hour, enter into the business ventures as capitalists and free men,

receiving not a fixed wage, but a pre-arranged percentage of the gross produce—a percentage based on a calculation of the amount paid in wages over a number of years. Then the receipts of the hands would vary with the state of the trade and the success of the business like the profits of other capitalists. "When trade was good the men would be receiving considerably more than usual, and no strike would be necessary in order to give them a fair share of the general prosperity. When trade became depressed their share would decrease proportionately with that of other capitalists, and neither strike nor lock-out would result from a diminution in their income. The masters would have no reason to demand an arbitrary reduction in the scale of labor remuneration, as they have now. Thus the causes of strikes would be eliminated. Under the new system, when trade is bad and profits low, the hands will suffer equally with other masters; those of them who know other crafts will prefer to change their work rather than go on at very low pay; and having thus ceased to drag at the wage fund, will leave behind them those least qualified to change their occupation. Those who go will gain—and those who remain will gain."

When there is a falling off in profits the number of those to receive them will be reduced, and the share of the profits to the remaining recipients will be raised. When there is reduced production it will not enervate idleness upon the working classes at a time they are anxious to work. Workmen instead of trying to injure the employer, or being indifferent to the success of the business, will have a motive to do the best and the most work they can.

With a joint interest in undertakings, the workers will feel themselves practical partners in the concerns, and the idler will not be tolerated. The men will be jointly and severally their own overlords, for they will be independent and self-interested workers. The men would be the best judges of their own hours of labor and would apportion time to the quality of the effort. "That is to say, if by working hard seven hours a day they find they can accomplish as much as by working at a necessarily reduced expenditure of force for eight hours, they will prefer seven to eight hours." The ratio of gross produce to cost would be augmented, profits in proportion to outlay would be increased and the outlay would be stimulated. The profits on labor would increase in greater proportion than the profits on other forms of capital, and there would be a larger total to divide, and the share of the manual workers would be greatly increased. There is no danger that in bad times labor would fall below its present low level. The true cost of increasing skilled workers in every craft will regulate the pay of labor, and not the mere cost of the laborer's maintenance during the process. To the objection that "the workers must have their pay in advance and that is why the capitalist pockets the interest on labor," Mr. Donisthorpe replies: "It is a convenient fiction; and moreover, it is dishonest, for if it were true it would not satisfy the exaction. The moment a laborer has turned a handle, or stuck a spade in the ground, he has earned at least the value of his services for that second of time. To talk of giving him an advance is common chicanery. Workmen convert timber into a half-finished boat, which the capitalist can at any moment sell for ten or twelve times the original value of his timber, and yet he has the impudence to tell them that they have no claim upon him till the boat is completed, and that any payment they may require during the process is of the nature of an advance, for which he must charge as for a loan." Only certain classes of workers are yet advanced enough for the reform. It must have been the workers of the cotton-mills, the textile fabric industries, in the cotton-mills, the foundries and colliers. Once set on foot, its advantages to both parties would soon insure its general adoption. But Mr. Donisthorpe is not in favor of attempts to force the system upon the country by legislative action. Such a course among a people unprepared for it by long habits of self-help would be positively mischievous. He thinks that with the exception of Great Britain and the United States and the Anglo-Saxon Colonies, few nations even yet are ripe for its introduction. The lead should be taken by the working classes in the large industries. "Approved or disapproved by masters, or by men, or both, it must assuredly come into force sooner or later."

When it becomes every workman's interest to encourage methods that shall insure the greatest success, the old hands will probably elect the new ones. There will be regular meetings of the men and the election of officers; and it will soon appear natural and expedient to the employer to pay over the whole of the laborer's share in a lump to the workman's president, to be distributed amongst them in their own way, and as they, in council assembled, shall from time to time assess and decree." Even the head manager may come to be similarly elected. The men will not allow their profits to suffer by mismanagement and the capitalist employer will see the advantage of this method. The mistake of existing systems of co-operative production is in attempting to divorce labor from other forms of capital ready to hand. They seem to think that capitalists have no just claim to profits. Capitalists are entitled to the entire fruits of their capital and manual workers to the entire fruits of their labor. Let the workmen cease to agitate for State regulation of working

hours, and for other restrictions on their liberty and proclaim their freedom—their emancipation from wage slavery. "Serfdom, wagemod, freedom—these are the three stages of the evolution of industrialism." To-day we are still mostly in the second stage. At one end of the labor ladder we have the agricultural laborer striving to throw off the last vestiges of serfdom, demanding higher fixed wages in lieu of a low wage, increased by gratuities and perquisites. At the other end we have workers in the coal and iron trades demanding wages varying with employer's profits. The first represents the transition (now nearly completed in this country [England]) from serfdom to wagemod; the second, the transition from wagemod to freedom. Thus we find that the same progress is not made all along the line, for we have one wing ready to advance into the third stage of development before the other wing is well out of the first. We must keep our eye on the advance guard if we would learn the direction the campaign is likely to take." The new system appeals to the independent self-respecting and industrious class; it has nothing to offer criminal lazy or dissolute classes.

Social Remedies.

Prof. Thomas Davidson has been delivering a course of lectures in Chicago under the auspices of the Women's Club, and filling dates for parlor lectures to more exclusive circles. On April 29th he read a thoughtful paper before the Club in its esthetic rooms in the Art Institute. His theme for this his last lecture was "Social Remedies in the Light of History" from which the JOURNAL is permitted to make the following extracts:

No institution has ever tried to cure social ills by means of charity more kindly and persistently than the Roman Catholic church. At the time of the Norman conquest three-fourths of all the lands in England were held by the monasteries for the benefit of the poor; the proportion cannot have been very different in other countries. What was the result? Charity fostered the very evil it sought to cure, viz., poverty and added to it another, viz., laziness, with all the forms of degradation that follow therefrom. No doubt the Church, which is in so many ways practically wise, would have abandoned a great portion of its charity had it not been for the conviction which she held and holds, that charity is twice blessed, in other words that charity-giving and charity-receiving are both virtues, beneficial for salvation. When the monasteries were broken up and ecclesiastical charity almost stopped, the poor of England whom the Church tended and fostered were left almost entirely uncared for, and then the effects of that charity were clearly seen. The land swarmed with tramps, or as they were then called, vagrants, many of them able-bodied.

If there is anything that philanthropists are agreed upon it is, I believe, that charity is not a cure for social ills and that the only charity which it is ever right to offer is that which makes the recipient feel his own responsibility and betake himself to self-help. All other charity is twice cursed.

As remedies for social ills prohibition and Socialism may be taken together. Different as they are, they agree in this that they fail to satisfy both the second and third tests of a good remedy. Both diminish responsibility and both curtail freedom. Both punish the virtuous for the sake of the vicious. Now while the virtuous may, in their generosity, submit to punishment for the sake of the vicious, it can never be the duty of the State to enforce this generosity which, indeed, ceases to be generosity the moment it ceases to be voluntary. The first place the State must enforce is the prohibition of the law. Varying experience has shown that prohibition does not prohibit, that the laws ordaining it are continually and shamelessly broken and that, in doing so, the people learn disrespect and social contempt for all law. In the second place it removes one of the very best opportunities for practicing self-control, the very act by which the will is strengthened and man rises above the brute. In the third place it defeats the very first purpose of all law; it is a barrier to liberty for those who can use liberty. It is far more important that there should exist five hundred persons who can use liberty than that there should exist five millions who cannot. Better one temperate man than a thousand prohibited drunkards. In the fourth place the State that enacts prohibition is simply demoralizing its people in order to shirk an obvious duty. If the State would only do its duty by carefully punishing all violent and unjust acts that are due to intemperance, all wife-beating, child-beating, all neglect of family, etc., prohibition would not be necessary, the sense of responsibility and of respect for the laws would be increased and liberty would not have its wings clipped. Prohibition is such a recent thing that history has not much to say about it, but that little is all against it. But prohibition, even if successful, would reach but a small number of social ills.

In the absence of prohibitory laws, more radical measures than those mentioned by Mr. Davidson, experience has proved necessary, including laws imposing restrictions upon the sale of intoxicating drinks, and making the seller to a certain extent responsible for the drunkenness resulting from the use of liquor sold to irresponsible persons.

A CITY AND A SOUL.

A Story of Chicago.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

CHAPTER III.

FAIRLY LAUNCHED.

In the office Justin was introduced to Mr. Vane, a tall, quiet, kindly-faced man of about fifty, bald-headed, stoop-shouldered, and weary-eyed. At noon he accompanied Justin to his home, a modest cottage on a quiet street on the West side.

Mrs. Vane, a plump, motherly woman welcomed Justin warmly. As his baggage arrived soon after lunch he was told by Mr. Vane that he need not begin his duties in the office until the next morning. He busied himself during the afternoon in arranging his belongings in the small but comfortably furnished room which was to be his own private domain. In the evening he early sought the seclusion of his room. Tired as he was it was yet late before he closed his eyes in slumber. New ideas, and new emotions born of his advent into a great city, stirred within him, filling him with an intoxicating unrest. The intermittent roar of the street cars, the tinkle of the car-bells, the rhythmic fall of the horses' hoofs softened by the distance of a couple of blocks, were such new and insistent sounds to his ear, that they seemed to him the refrain which united into one grand ode of action all the disturbing elements of the night—such as the off-recurring puff and whistle of steam cars, the resonant tramp of pedestrians on the wooden walks, the merry laugh of youth, the hum of human voices in the streets, the frequent whirr of the wheels of passing carriages, wagons or heavy-laden teams. Night in his farm-home meant darkness and silence; here, it seemed to mean noise and mystery.

On the morrow Justin was inducted into the duties of his new life. He had a desk of his own and the work given him to do was mainly copying of law papers. This interested him since it afforded him an opportunity to exercise his skill in penmanship. His first copy of a long legal document was a miracle of art in that line, and he felt a little indignant when Mr. Vane looking it over, smiled, then pointed out two or three important omissions, and advised him to "write a plainer hand, with fewer flourishes, and stick closely to copy." He was himself surprised to find how liable he was to make omissions; but he worked faithfully at the task imposed, all day, and had the satisfaction to hear Mr. Vane say as he looked over his last copied document, "That is better—you'll do good work after a while."

His uncle came in several times during the day to give Mr. Vane some directions, but he gave Justin only a word or two of kindly greeting in a pre-occupied manner, then returned to his own inner room where during the course of the day, a number of men, most of them with anxious or eager faces consulted him on business.

This apparent coldness struck with a chill upon the heart of the country boy fresh from a community where everybody was acquainted with and interested in the affairs of everybody else; where business was never too driving to preclude a little gossip with each one met during the day—and where above all relatives were always welcomed with effusion; but he had the good sense not to show that he felt hurt.

"Feel tired, Dorman?" asked Mr. Vane as they looked the office to go home about 5 p. m.

"Well, I am ashamed to confess that I do, Mr. Vane," he returned.

"Why 'ashamed?' demanded Vane.

"Because, you see," confessed Justin, "I have been used to much harder work, farming—and I have always looked upon writing as such an easy trifling sort of thing that I never thought of it as work—but I never took a whole day's stretch at it before—or at least so long a stretch as I have to-day" correcting himself, remembering that he would scarcely have called the number of hours spent in the office that day a full day's work on the farm.

"Because in writing you bring into play a different set of faculties from those employed in farming is no reason why you should consider one play and the other the only true labor," said Mr. Vane, as they walked along, "yet I can understand how you feel. You generally when at home did what writing was necessary, in your hours of rest from manual labor, and the change made it rest—as when I take a vacation in the country, I find a real relaxation and recreation in felling trees, helping with the haying, etc., or, as when after a hard day's office work, I walk home instead of riding—as I shall do to-night if you don't mind walking. Office work is so new to you, Dorman, that I advise you to take a walk every evening until you grow used to your new routine."

"Well, really, Mr. Vane," said Justin admiringly, "what you say seems so reasonable, but I had never thought of it, before."

It was on a Thursday that Justin entered upon his office work. It was Saturday afternoon before his uncle exchanged more than the salutations of the day with him. Then as he passed through the outer room, to go home he stopped at Justin's desk.

"You will take dinner with us to-morrow, I suppose, Justin?" he inquired pleasantly.

"adn't thought about it," he replied, a feeling of restrained rebellion. "I ght perhaps after meeting I might go to some of the parks Mr. Vane has been g me about."

"Oh, well you will have time enough for it, too, if you choose. I will send the car to you about four. Be sure and be dy at that time. Glad that you mean to end church. It is a good practice."

breakfast was served a little later. Sun- vs, at the Vane's, than during week-days. Justin had risen even earlier than his nt and had dressed himself in his one best t of black broadcloth, with a little more e than he had ever before given to his ap- arance. He remembered with a pang the irrored contrast between himself and his ylish cousin, and as far as his clothes old admit he had adapted his own dress to at of Ferd; so that Mrs. Vane, when he ame down to breakfast, looked at him quite rovingly, and went so far as to suggest to a little change in his necktie, bringing one of Mr. Vane's which he had discarded as being too youthful for his wear.

He was rather surprised that after break- fast no one spoke of going to church, but when he diffidently inquired where he could ind a Congregational church, Mr. Vane be- stilled him to accompany him to one near Union Park where the family had a pew. The handsome edifice in which Justin pres- ently found himself listening to a fine vol- untary rendered by the organist, although bearing the same denominational name, seemed to him to have nothing whatever in common with the modest little Congre- gational church in Brownville where his father ad for so many years officiated as deacon, and the spruce looking preacher seemed in no way akin to the white-haired minister who Sunday after Sunday had doled out ser- mons rich in irrefutable Bible doctrine to the Brownville believers, ever since Justin could remember.

This preacher's text, appropriate to the beautiful September day was taken from Matthew 9th chapter, 37th verse: "The har- vest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." Justin had often before heard ser- mons from the same text, but the applica- tion made by this preacher was altogether new to him, and he listened as if a new soul had taken possession of his body, while the preacher described in glowing words how the world's work lay waiting to be done while the average man and woman, though hungr- ing for the spiritual bread which this har- vest promised, sat in torpid, stupid idleness, foolishly watching for the appearance of the harvesters, not realizing that all who thus waited had their appointed work to do in this field, a work which they must do or remain forever "an idle hind." "There is not a man or woman here to-day," cried the preacher pas- sionately, "not one within the sound of my voice, either high or humble, who has not his appropriate work to do in this world, not alone for himself, but for his fellows. There can be no common Father, if the brotherhood of man is not recognized, and to this end God has ordained that there is no rest for the weary, no sympathy for the sorrowing, no joy must come from sympathetic interest in the needs of our fellows. However plen- tiful the harvest may be, if the laborers are few, famine must come—famine of heart, intellect, soul!"

Then the congregation joined with the choir in singing, "What shall the Harvest be?" and though Justin's fine voice joined in the well-known hymn, he felt strangely stirred and disquieted as he left the church, silently wondering where in the world's har- vest-field his work lay.

After lunch, as Mr. Vane became buried in the mammoth Sunday edition of his daily paper and Mrs. Vane was enjoying a nap upon the sofa, Justin began an investigation of Mr. Vane's small but choice library. He had al- ways been fond of reading, but his range had been necessarily limited. Deacon Dor- man's household library consisted of several Bibles, large and small, two or three hymn books, Brown's "Concordance," Baxter's "Saint's Rest," and Call to the Unconver- ted," "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Robinson Crusoe," "Combe's 'Constitution of Man,'" "Pictorial History of the World," "Abbott's 'Life of Na- poleon Bonaparte,'" "Tales of Shipwreck," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Beecher's 'Northwood,'" "The Lamp-lighter," "Ida May" and some school-books. Besides these, Justin's reading had been limited to the Sunday-school lib- rary and one local weekly paper, Bonner's "Ledger" and the Boston "Cultivator," a farming journal; so he looked over with interest Mr. Vane's selection of to-day's literature. He had heard something of George Eliot and he took down a book bearing that name below the title, and became deeply interested in the pages of "Felix Holt, the Radical," until his uncle's carriage came to convey him to the Fairfield's.

CHAPTER IV.

A DINNER AND A DRIVE.

On this occasion he noted for the first time the architectural beauty of many of the buildings along the boulevard. He had seen so little in the way of fine architecture that he did not understand the source of the vague pleasure he experienced in viewing these handsome structures. What delight, he thought, it must be to live in houses like these. He wondered, as his uncle's span of bays bore him lightly along, driven by a sleek, well-fed colored coachman—why so often in stories, cities were represented as being hot- beds of poverty and crime, when here every thing seemed so comfortable, ease, hap- piness and orderly living.

Lawyer Fairfield's home though not among the most magnificent mansions on the ave- nue, had been recently built, and was a solid, roomy, and handsome residence, surrounded by ample and tasteful grounds.

As the carriage drove up, Flossie came fly- ing down the steps to greet him as if he were an old friend, and her father stood smilingly in the doorway. In the parlor he was intro- duced to his uncle's wife, a slender lady of medium height, sallow complexion, lovely dark eyes and a slightly disdainful air.

She offered Justin a slim, cool, limp hand which he shook cordially yet clumsily. "I hope you are not homesick?" she said in a coldly sweet voice, "and that you are go- ing to like Chicago—your new home generally do, I think?"

"No'm—I mean, yes ma'am" stammered Justin with a renewed sense of awkward- ness in the presence of this elegantly dressed lady, whose brilliant eyes seemed capable of reading his innermost thought.

She motioned him to a seat and sank back in a languid manner on the sofa whence she had risen on his entrance, and much to his discomfort kept her shining eyes upon him, while she questioned him as to his mother, the crops that year in Brownville, his journey to, and impressions of Chicago.

Her sweetly patronizing tone had a strange- ly unnerving effect upon Justin who found himself saying "yes ma'am" and "no'ma'am" in a stiff, unnatural way, which he knew

made him appear to disadvantage. In the midst of her unembarrassed flow of talk there came to his mind the contrast between this his one western aunt and his half dozen aunts of Norman blood or marriage who all lived within twenty miles of Brownville. These aunts comprised within their number models of excellent house-keeping, piety, char- ity, economy, motherliness, and nurses, and one and all were gushingly fond of their Norman nephews, and invariably deferential in manner to all their male relatives.

So it was an altogether new sensation to Justin to find a woman, a fragile elderly sweet-voiced woman, who deliberately talked down to him, whose softly modulated tones were undeniably patronizing. This aggra- vated and bewildered him, and it was with a sense of relief that he welcomed the return of Flossie who had mysteriously disappeared soon after her warm welcome. She seated herself on an ottoman directly opposite and began at once to question him.

"Now I want you cousin Justin to tell me all about papa's people—and the farm where he lived, when he was a boy, and if any of your brothers look as papa did when he was a boy. I know you don't because you're bigger every way and have brown eyes—his are grey—but I've got brown eyes, too, and mamma says I'm a real Fairfield—I've just longed to know all about my papa when he was young, but every time I've asked him he says 'I'm too busy, child—wait till some other time'—Well that 'other time' never comes, so I'm just delighted to get hold of you, and you've got to tell me everything I want to know."

Mr. Fairfield laughed. "I think I shall have to plead 'guilty' to Flossie's indictment," he said. "My life is such a busy one that I have scarcely had time to think of old friends in the pressure of new duties, and except when your mother's letters come, I forget that I ever was a boy. But I would like to see the old place again, and live in hopes of finding time to take a trip East."

Justin gratified the soul of Flossie, and won her everlasting gratitude by telling her some of the stories of her father's youthful escapades, which he had heard his mother relate; over some of these Mr. Fairfield, who had probably forgotten the incidents, laughed as merrily as Flossie herself; then he recalled old friends and asked Justin what had be- come of such and such ones.

Mrs. Fairfield who was listening with a bored look to these reminiscences, presently asked a question which startled Justin, though he endeavored not to show that it did.

"Did you ever hear your mother speak of a friend of hers—Miss—Wood?—the girl you once were engaged to Mr. Fairfield?" she appealed to her husband with smiling eyes.

To his nephew's surprise he burst into a hearty laugh. Justin had expected him to look embarrassed.

"Why, certainly!"—he exclaimed, "I must enquire about Cynthia Wood! Do you know anything about her Justin? Who she married, or whether she is living, and where?"

"There's a Cynthia Wood, an old maid, who lives along with her brother, Martin Wood, whose farm joins ours—is she the one you mean?" replied Justin, trying not to look conscious.

"Yes—she was Martin Wood's sister. So she never married? Well, that's too bad!" exclaimed Mr. Fairfield in an interested tone. "To tell the truth, I'm afraid I'm to blame for that. I own that I treated her rather shabbily. I was only a boy then, and didn't know my own mind, and the country people in those days were forever trying to make 'matches' among the young folks—I suppose from lack of other business to occupy their minds. She was a rather pretty girl, too, and somehow before I left Brown- ville we became engaged. Fortunately for the first few years after I came west I was too busy and too hard up to dream of marry- ing, but I hadn't been away a month before I understood what nonsense such an engage- ment was, and I had the good sense to write and tell her so, but I thought it likely she would marry someone else."

"I never knew of Miss Cynthia keeping company with any one since I can remember," said Justin, "and she has always lived with Mr. Wood's folks next farm to ours ever since I was a small boy."

"There! Mr. Fairfield said his wife in a bantering tone, "you see, you need not feed your vanity with the idea that she kept single on your account, you were probably her *déjà vu* resort."

"Well," observed Flossie in a meditative tone with her small hands clasped over her knees, "suppose papa had married her in- stead of you, mamma, what would I be?—More of a Fairfield than ever, I suppose. Is she a pretty girl now, cousin Justin?" and should I be obliged to call her auntie if I went to Brownville?"

Justin laughed with the others, for in spite of a certain indignation which all right- thinking people in Brownville felt over Cy- nthia Wood's well-known story, Flossie's ques- tion "is she a pretty girl now?" brought to his mind a vivid picture of the tall, lank, sharp-nosed, grey-haired, but vigorous old maid, who had been the greatest scandal monger and gossip of the entire neighbor- hood. But she was Lissa Wood's own aunt, and that thought sobered him.

Dinner was announced just then and the reminiscences cut short. In after years Jus- tin recalled that dinner as one of his martyr- doms, though he got through it very credit- ably, but the fact that the food was mor- bidly conscious during the whole meal that not one slight mistake, or awkward blunder on his part, escaped the notice of the lady who presided. Little as he knew of city ways he realized that the table manners of a farm- er's household must in some respects differ from those of a city mansion, so he followed closely as possible, what the others did, con- sidering his choice of food to the dishes he was acquainted with, and avoiding altogether unfamiliar articles of diet, with the result that he rose from a very choice dinner, pre- pared by a first-class cook, with his fine healthy appetite unsatisfied.

Soon after the soup was served Ferdinand made his appearance at the table. He had evidently just come home, for he murmured in excuse for his tardiness that he had been detained by "some of the fellows at the club." His father glanced at him with a look of dis- pleasure, while his mother grew suddenly very cordial towards Justin, engaging him and Flossie's attention by a charming de- scription of some curious things she had seen at the opening of the Industrial Exposition a few days before, and she urged Justin to attend some evening before the Exposition closed. But inexperienced as he was, the flushed face and husky voice of Ferdinand betrayed to him the cause of Mr. Fairfield's disturbance, and he felt accordingly embar- rassed.

Ferdinand said very little during dinner and soon afterwards excusing himself on the plea of a severe headache, went to his room.

Before it grew dark Justin suggested that as he had letters to write he must return ear- ly to Mr. Vane's.

"Then I'll order the carriage at once," said his uncle "and give you a little idea of what Chicago looks like by gas light, before taking you home."

"O, please, papa" cried Flossie "take me along, too? I haven't had the least bit of a ride to-day. That naughty Ferdinand prom- ised sure this morning that he should drive over the South Park boulevards this after- noon if cousin Justin could go with us, and now it is too late for that, but I want to go with you!"

"All right, Flossie, tell the nurse to get you ready—and perhaps mamma will go, too?" he suggested turning to his wife. She de- clined, saying the lake breeze was too strong for her that evening.

They drove northward on Michigan ave- nue as far as Adams street, thence by Ash- land avenue to Union Park and Wash- ington boulevard crossing to Madison street on the return, and so to Mr. Vane's where Justin was left.

The full moon was just rising as if from the depths of the lake, in the far water-swept eastern horizon as they reached Lake Park on Michigan avenue. The beauty of the scene drew an exclamation from Justin, and Mr. Fairfield ordered the coachman to drive slowly past the lake view that they might enjoy it the longer. The moon's rays made a long path of silvery light over the expanse of water, from the horizon to the shore. All else lay in partial shadow.

"Look at those mermaids, cousin Justin!" exclaimed Flossie suddenly. She had been watching the silvery path with great inter- est and in remarkable quiet. Practical Jus- tin was startled.

"Mermaids!—dear me, where?" he cried. A stiff breeze was rising, and the water into little billows whose struggling motion could be transformed by a vivid imagination into the shapes of indistinctly-seen swimmers. Flossie pointed to a group of these.

"There!"—she said, with conviction, "don't you see?—Those forms whirling around so wildly, cousin, are, I am sure, the souls of all the folk who have been drowned in the lake, turned into mermen and mermaids. And you see the Lord has ordered his moon to make a dividing line, so as to show which are the bad souls and which the good. If they manage to swim across in that clear bright light which will help him to see all the dark sin spots in every one—then he will take them out of the water up to heaven. Those who can't cross over—you see how hard they are struggling!—are those who are so awful wicked that they don't dare to cross where the Lord's sweet light will strike on them—for the sin-spots will look so black. They will have to stay mermaids and sing low their songs by day or night when storms are coming, so as to coax other people to come and drown themselves, or push others in the lake, for, oh, they are so lonesome, and the more company they can get the happier they feel; so these wicked ones draw, draw, draw others down to them!"

Flossie uttered this rhapsody with her shining eyes fixed on the billows, and as if the picture was terribly real to her. Justin came and gazed on the vision, and when he con- jured up, and her father looked at her in surprise.

"Where in the world, child, did you get these notions into your head?" he asked.

"O, some of it was told me by Miss Nina, one evening when just we two walked down to the lake front at 31st street, while we watched the moon rise like this, and the rest I gathered myself," she answered complacently.

"That comes of having a German nurse- maid 'round, to fill your head with senti- mental nonsense!" observed her father.

No more was said, and Justin turned to look with renewed interest on the waters al- most sharing Flossie's romantic imaginations. All at once the lake here and there a glim- mering will-o'-the-wisp light, and the faint tinkle of a bell indicated that a vessel of some sort was coming in or going out. Occa- sionally a phantom-like boat with ghostly rowers floated in the distance across the moon's wake. At intervals the lantern of some solitary fisherman shone like a tiny spark on a dimly outlined pier. Now and then a lone figure of a fisherman, or a boat- man of a steamer's whereabouts. But for the most part the lake's broad expanse lay shrouded in shadowy mystery.

As they left the avenue and drove through the other streets, Justin was astonished at the length of Chicago streets, as revealed by the long rows of gas lights whose farthest gleams in the distance seemed to converge into a single point.

"I have always heard Washington spoken of as 'the city of magnificent distances'" said Justin as one long street after another was noted, "but I can't conceive anything sur- passing in length these Chicago streets."

"Well, they'll do for the present," re- marked his uncle smiling, "but our prairies are boundless, you know, and we may take a day's run out these streets illimitably; Chicago's a growing village."

It was late when he was set down at Mr. Vane's, and he was very tired, but his weariness did not prevent him from writing a let- ter of considerable length to his mother, be- fore retiring, in which he gave her a detailed account of his various experiences, of his visit to his uncle and of Chicago by night, and he smiled as he thought how astonished his father and she would be when they reached that paragraph in his letter which told of the theatres he had seen with doors wide open, while crowds of respectable look- ing people were hurrying into them on Sun- day night.

He will want me to come right back home when she reads that," he thought, with a lit- tle homesick longing for his home and Brownville friends. Then he remembered his promise to write to Lissa Wood, and a guilty flush suffused his cheeks as he recalled his uncle's hearty laugh over his broken promise to Cynthia Wood. "But at least I ain't promised to her," he whispered rebell- ously, "if I did promise to write—and heigho, I'm too tired now—I'll get up in the morning and write that letter," and he went to bed—and to the dreamless sleep of youth and health.

CHAPTER V.

"WHEN HE CAME TO HIMSELF."

Justin got up early Monday morning, and wrote industriously for a couple of hours be- fore breakfast, but the only real result of his two hours' work was a letter of four pages addressed to "Miss Melissa A. Wood, Brown- ville, Mass.," which he deposited in the first street letter-box he came to, on his way to the office. Had anyone been permitted to look through the half quire of paper which Justin brought down and carefully watched while it was being turned to ashes in the kitchen stove, he would have found a dozen beginnings of a letter, with varied addresses, such as "My Dear Lissa," "Dear Miss Wood,"

"My Dear little friend," "Esteemed friend," "Miss Melissa Wood," and the few words which followed were as varied in their tone. But the letter which went into the mail, be- gan "My Dear Friend"—and contained only a short account of his journey, his boarding place, and his work in the office.

At the breakfast table Justin gave Mr. and Mrs. Vane a description of his drive of the evening before and of Flossie's talk.

"She's a wonderfully bright little girl!" observed Mrs. Vane, "but she is liable to be- come spoiled. I suppose the fact that they lost by death the four children between Ferdinand and Flossie makes Mrs. Fairfield too indulgent to these two?"

Justin's thoughts flew to Ferdinand's ap- pearance at yesterday's dinner, but he said nothing.

"I think Mr. Fairfield would draw the reins more closely round Mr. Ferdinand if it were not for his wife, remarked Mr. Vane. "I re- member she didn't like it at all when his father insisted upon Ferdinand's studying law, for she has a pretty fortune in her own name, and she said her son didn't need a pro- fession, as he would always have plenty of money—besides she wanted him to accom- pany her to Europe that year—I understand she had a pretty young heiress under chaper- onage, and wanted Ferd along. That's one reason he yielded so readily to his father's wishes and settled down to earnest study; he wasn't just ready to make love, or play the gallant to his mother's choice."

"Is my cousin in company with my uncle?" asked Justin. "I wondered why it was 'Fair- field and Fairfield'; I wasn't sure it meant Ferdinand. I haven't seen him in the office yet."

"He has only lately returned from his vaca- tion," replied Mr. Vane, "and since, there has been a yacht race in which he is interest- ed. He is a great club man, is fond of good horses, races, and all out-door sports. He is a genuinely good fellow, too, but he has no incentives to excel in his profession. You'll see him at the office occasionally, now that business is more lively."

For some two or three months after his arrival in Chicago, Justin's life, to all out- ward appearances, went on very quietly. He worked steadily during office hours, then in the early part of the evening he took long walks about the city, partly to increase his acquaintance with it, but mainly to give himself the needed exercise demanded by his vigorous youth, hitherto unaccustomed to sedentary life. On his return from these walks he read for an hour or two, and occa- sionally played chess with Mr. Vane, who was teaching him the game. On Sundays he at- tended some church in the morning, then spent part of the remainder of the day read- ing, with an occasional visit to the parks.

Fairfield Park at the western limit of Mad- ison street most frequently, as it was most ac- cessible. Sometimes of an evening he ac- companied Mrs. Vane to some cheap enter- tainment, or Mr. Vane to some political meeting, for it was the year of the President- ial election, when though no real issue was be- fore the public, party feeling ran high, and the leadership of the friends of James G. Blaine and Grover Cleveland. Several times during those months he spent an evening by invitation, at his uncle's, where his aunt chatted with him in her most condescending manner, Ferdinand entertained him with glowing descriptions of last season's races, etc., Flossie amused him with her pert say- ings, and his uncle asked about the Brown- ville people, and his political opinions.

On these occasions he found a certain pleasure in the visit, but he did not crave too frequent repetitions of the invitation, for he did not feel at home in his uncle's fine mansion.

His appearance he had not changed much during these first months. He was, it is true, a little thinner, the dark sunburn, the result of his farm life, was worn off and his natu- rally fine complexion of red and white gave his face a more refined appearance, while his walk was less careless and more rapid, and he held himself more erect. His clothes had added touches of style which gave him a met- ropolitan air. But these changes were not so distinctly marked as to excite com- ment.

Inwardly Justin was aware of a great change in himself, a wonderful change which as yet he could neither analyze, ex- plain, nor describe. The minister whose ser- mon so stirred him on his first Sunday in Chicago, had lately taken as his text for a Sunday's discourse the words "When he came to himself," from the parable of the Prodigal Son, and one of the lessons edu- cated was the need of self-knowledge; Justin was haunted by these words. Truly it seemed to him that he was just awakening to a con- sciousness of himself as an individual being who must think and act according to his own nature, this state of things could not last.

One day a richly dressed lady deeply veiled, apparently young, and undeniably excited, came hurriedly into the office. Mr. Fairfield being in she was ushered by Justin him- self into his private room. The door was im- mediately closed, but sounds of hysterical sobbings occasionally reached the outer of- fice. The messenger boy was called, and soon a lady and gentleman came, and all went into private conference. Presently the lady went out, still deeply veiled, leaning on the arm of her lady friend. Mr. Fairfield, who helped her into her carriage, seemed deeply concerned, but of course made no remarks on the affair to his subordinates. This oc- curred in the afternoon. The next morning, before Mr. Fairfield arrived at the office, a reporter came in to inquire about a sensa- tional divorce suit, said to have been insti- tuted against a leading and wealthy citizen by his young and beautiful wife. Mr. Vane, Justin, and the office boy were all duly in- viewed.

By the time Mr. Fairfield arrived, several other reporters were on hand, besieging him for particulars with little success, for he was very curt and reticent. Later on in the day another reporter came in with hurried

a thirst for knowledge and a taste for read- ing on many subjects. Since hearing that memorable sermon which beat the *reville* for his slumbering soul, calling it to action, he had steadily grown more and more interest- ed in history and science especially. In his reading he was aided by Mr. Vane, who had good books and was well read in some branches of science. Justin's interest in these subjects was a pleasing surprise to him and he gladly directed the reading of his young friend and often engaged him in dis- cussions which were really, on Mr. Vane's part, little lectures.

Justin's correspondence with Lissa was another source of disquietude and awak- ening. He knew now quite well that he did not love the pretty, impulsive girl, but he understood from her alarmingly frank let- ters that she considered herself engaged to him, although in desperation he carefully refrained from committing himself. Yet even his caution made him ashamed, for she now wrote such frank love-letters that he felt that he was a coward when he replied in care- fully considered phrases. She had sent him her photograph and had insisted upon his re- turn, and it seemed to him as if he deserved State's prison for not replying in kind. But his newly awakened conscience would not allow him to do so, and his first love affair was proving a martyrdom.

But a recent experience tightened the chain which bound him to the fulfillment of her expectations. One night he accompanied Mr. Vane to a political mass meeting held on the South Side. As the meeting closed and the crowd dispersed at a rather late hour, a German friend of Mr. Vane's, pleader him and insisted upon his discussing the speakers and speeches over a glass of lager in a saloon near by. The German friend was a man of importance whom Mr. Vane was glad to meet, but he hesitated to accede to the proposition, which Justin observing, remarked that he would just as soon return home alone and could allay any fears of Mrs. Vane's as to her husband's delay in returning. When he reached Halstedstreet there was a fire some- where in the vicinity, and a crowd thronged the street at the corner of Madison. Justin stopped a moment to learn the cause of the excitement. As he thus stood a hand was suddenly laid upon his arm, and a sweet voice said:

"Say, Bub, won't you stand treat? I'm just dying for a glass of beer. Come along and get me some?" and he found himself pulled toward the open door of an adjacent saloon.

Justin looked down in utter amazement and his heart gave a great throb of mingled fear and surprise, as he saw a face wonder- ously like Lissa in its rounded fairness, dim- pled cheeks and childish blue eyes, framed in fluffs of golden hair, looking up at him. But he saw at a second glance a look in the eyes such as Lissa's had never known, such as he had never seen in any woman's eyes in Brownville, and the curved lips were a hard- ened, leering smile which was all the more loathsome to him because of her strange re- semblance to Lissa's innocent daughter.

"I guess you're mistaken, miss. I don't know you," he said, trying gently to shake off her clinging grasp.

"That don't matter. I'm mighty easy to get acquainted with and you'll like me ever so well when you do know me; come," she said with a harsh laugh, without releasing her hold.

Several rough-looking fellows in the crowd joined in the laughter. Justin began to feel ashamed and alarmed as he tried more firmly to get free. The fire was out, apparently, for the people were dispersing. A policeman sauntered up, and for a wonder took in the situation promptly.

"See here," he said, looking severely at the girl, "you just quit that or I'll run you in. Move on young fellow."

"All right boss," she replied, releasing her hold on Justin with a spiteful little push. "He's too fresh, anyway; a regular tramp—too stinky to give a girl a drink," and she turned away humming an air.

Justin started homeward with a quicken- ed pace. As he walked he unconsciously rubbed the coat sleeve where the girl's hand had pressed, with a brushing motion as if to cleanse it from some infection. His breath came quick and fast as though he had been running. A thousand disturbed thoughts ran through his brain, chief among which was that a woman once like Lissa in purity of life as well as in looks, could get so near the gates of hell, before the freshness of youth was passed. He recalled stories he had read of girls deserted by their lovers going to the bad, and he felt more than ever under obliga- tions to carry out on his part all that Lissa seemed to expect. That appeared his duty.

The crisis of the presidential campaign had passed. On November 4th had come and gone, Cleveland had been elected and still the Union survived, and business went on as before; per- haps a little more briskly now that suspense was over.

But the sudden lack of news sufficiently thrilling to induce the average Chicago citi- zen to buy three editions per day of his fa- vorite daily, made heavy demands on the re- ciprocity and imaginations of the hard-work- ed and berated reporters. Every item of sensational local news was carefully worked up, and rival newspapers, each anxious to give its readers the earliest "full and true account" of these were at their wits' end.

But for awhile Chicago citizens, resting after the excitement of the political cam- paign, when every one had "supped" their fill of horrors, refused to accommodate the re- portorial corps by supplying material in the form of sensational public demonstration or thrilling domestic drama, and the only rows which occurred were of a tame, or old-fash- ioned order. But in a city of nearly a million souls, most of them energetic and daring in nature, this state of things could not last.

One day a richly dressed lady deeply veiled, apparently young, and undeniably excited, came hurriedly into the office. Mr. Fairfield being in she was ushered by Justin him- self into his private room. The door was im- mediately closed, but sounds of hysterical sobbings occasionally reached the outer of- fice. The messenger boy was called, and soon a lady and gentleman came, and all went into private conference. Presently the lady went out, still deeply veiled, leaning on the arm of her lady friend. Mr. Fairfield, who helped her into her carriage, seemed deeply concerned, but of course made no remarks on the affair to his subordinates. This oc- curred in the afternoon. The next morning, before Mr. Fairfield arrived at the office, a reporter came in to inquire about a sensa- tional divorce suit, said to have been insti- tuted against a leading and wealthy citizen by his young and beautiful wife. Mr. Vane, Justin, and the office boy were all duly in- viewed.

By the time Mr. Fairfield arrived, several other reporters were on hand, besieging him for particulars with little success, for he was very curt and reticent. Later on in the day another reporter came in with hurried

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Woman's Department.

Growing Old Together.

Do you know I am thinking to-morrow
We shall pass, on our journey through life,
One more of the milestones that bring us
Still nearer the goal, my good wife?
The glad anniversary morning
Of our wedding day cometh once more;
And its evening will find us still waiting,
Who had thought to have gone long before.

We are old, wife, I know by the furrows
Time has plowed on your brow, once so fair;
I know by the wrinkles that gather about
He has left for your once raven hair;
I know by the frost in the flowers
That at brightened our life in its dawn;
I know by the graves in the churchyard
Where we counted our dead yesterday.

Your way has been humble and true,
Your guest has been trouble, good wife—
Part sunshine, more trials and sorrows,
Have made up your record through life;
But may the thought cheer, my dear one,
Your patience and sweet clinging love
Have made for me here such a heaven.
I have asked, "Is there brighter above?"

In life's winter, sweet wife, we are living,
But its storms all unheeded will fall;
What cure we, who have loved each other,
Who have proved, each to each, all in all?
Hand-in-hand, we await the night's coming,
Giving thanks, down the valley we go
For to love and grow old together
Is the highest bliss mortals can know.

Some children are still left to bless us,
And lighten our hours day by day;
If home is not mine, my dear wife,
We will strive to keep in the right way.
We have sowed and reaped, but the harvest
That garners the world we await,
And happily, at last we may enter
Together the beautiful gate.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

A successful woman's organization is the Ladies' New York Club, which has been thriving the last six months under the guidance of a woman president had at the outset a membership of about twenty-five. The idea of the club at that time was to afford to women of moderate means who were living in the suburbs or out of town altogether, a resort where they could stay a day or two while on a visit to the city without an escort. It was to be practically a hotel, without the discomforts that make a public house distasteful to a woman. Women of wealth took a sudden liking to the notion of a woman's club of this sort, and in a month over a hundred of them had joined. The club is now on the ground floor, the parlors and lecture-rooms on the second floor, and the dormitories occupy the rest of the building. It costs \$20 a year in dues to belong to the club, and for the money a member can secure many privileges. There is an English cook attached to the club, and he will furnish meals at any time at restaurant prices to women who intend to go out to a matinee and who do not like to eat at a restaurant. Theatre luncheon parties of this sort are, indeed, one of the popular features of the club. Any member who wants to go out shopping can get a special maid at the club to accompany her. Out-of-town members who are visiting the metropolis alone can secure cab service and other accommodations without the annoyance and bother of hunting them up for themselves. The president of the club resides at the club house, and keeps it open both in the daytime and at night up to a reasonable hour for the accommodation of members. For members living out of town rooms are provided at a cost of \$1 per day. Application has to be made for them a day ahead. It is a custom for members to frequently bring their own maids with them, and meals to order are provided for those staying there. Non-members when accompanied by a member can obtain luncheon at restaurant prices. Any member who may desire to entertain her friends at a luncheon party can have a private room for this purpose. Children of members may be left at the club house in care of nurses or guardians whenever members want to go visiting. Messenger service is provided; telegrams and letters, if addressed to any member of the club, are received and cared for as well as parcels. Another facility of the club is in the securing of servants without having them call at the members' houses by advertising for them from the club house. In the reading-room English and American magazines and all the important newspapers of the city are always on file. Card parties are one of the enjoyable features at the club house. A teacher of the fascinating game of cards is engaged to give lessons once a week, and there is another day set apart for the practice of the game. On another day there is a lecture on athletics and care of the body and preservation of health. This feature is called "Social Athletics." The club officers and members also make particular effort to encourage members in the pursuit of useful recreations, particularly the making of art needlework, crocheting and knitting. But recently the regular annual prize competition exhibition of work of this description was begun. Members only were allowed to compete, but many outsiders joined in the exhibition. Members were glad of the chance of studying what exquisite skill their fellow-women who earn their livelihood by the needle have attained. Some of these outside exhibits were eagerly bought up. About thirty prizes were competed for by members. A handsome silver teapot was offered for the best work, and a pair of gold scissors for the member who performed the greatest amount of embroidery, or crocheting, or tatting within a stated time.

Ten or twelve years ago there lived in a vine-covered cottage on Mount Washington, Berkshire County, Mass., two fair young girls, Dora and Elaine Goodale, daughters of intelligent parents. They soon began to write poetry of a lovely and pure order. They lived in a beautiful region, and its beauties they were soon reflecting in verses on every suggestive object and theme in nature. These they published. Now Elaine has just been made superintendent of Indian schools in Dakota, and is to make a novel journey the coming summer. She has been supplied by General Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, with a covered wagon and pair of horses, to travel from school to school through Dakota. She will be attended on her travels by two Indians, a man and his wife, and her covered wagon will be her summer home.

The Visiting Nurse Association of Chicago is a unique philanthropic work which is now being carried quietly forward by a number of leading society ladies. It had its inception in a work begun by Miss Shumway

1887 as a memorial charity to her mother. As long as Miss Shumway remained in Chicago she carried forward the undertaking with her own means, unassisted by even voluntary contributions. When, however, she removed a few months ago to Boston—a number of her friends who were interested in the work decided to form an association and continue it. The purpose of the association is identical with the aim of Miss Shumway, which was to furnish visiting nurses for those unable to secure skilled attendance in time of illness. The duties of these nurses is to teach cleanliness and proper care of the sick, and to perform for them those services which only an expert is able to render. The organization, which was formed last November, now numbers 360 members. The officers are: President, Mrs. E. C. Dudley; vice president, Miss Cornelia B. McAvoy; secretary, Mrs. Franklin H. Watriss; and treasurer, Mrs. William P. Conger.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed, under this head, are for sale at or can be ordered through the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

THE WORLD-ENERGY AND ITS SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS. By William M. Bryant. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1890. Pp. 304. Price, \$1.50.

Mr. Bryant aims to show in this work that the established order of the world of things is the outer expression of the necessary or logical order of thought, that Thought and Things are the complementary aspects of the totality of existence. He believes that the speculative method on one hand and the scientific method on the other are, so far as men really think, one and the same, and that the scientific movement of to-day is in fact, the complement of the speculative movement which first assumed a scientific character with the Greek schools of thought, and which developed vigorously again in Germany more than a century ago. Hegel presented the speculative aspect of the conservation of energy. Modern science unfolds the Hegelian dialectic under the form of necessary relations or laws that "govern" phenomena. Hegel treated slightly the work of the empirical school, because he lacked appreciation of the empirical aspects of inquiry. The thinker needs training in both empirical and speculative thought. Mr. Bryant is not able, he says, to separate the work of Spencer from that of Hegel, widely as they differ in some respects. "Evolution and fixity of order in Evolution—that is the keynote of both systems. The one develops this conception in the form of the necessary process of thought itself. The other traces the evidences verifying this conception throughout the realm of 'nature' considered as the physical universe. * * * Mr. Spencer traces out an 'established' order in the world of things. Hegel traces out the necessary or 'established' order in the world of thought." Nature, it is argued, instead of being something apart from mind, is the outer mode of the continuity of matter has its truth only in the continuity of Mind. "The World-Energy is God. Its self-conservation is the eternal process of creation. The self-unfolding of God culminates in man. For man is the Son of God."

Such is the main thought of this writer who is a close and deep philosopher, whose mind is constructive and reconciliatory rather than antagonistic in the treatment of the various systems of thought. His style is scholarly, concise and clear.

CHURCH HISTORY. By Professor Kurtz. Authorized Translation from latest revised edition by Rev. John MacPherson, A. M. Volume III. Price, per volume, \$2.00. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1890. Pp. 544. Price, \$2.00.

This volume carries the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches through the sixteenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to the present time. The two systems as they have existed and exerted an influence side by side are compared. Special attention is given to the Lutheran Church, the Reformed Church, and the Moravians. Coming to the nineteenth century particular consideration is given to Nationalism, Pietism, Protestantism in Germany, etc. The book contains a large amount of information in regard to church history.

A MYSTERY OF THE FAST MAIL. By Byron J. Adair. (No. 2 of Lovell's Detective Series). John W. Lovell Co. Pp. 192. Paper, price 25 cents.

A bright, interesting story of the robbery of part of the contents of a bag of registered mail. Several suspected parties are shadowed by detectives each one having a private history of intense interest and all seeming from surrounding circumstances to be guilty of the crime for which they were shadowed, while the one who accidentally became the apparent robber, was in reality guilty of any intention of wrong-doing. The story which is one of unflagging interest, shows clearly the possibility of mistakes being made by arguing from false premises, even by trained detectives.

THE CALVARY PULPIT. Christ and Him Crucified. By Robert S. Mac Arthur, D. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1890. Pp. 294. Cloth, \$1.00.

Dr. Mac Arthur is and has been for twenty years pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York, which is said to have the largest membership of any white Baptist Church in America. The sermons in this volume were preached in the earlier years of the author's ministry, lacking in print the ringing voice and personal magnetism of the preacher, these sermons seem rather tame and common place. Neither in their thought nor in their literary style is there any discernible reason for their publication in this form; but they will doubtless possess an interest for many religious people of orthodox views and especially for those who know and admire Dr. MacArthur as an eloquent and effective preacher. Various doctrinal and moral themes are discussed from the orthodox preacher's standpoint, always earnestly and in a dignified manner.

"American Liberty," a quarterly magazine published by W. M. De Camp, at Hampton, Virginia, is an infant in size, but it is not afraid to tackle any subject however large. Its object is "to emancipate labor from the tyranny of capital," and this is to be accomplished, it claims, by abolishing land monopoly, supplying money at cost and furnishing transportation at cost. The price of this little magazine is only three cents a copy and ten cents a year.

THE BETTER DAY. Is the title of the new periodical, the organ for the Better Day Reading Circles. It is a Journal of Temperance Education, to extend among all reading

and thinking people the work begun by the course of Scientific Temperance Instruction in the public schools; not in the interest of any religious sect, nor of any political party, but to guide all readers in the careful and candid study of the history, science and literature of the Temperance Reform; to seek by an educated public sentiment the speedy and final Annihilation of the Saloon—in a word, Chautauqua of Temperance. Funk & Wagnalls, 15 and 20 Astor Place, New York. The subscription price is 50 cents per year.

A. L. Burt, New York, announces a most important new series to be called *Burt's Library of the World's Best Books*, which will aim to place within the reach of all a complete, rich, and uniform library of the classics of the literature of every language. We briefly mention the volumes thus far planned: "The Discourses of Epictetus," including the "Encheiridion" and "Fragments" translated with notes, a life of Epictetus, and a view of his philosophy, by George Long; Goethe's "Faust," translated by Anna Swauwick; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," Bacon's "Essays," with introduction by Henry Morley; Ruskin's "Crown of Wild Olive" and "Sesame and Lilies"; Cressy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World"; Proctor's "Other World's than Ours," and Washington Irving's "Sketch-Book."

Magazines for May Received.

The Homiletic Review. (New York.) An unusual variety of subjects are discussed in this issue by prominent writers and authors.

The Chautauquan. (Meadville, Pa.) The eminent English historian, Edward A. Freeman, opens this issue with an article entitled: The Making of Italy; this is followed by much good reading.

The Season. (New York.) Appropriate designs in the latest styles together with art work in new patterns fill the pages of this popular monthly for May.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Boston.) Henrik Ibsen: His early literary career as poet and playwright is the opening article this month. The second paper is Some Popular Rejections to Civil Service. It is given to the readers. The Serials are continued, and Over the Tescups is completed. Literary Shibboleths, by Agnes Repplier, is a most interesting article. The short stories are Rudolph, and part first of Rod's Salvation.

The Popular Science Monthly. (New York.) The leading article for the May number, by Prof. John Fiske, is a vivid portrayal of the character of Edward Livingston Youmans, the founder of this monthly. In this number, also, are printed the opening chapters of the new series of the Scientific American, a system of philosophy, dealing with morality, Sumptuary Laws and their Social Influence are treated by Dr. William A. Hammond.

The Free Thinkers' Magazine. (Buffalo, N. Y.) Prof. J. R. Buchanan contributes Bibliology, which is followed by Impressions of Truth. The book club number is continued. A sketch of Malinda Josephine, accompanied by portrait adds to the interesting reading this month.

The Theosophist. (Madras, India.) A varied table of contents appears for April.

Current Literature. (New York.) This magazine of record and review has a variety of reading that will delight the student.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) Bat, Ball and Diamond will amuse all the boys whether content with a local "Nine" or not, and many girls will no doubt learn much of the popular game of base ball by reading this the first installment of a series of articles upon the subject. Among the Wilds of Africa is a thrilling story.

The Forum. (New York.) Republican Promise and Performance by ex-Speaker Carlisle is a reply to Senator Dawes' review of the present administration. In Canada through English Eyes, Prof. Goldwin Smith criticizes Sir Charles Dufferin's work Problem of the Future. By Edmund Cheney. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, 50 cents.

Fifty Years on the Mississippi; or Gould's History of Navigation. By E. W. Gould. St. Louis: Nixon-Jones Printing Co. Price, \$3.00, postage 25 cents.

How to Magnetize by Victor Wilson is an able work published many years ago and reprinted simply because the public demanded it. Price, 25 cents.

The Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation, consisting of the life and work of Dr. Justus Kerner and William Howitt, and an extended account of the Seances of Prevorst, while under the care and attention of Dr. Kerner. Price, \$2.50, postage 10 cents.

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"BOAT, AHoy!"

The rapid are below you!" cried a man to a pleasure party whom he described gliding swiftly down the stream toward the foam of the rapids. "Boat, ahoy!" to the one whose life is being drawn into the whirlpool of consumption, for unless you use effective measures you will be wrecked in Death's foaming rapids. If your lungs are weak, breath short, have spitting of blood, experience occasional cold chills creeping up your spinal column, with hacking cough, variable or poor appetite, feeble digestion, with gradual loss of flesh, cold feet, lassitude or general debility, are easily fatigued, don't disregard these preliminary symptoms. Thousands annually, without experiencing half the above symptoms and not heeding their timely warnings, are plunged into the relentless grasp of that most fatal scourge—Consumption. You can't afford to fool away any precious time, if suffering from any considerable number of these unmistakable symptoms of approaching danger! It's madness to trifle and experiment with uncertain means when thus afflicted. Don't forget at such a critical period that the only medicine possessed of such positive curative properties as to warrant its proprietors in guaranteeing it to cure Consumption of the Lungs, if taken in time and given a fair trial, is the world-

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The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in those circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request. When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

FOR FIFTY CENTS this paper will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada TWELVE WEEKS, ON TRIAL.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 10, 1890.

Persons receiving copies of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, who have not subscribed, may know that their address has been supplied by a friend and that the paper is either paid for by some one or is sent with the hope of closer acquaintance. Those receiving copies in this way will incur no financial responsibility and the paper will cease going after the time paid for in the one case or after four weeks in the other.

The Church of the Spirit.

If the readers of the JOURNAL could sit in the editor's chair and read his religious exchanges they would soon realize the fact that Liberal Unitarians and other rationalist cults are in a state to be commiserated. They would soon see that unless Spiritualists act soon their opportunity will have passed unimproved. They would see that there is a necessity for the "Church of the Spirit"—a church all-embracing—a church for the liberal as well as the orthodox—a church for the saint as well as the sinner—a church where all are free; where all can labor in fraternity recognizing man as the image of God and that as He is one, humanity is one—on earth and in the beyond, and that the link which binds all in this oneness is spirit—the spirit of love and wisdom. No wonder that some of the Unitarians are suggesting a union of Spiritualists and Unitarians and other liberals. Unitarians it is too late. You have exhausted Channing, Parker and Emerson. They did a great work but you have not improved your opportunity. Like the Jews of old you live on the faiths of the prophets. You have bottled up their inspiration and your bottles are broken. You can come to Spiritualists; they cannot go to you. The world advances and each new epoch has its scripture and its apostles. Jewish ritual, though bound in liberal and orthodox calfskin, is not adapted to this age of stirring forces. The world wants a religion of humanity—a church where all the treasures of truth can be found, for truth is one wherever found. Goodness is one wherever practiced. Spiritualism alone gives what the world needs and wants. When this religion is gathered into the form of the "Church of the Spirit," then there will be no such complaints as the following from our neighbor, Unity: "A young minister sends this pathetic word in a private letter. We fear the condition described is not confined to Unitarian churches, or limited by geographical lines: 'I have not preached in New England pulpits for three and one-half years without learning the apathetic condition of many of our churches, and the self-complacency of many Unitarians; the two go together, and form an appalling obstacle to a progressive and enthusiastic spirit.'" "Rev. C. H. Merrill is quoted in *The Advance* as officially stating that one-half the pulpits in the State of Vermont are vacant; and those which are filled pay their ministers less than in any other part of the country. Even the native born New England stock, has for the most part stopped going to church. Evidently the true religion, the indispensable faith has not yet been offered to that people." The following passage is also taken from *Unity*: "A young lawyer who had passed through the schools and known the deep travail of one who has journeyed on thought's road out of the old faith into the new, in a recent plea for the Western Conference, claimed to speak for a great body of young men, in saying

that the church we want, is the church that professes little and does much; that does not expend its energies in controversy, but saves its strength for right doing. Of such a church it might be said, 'before Jehovah was, I am,' for it is founded upon the rock of human necessity. A former reformation came in the change from a logical Pope to an illogical Luther; that needed to-day is a change from a theological dogma to a humanitarian religion, where ostracism, for opinion's sake, becomes absolutely impossible, because the church is not based on opinions, but on love, having a purpose which opinions may serve, but must not dominate." We suggest to our contemporary, that this young lawyer, can find in the "Church of the Spirit" all that he can hope for or desire.

Bureau of Justice.

The Chicago Bureau of Justice is an institution which by the good work it has done, has proved itself entitled to general sympathy and support. The law is supposed to discriminate neither in favor of, nor against any person or class; yet so imperfect is our social organization, that often the guilty escape punishment because they have the money with which to employ first-class legal talent, while the accused, when poor, are too often given no fair trial because they lack the money to obtain sound legal advice. The Bureau of Justice in this city is one of those philanthropic organizations formed in the interests of equity and in harmony with progressive civilization. Its report makes one ashamed that there are such wrongs and outrages which need to be redressed, and proud that there is such humane systematic effort in behalf of the unfortunate and the poor.

The second annual report of the Bureau of Justice shows that 2,500 cases of misfortune, cruelty, meanness and oppression received the attention of the Bureau the last year, against 1,100 similar cases the year preceding. The Bureau collected \$10,000 on wage claims, and won three hundred of the three hundred and twenty-five cases it had in court,—a fact which shows the high average merit of the cases.

As a remedy for the growing evil of men's refusing to support their wives and children, Mr. Joseph W. Errant, agent and attorney for the Bureau, suggests the idea of having a workhouse for such men "where they shall be put to work and their earnings turned over to their families." Attention is called to the unprotected condition of persons brought into police courts. The Bureau's motto is "Let no innocent person suffer." Mr. Errant refers to the need of some systematic arrangement in the office of the city prosecuting attorney to prevent unjust prosecutions. Such a work requires the undivided attention of several persons, who the Bureau unfortunately cannot afford to employ until it is more liberally supported by the public than it is at present. A large amount of the work has been done without resort to the courts. "Much," says Mr. Errant, "might be said of the readiness with which both sides are often willing to leave matters to our decision, trusting to impartial action on our part. We are first judges and then advocates.... Here in this great city, are the wily agent who sells on the installment plan, the furniture-seller who perhaps makes more on foreclosures than on sales, the business chance man, the book company with its tempting advertisements for agents who are to leave a deposit; the money lender, who (read the advertisements in the papers) is willing to loan money simply for the pleasure of loaning it, the man who wants labor and does not pay, the oppressor in manifold forms, the schemer, the shark—all these are here and they find their prey among the poor and the unprotected. Between these stand the Bureau of Justice, battling against the wrong-doer and defending the weak, compelling equity even where the law does not help."

The object of this Bureau is to obtain for the poor their rights, and to secure for them the justice to which they are entitled. It deserves more generous support by the public than it has received.

Immigration and Labor.

It is too bad that when thousands of American citizens are unable to find employment, the supply of labor is continually kept in excess of the demand by the importation of men who are ready to take up the tools as soon as the strikers have laid them down. Referring to the reasons of the obstinacy of employers in refusing arbitration, the *Herald* of this city remarks: "One of them is that every ship brings to our centers of industry hundreds of artisans seeking new opportunities and ready to accept them at a far lower wage than prevails in the United States where labor is organized. Contracts are not publicly made with these imported men. There is only an 'understanding.' But they find work; and the native workman does not."

While the sentiment of this country is opposed to excluding worthy immigrants who come hither to earn an honest living and to be law-abiding citizens, the people are waking up to the evil of allowing thousands of the most ignorant and brutalized creatures to land every month through agencies which deliberately violate the laws in regard to importing contract laborers. An immigration law is being prepared by Congressman Owen and others to correct the present evils. Existing immigration laws are a dead letter. If others are enacted will they be better enforced? In regard to the bill now in preparation Mr. Owen says: "A radical change in contract laws will be recommended. There will have to be a system of inspection by our

consuls or by some other method on the other side of the water, and the law must be changed so as to compel the return of immigrants coming into the country in violation of the law." The new bill will provide for district commissioners whose duty it shall be to see that the law is carried out.

Prof. James Bryce in the "American Commonwealth" says: "From the immigrants, neither national patriotism nor a sense of civic duty can as yet be expected; the pity is that they have been allowed civic power. Political opinions they can hardly be said to possess, for they have not had time to know the institutions of their new country. Such of them as are Roman Catholics are ready to stand by whatever party may obtain the favor, or be ready to serve the interests of their church." While protection is favored by so many as the true American system, let this protection extend to labor which is now a commodity, the price of which is determined entirely by the iron law of demand and supply.

American and Mexican Silver Dollars Contrasted.

A gentleman in Kansas who is interested in economic problems and whose heart is always running away with his head, wrote an article for the JOURNAL sometime since in defense of a chimerical colonization scheme. The contribution was so full of error and arguments based on false premises that it was respectfully declined. Among other false notions advanced in the paper was one explaining in a confident way the reason why the American silver dollar was in the business world worth more than the Mexican. We refrain from giving the fallacious reasoning, as that would probably disclose the identity of our correspondent to some, for undoubtedly he often uses it to fortify his sociologic theories, but we will undertake to give the correct rationale of the difference in the coin, and venture to say our opinion will be approved by authorities on finance. The reason why the American silver dollar is worth more than the Mexican dollar is simply this: The United States Government receives the American dollar in payment of Internal Revenue, the same as if it was a gold dollar. As it is thus made as effective for a very large use as gold, it passes on an equality with gold, and will continue to do so, so long as the Government can continue to receive silver dollars on debts due to it and pay gold on debts due from it. This system amounts practically to a redemption by the Government of silver dollars in gold. If it would treat Mexican dollars in the same way, they would immediately become of the same value as American silver dollars. Or if the Government should become unable, or refuse to continue its present fatherly treatment of our silver dollar, then in that case the Mexican and the American silver dollar would be substantially alike in value. The legal tender quality of the American dollar tends to give it also, a slight advantage over the Mexican, but this is not very influential.

The Electrocuton Law.

The new lease of life granted to the murderer Kemmler is the result beyond doubt, of the labors of the electric lighting companies now using the alternating current which was to have been used at the execution. They have insisted on the harmlessness of their current and they are determined to prevent the contrary being shown by a public exhibition. Their financial interests played an important part in the long-fought battle as to the constitutionality of the New York law for the punishment of murderers. The latest move is to carry the case to the United States Supreme Court. Meanwhile an effort is being made to do away with capital punishment altogether in the State of New York, and a bill to that effect has been already rushed through the New York House of Representatives by the influence, it is asserted, of the electric lighting companies. If wealth can thus directly influence legislation in the interests of money-making, it might be as well for the millionaires to take political charge of the country at once. The JOURNAL is opposed to capital punishment under all circumstances, and would be glad to see it abolished in every State of the Union. This however should be done not for a day, at the behest of interested companies, only to be restored again in the old form, but for all time and in the interests of humanity. The punishment which Kemmler has endured in being kept for over a year between hope and despair would certainly be sufficient to satisfy the law if torture could do it.

The Tammany Leaders.

Two of the twenty-eight principal leaders of Tammany want to prosecute Mr. Godwin of the New York *Evening Post* for statements which appeared in that paper in biographical sketches of these leaders, but the grand jury in New York has refused to indict Mr. Godwin and the *Post* continues to sell the pamphlet containing the charges and promises to make further disclosures. According to the *Post* "there is scarcely a man in the list who can be truthfully said to follow any respectable, regular calling or legitimate business outside of politics." The list contains one convicted murderer, one tried for murder, and acquitted, one who has been indicted for bribery, one who has been indicted for felonious assault, four professional gamblers, five who have kept gambling halls, three who were formerly pugilists, four rum-sellers, four "toughs," six members of the Tweed gang, seventeen officeholders and two

city contractors. It seems incredible that such men rule New York but it is a fact. Perhaps the robbery of taxpayers now being carried on in that city is necessary to awaken their interest in public affairs and to wake them up to the importance of having good men instead of bummers and thieves, in positions of trust and responsibility.

A Greater than Barnum.

According to a dispatch from Earls to the New York *Mercury*, Barnum congratulated Talmage on the successfully sensational manner in which he managed the advertising of his travels through the Holy Land, "and above all in the baptism sensation at the River Jordan and as Paul on Mars Hill. The great American showman confessed that he saw more money in the Brooklyn sensationist's life of Christ than he himself had made out of Jenny Lind. "To tell the truth," said Barnum, as he shook hands at parting with the great preacher: "I could not have imitated you even if I had your opportunities, for, owing to early defects of education, I have always fought shy of sacred things and have kept my hands and the hands and pens of my advertising and press agents off of the Bible, whereas you have allowed yourself, I see, unlimited scope in that line. But the age is advancing," continued the old showman, as he himself advanced toward the door, "and you have advanced with it—what I would have called blasphemy you call business, and so it is, big business. Well, after all, it is all for the best. You have taken one pang from me in dying. I had feared that when I was called away the world would miss its Barnum, but no, it will have its Talmage. I will leave behind me not only a successor, but a superior." Bowing politely to Talmage, the account says, the great showman hurried away to catch the train for Calais en-route for London, from which he had rushed over to Paris to congratulate the great American preacher on his magnificent success in advertising. It will be remembered that the details of the baptism were, as some paper said, as unique as realistic, rivaling anything in the Kellar troupe tableaux vivants or Salmi Morse's "Passion Play." Talmage attired himself in "the white robes of an Arab sheikh, sang a hymn and immersed his man with great gusto in the River Jordan," and had an account of the performance telegraphed all over the European world and cabled to this country. One paper says that \$250,000 is a low figure for the sales of his forthcoming "Life of Christ," and says no wonder the parson says he is "repaid for his trip"; but the paper adds, "while conceding the cleverness of this scheme, we feel constrained to ask 'Where does the Christianity come in.'"

The Clafin Collapse.

The Clafin menagerie is once more on American soil, accompanied by cooks and things. Mrs. Victoria Clafin-Woodhull-Blood-Martin attended by Lord High Biddy Martin is as successful as of yore in furnishing sensational padding for the New York press. The other day she had, according to the papers, a séance with Inspector Byrnes for the purpose of making him retract some ugly statements concerning the accredited apostle of free-love. Unfortunately for Mrs. Victoria Clafin-Woodhull-Blood-Martin, her story of the interview differs from that of Mr. Byrnes. There appeared a statement in the papers that Victoria, supported on the right flank by Count de Martin, and on the left by Baron Dennis O'Halloran, had swooped down upon the audacious police inspector, and that in the presence of the English-Irish-American trinity he "had made an abject apology and shook hands with the party." Being interviewed as to the truth of the report Mr. Byrnes declared it false. "I made no apology," said Mr. Byrnes, "and did not shake hands with Mrs. Martin.... Mr. O'Halloran came on Saturday, and introduced a man and woman as Mr. and Mrs. Martin. She at once commenced to make a speech about being persecuted. I interrupted and asked what her business was with me.... She said the article referred to had done herself and sister much harm. I said I was responsible for the article and was prepared to meet them in any court. They said it was not true they had threatened to sue me. Mr. Martin wanted me to say something in refutation of the article, which had done his wife an injury. I stated again they could sue me, but Mr. Martin said he had no such idea. Then Mr. Martin took a lot of papers from a valise [presumably the buncombe with which the American press has been flooded.—Ed. JOURNAL] and wanted me to read them, but I declined. He left the papers on my desk and I threw them into the waste basket. Before going Mr. Martin said he was sorry for having troubled me. I said I was sorry also, but that I was a public officer and responsible for this statement.... I took care not to see these people alone. I had one of my men in the office, who can testify to what was said and done. I was the author of the article complained of, and am responsible for it. I repeat that I made no apology." Having secured the statement of Inspector Byrnes, the enterprising reporter, bent on giving the sensation the vivid hue so essential to New York readers since their attack of Chicago-phobia, and their World's Fair collapse, hid himself in a hired hack to the palace of her highness Lady Victoria, and being ushered into her presence by Duke Biddymartin, fell on his

knees and implored her to add the touch of her artistic tongue to his pen picture in order that it might meet the demands of his morbid constituency. Though badly banged and battered the dame most graciously acceded to the request, and here are her finishing touches: "Inspector Byrnes did say that he was not the author of that article reflecting on my sister, Lady Cook, and myself; he made a manly apology and retracted what he had said. He said he was sorry the letter had been published."

However ungallant it may be in the eyes of Sir Knight Martin and Count de Kook, the American public will credit the statement of Inspector Byrnes and will believe Victoria was romancing. Like the editor of the JOURNAL, Mr. Byrnes never grants an interview to people of a certain cast of character without having a witness to the affair. If Mrs. Victoria Clafin, etc., etc., etc., and her sister Tennessee and their male appendages desire to have the press let them alone,—which apparently they do not—it can easily be brought about. All they have to do is abandon notoriety hunting.

The Publisher to his Constituents.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL's existence is about to be celebrated. In May, 1865, the first number of the JOURNAL was issued, although the regular weekly publication did not begin until the following August. In the winter of 1866 the concern was wrested from the hands of its founder by trickery. The tricksters changed the name of the paper, and in less than one year, had run the establishment into bankruptcy. Then Mr. S. S. Jones, assisted by the present proprietor, again took hold and restored the old name and character to the paper. The tremendous obstacles it has triumphantly overcome need not be named here; neither is it necessary to recount its successes or dwell upon its work. All this is familiar to most who read what the publisher has to say. On the 31st of this month the JOURNAL will appear in an entirely new dress, and in different form. The paper after that date will be reduced in page-size, and the number of pages increased to sixteen. It will be much more artistic in appearance than at present, and will contain a trifle more reading. The character of the reading matter will be steadily improved and it will hereafter rank even higher than in the past for learning and literary excellence. In certain fields the JOURNAL has practically completed its mission. Hereafter it will devote itself in so far as practicable to purely constructive work. A considerable number of able men and women who have never written for a paper mainly devoted to the exposition of the spiritual philosophy, have been engaged to write for the JOURNAL. Neither pains nor expense will be spared in making the paper equal in every particular and superior in some to all other papers published.

To accomplish all he has in view and to make the very best paper possible the publisher must have the warm, enthusiastic, and persistent co-operation of those who believe in the JOURNAL and its mission. He kindly asks those in arrears to cancel their obligations and to renew their subscriptions. He confidently asks renewed activity in the JOURNAL's interest on the part of all friends of pure Spiritualism, whether they are avowed Spiritualists or not, of all who are interested in psychical research, and of all who desire to see progress made in the solution of the pressing sociologic and economic questions now engaging universal attention. Let there be such an out-pouring of the spirit of fellowship, good feeling and co-operation that the publisher will feel twice armed and equipped for the battle. Let every friend of the JOURNAL devote one day between now and the last day of the month to the interest of the paper; let him or her secure new subscribers either on trial, 50 cents for twelve weeks, or what is better \$2.50 for one year. Let us have a grand jubilee!

Last week the motion in the House of Commons for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of Scotland was defeated, but only by a vote of 256 to 218. The prevailing sentiment in Scotland now is in favor of separating church and state, the Tories there only desiring to continue a state religion. The Free Church the largest body of dissenters numbers 930,000, and the United Presbyterians 182,000, while the established Church has only 571,000 members. It is pretty evident that the 1,175,000 dissenters will not submit long to an unjust system by which they are taxed to support a church which they do not attend and of not one half their own numbers.

The *Christian Leader*, Boston's representative of the Universalists, criticizes the Unitarians in the old sectarian fashion thus: "We fear that the great majority of Unitarians are disbelievers in Christianity as a special revelation. Not all, but most of its periodicals have very little regard for the Christian records as anything different from the better pagan literatures,—the difference which they would recognize is one of degree rather than of quality. In the West its most authoritative organization refuses to make belief in God or in immortality a condition of fellowship. Provided they are 'ethical,' Col. Ingersoll and his school would be free to enter its ministry. It is needless to say that Universalism cannot touch such a system in sympathy and not be defiled." Wait until the New Universalism is developed. But even then the "touch" may not be very cordial and union may be impossible; for both Unitarianism and Universalism are intensely de-

National, each has its own peculiar history, associations, methods, leaders, etc., and a fusion, even if there be no difference in matters of belief, may be very difficult to effect. And perhaps they can do just as good work separately as would be possible were they united.

R. M. Smith, professor of Political Economy and Social Science at Columbia College, in testifying on the 24th before the Congressional committee on Immigration, said that the large number of immigrants now pouring into the country hinders national progress, that much of this immigration is due to solicitation by the agents of steamship companies. He recommended strict enforcement of the law of 1882, prohibiting the landing of "any convict, lunatic, idiot, pauper, or person unable to take care of himself without becoming a public charge," and that the United States government enter into diplomatic correspondence with the Governments of Europe and have it clearly understood that the shipping of paupers and criminals to this country, whether by local authorities or by private societies, will be looked upon as an unfriendly act.

Although the boards of trade and exchanges are fighting the Butterworth bill prohibiting dealing in "futures," if it becomes a law it is not likely to have the effect to prevent corners or similar artificial shortages in the supply of great agricultural staples, for it gives the farmer permission to sell the products of his farm long in advance of harvest, and therefore the speculator would be able to force an advance in price, though it might require more ready cash to do it. The bill is so far in the interests of large capitalists, for one of its effects would be probably to force small buyers out of business.

The late Henry B. Stanton's date of the Gerrit Smith obituary notice is worth repeating. It was midnight; the *Sun* had five columns of notice in type, of the most desirable kind, written by Stanton, Gerrit Smith's friend and ally for forty years. No other paper had heard of the probability of his death. But, stricken with apoplexy as he was, he might linger; he might even recover. The manager took the risk, and published the piece, heading it "Gerrit Smith's Death-bed." The old hero died the next day, and gave the *Sun* a prodigious triumph. "Mr. Stanton," exclaimed the managing editor, "that was one of the grandest newspaper beats that ever happened in New York! And how fortunate for us that Mr. Smith died to-day! The glorious old man did not go back on us. It would have been very embarrassing, if he had recovered."

The *Arena* some months ago published the first of a "No Name" series of papers entitled "The Glory of To-day," saying that "the one who first sends in the correct vote on the authorship of this paper, will receive the *Arena* for one year free." In the May number of the *Arena*, the editor says: "Only nine persons have guessed correctly. The first correct answer was received from Chicago. It was from B. F. Underwood, the well-known liberal lecturer, writer and editor." Hundreds of guesses were made and many writers were named as the author of the paper—a fact which serves to illustrate how few comparatively can know the authorship of an article by the style, even when the essay is by a well-known writer, who has a style of his own, and which examined with literary discrimination is seen to be his and not possibly that of any other writer.

The United States Supreme Court has decided against the right of a state to prevent the importation from other states of liquor in "unbroken packages," on the ground that the legislation of Inter-State commerce is expressly granted by the Federal Constitution to Congress alone. By this decision the liquor question, it is safe to say, is now relegated to the field of national politics. Hitherto the prohibitionists have believed that the states had the right, each in its own way, to prohibit the manufacture and sale of liquors within their own boundaries. Since it is now known that state and municipal prohibitive enactments against the sale of liquors in original packages are unconstitutional, questions involving the right or wisdom of prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors will have to be practically dealt with by the people of the United States. The prohibitionists will work for national prohibitory laws, such as Congress only can enact, and for a president who will enforce these laws. Already the *Voice* says: "A new Congress is to be elected this fall. What will Prohibitionists do about it?"

The conservative Presbyterians are very stubborn in their adherence to the old phraseology of their creed, but this is an age of revision and the Presbyterian Church has decided, though by but a small majority, to alter the confession of faith so as to bring it more in accord with the spirit of the age. A significant fact and an encouraging sign of the times.

An indictment has been returned against the proprietor and managing editor of the New York *World* for an alleged libel of the memory of Alexander T. Stewart, who has been dead fourteen years. The suit is brought by Judge Hilton, who in the alleged libel is charged with a grave and definite offence, while that against Stewart is indefinite. It was stated that the great dry-goods merchant had committed some offence against virtue or morals and that Hilton, by settling matters for him, had obtained control over him and thereby got possession of most of his vast fortune. What seems queer is the fact that Hilton does not bring a suit on his own account. The *World* says that "he basely

hides behind the corpse of a dead merchant" and declines to commence proceedings for his own defence because he does not dare to put himself in a position to be cross-examined and made to explain how he came to possess Stewart's millions. The *World* repeats its charges and begs Hilton to bring a suit to test his honesty and the truth of the charge made against him.

The fourth annual convention of the Connecticut Spiritualist Association was held at Norwich, April 26th and 27th. Delegates were present from Hartford, Meriden, Stamford, Willimantic, New London, and other cities and towns in the State. Mr. William P. Myers, of Norwich was elected president for the ensuing year. Mr. Burnham who had occupied that position four years declining to serve longer. Addresses were given by Mrs. R. S. Lillie, and Mrs. H. S. Lake. Resolutions were adopted favoring a purely secular school system, and protesting against the use of any religious book as a text-book in the public schools. During the past season the Norwich, Conn., Spiritual Union has had fifty-eight lectures by some of the best speakers on the spiritual rostrum and its work just closed has been very satisfactory.

One of the speakers at the General Federation of Women's Clubs in New York said that "the American woman of the Nineteenth Century had set her face toward the lost garden of Eden, and is not going to stop until she gets there." This prompts one of the Chicago dailies to remind women that although the Garden of Eden was a pretty place, so far as vegetation was concerned, yet to the tyrant man was given dominion over everything the garden contained. "From one of his ribs a woman was formed to be the helpmeet to him. The man had dominion over her sole and absolute, and she never thought of enlarging her field of usefulness until the devil suggested the scheme to her. The Garden of Eden would not seem to be a very desirable place for the progressive women of the Nineteenth Century. . . . The traditions of the place are all against the emancipation of women. The dress reform movement was introduced there early, but a woman's club was never heard of in that quarter."

The Berlin Labor Congress was not favorably disposed toward the Puritanical Sunday law. It was resolved that a weekly day of rest should be given in all cases where a suspension of labor was possible, but when Sunday was proposed as such a day of rest, the Dutch representatives in behalf of the Hebrews and such Christian laborers as observe Sunday as a holiday, objected, and the proposition was modified so as to require only a weekly day of rest.

Webster's Unabridged. In our advertising columns will be found the statement of G. and C. Merriam & Co. concerning the cheap editions of Webster's dictionary now being so extensively sold. Of course Merriam & Co. publish the only edition of the latest revised Webster—which sells at \$10 and upwards, and no honest publisher or dealer will dispute this. The reprint of the 1847 edition is offered to the intelligent trade and public strictly on its merits and for just what it is. We do not hesitate to offer the Loomis reprint to the public as richly worth all it costs, and we tell people just what it is. Any one after reading our advertisement of the dictionary will know what to expect. If after receipt of the book and a careful inspection it is not found to be in accordance with our advertisement it may be returned and the money will be refunded.

Mr. Hudson Tuttle writes: "Possibly I may have a discussion on my hands. Dr. Sprecher, a leading minister of Cleveland, in a sermon made such a violent attack on Spiritualism that I thought I would silence him if no more." Mr. Tuttle has published his challenge in the *Cleveland Leader* and proposes the following resolution; if it is not satisfactory to his opponent he is willing to confer with him to the end that they may jointly make one which will be:

Resolved, That Spiritualism is what it claims to be, communication with our departed friends.

First—It is fully sustained by the Bible.

Second—By science.

Third—By experience.

It has often been urged against the exercise of the elective franchise by women that they cannot fight, the idea being evidently that they are not entitled to a voice in the government, since they cannot be called upon to defend the government when it is imperilled by invasion or when its rights have to be defended on the field of battle. This argument, if it may be so dignified in any case, would have no force in Dahomey where the amazonian warriors of the dusky king, more than one half of whom are women, have pushed hostilities into the French protectorate of Porto Novo on the gulf of Benin with great success. The female soldiers are described as muscular, ferocious and cruel. Even the King's body-guard, a troop of between 3,000 and 4,000, is composed wholly of women. For uniform they have a tunic which reaches to the waist and a gray skirt hanging to the knee. Many are armed with rifles of which they know how to make good use. As fighters they are superior to the males. Reports state that the French have beheaded five of these amazonians in retaliation for the killing of soldiers who were prisoners of the Dahomians.

The Roman Catholic Bishops of Wisconsin in opposing the Bennett law are only carrying out the orders from Rome. In his latest encyclical the Pope said: "It is a duty assigned to the Church by God to offer opposi-

tion whenever the laws of the State injure religion and to endeavor earnestly to infuse the spirit of the gospel into the laws and institutions of peoples." The Bishops, therefore, put themselves in opposition to the right of the State to control the secular education of children. Their claim is that it is a matter entirely for the parents and guardians to look after in accordance with papal instructions. The encyclical says: "In politics, which is inseparably bound up with the laws of morality and religious duties, men ought always and in the first place to take care to serve the interest of Catholicism. As soon as these interests are seen to be in danger all differences should cease between them, so that, united in the same thoughts and the same designs, they may undertake the protection and defense of religion, the common and great end to which all things should be referred." The question is whether the papal policy, now encouraged and aided by the Lutheran clergy and their adherents, or the American public school system shall prevail in this Republic.

M. Paul Blouet, otherwise known as "Max O'Rell" in a lecture given in this city a few days ago said: "The American is an active animal, too active for his own physical good. There is an impression in some localities here that leisurely living is somehow respectable. In England a man who has a private income and lives upon it is a gentleman; in Chicago he is apt to be considered a loafer." He spoke of one instance of a young man here who was obliged to start a newspaper and lose money on it simply to preserve his standing by an appearance of industry.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. L. A. Slosson has removed to 434 West Randolph street, and will be pleased to see her friends in her new home.

Dr. E. H. Denslow, Magnetic Physician, formerly of Sturgis, Mich., has located at 1035 West Madison street, where he will be pleased to see his friends.

Mrs. Ada Foye writes that the "College of Spiritual Philosophy" has engaged her services for some months to come, therefore, her stay in Denver is indefinitely prolonged.

James Parton is authority for this: Horace Greeley, in his joy at carrying an election used sometimes to jump up and down like a lunatic, and once cried out "Won't somebody kick me?"

The long promised series of papers on "The Women of the French Salons," by Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason of Chicago, will begin in the May *Century*, with a profusion of illustrations. The pictures in the June number (it is said) will be still more interesting than those in May.

In Milwaukee an ex-priest was unceremoniously received into the Episcopal organization as a volunteer deserter from the Romish fold; but Archbishop Ireland followed the fellow up with testimony proving that he had been unfrocked for dishonest and immoral conduct.

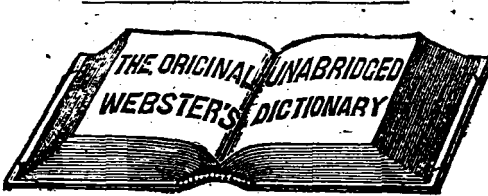
Religion of Man and Ethics of Science is the title of a book which Mr. Hudson Tuttle expects to publish soon. Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle also announces an early publication under the title from *Soul to Soul*, and consisting of a selection of her poems with the addition of eight pages of music to which her most popular songs have been set.

The greatest literary sensation of the winter in Paris was Camille Flammarion's astronomical romance, "Uranie," of which the Cassell Publishing Company are the American publishers. Up to the present time M. Flammarion has been known as the foremost astronomer in France, but now he has become at a bound one of her most popular romancers.

Mrs. Susan C. Vogt, business manager of the *Woman's Journal*, who died in Boston last week, did her first newspaper work on the *Springfield Republican* twenty years ago. She began journalism in Kansas when it was a territory, and she was one of the founders of the town of Sumner, Kansas, where she worked on the paper which was started there, the *Western Spy*.

Last week a deputation consisting of eight judges, including Judges Tuley, Grinnell and Waterman, visited the Mayor of Chicago and pointed out to him that the presence of women on school boards in England and in this country had been productive of much good, that Mrs. Ellen Mitchell, the only woman on the Chicago School board had proved a most valuable member, and suggested that two of the five vacancies soon to occur, be filled by women.

In Rhode Island where the "honest ballot" has long been suppressed by boodle, the Australian ballot system, according to the *Providence Journal* has yielded good results already. There is a marked "growth of independent voting" and it is believed that it will have a wholesome restraining influence on the power of the caucus, prevent the election of corrupt and disreputable candidates, and exercise a check upon the extravagance of partisanship.



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CHARLES W. STUBBS

Psychical Science and the Church of the Spirit.

The Church of the Spirit must be an active investigating and teaching body, no mere mutual admiration society, with its members congratulating each other for the way they have managed to get along without him. They have to be able to tell us what is wrong, but they must not draw any conclusion that would say that we consider it dangerous to dogmatize on the nature and existence of either God or individual spirits, since the idea of an absolutely isolated individual spirit, in the flesh, is becoming more and more hazy in the minds of the people.

Psychical Research. If all individual spirits are bound together by invisible potential bonds, the unsolved problem of the one and the many, any dogmatism as to the nature of God and self, is out of place. The solution of these problems must come through the increase of natural knowledge and not through guess-work or revelations in any shape or form. Therefore, scientifically speaking, the acceptance of the spirit, *i. e.*, the spiritual side of nature including man, is the only necessary and sufficient basis for the study of the occult.

JOHN E. FURDON,
Chillicothe, Ark.

Practical Spiritualism: Reform.

The great question which is pressing upon us for solution, and pressing closer every day, is whether the moloch of concentrated capital shall dominate over us and our children and stifle American liberty, or whether the children of the moloch shall be emancipated. I have been given many times that so much space is has been in the paper to the discussion of purely metaphysical, theoretical and speculative matters, while the fierce and unequal struggle between the poor and the rich was treated with a kind of haughty indifference. The question of the rights of the human mind, of material or physical side of human life and not man's unfoldment, I repeat, must not be shut out from Spiritualism, because they are a vital, immediate

Courageous and Timely Words.

Since I asked the question "Is Spiritualism on Trial?" in the JOURNAL, (for which day by day I more clearly see the necessity that we may arrive at a basis on which to build an organization representing pure Spiritualism), there has arisen much misunderstanding and much criticism. I am sorry that my object was not to condemn or criticize any one. I knew that if the "ism" was on trial that it would be no disadvantage to have the subject discussed, and it was not that the society's past erroneous teaching and its present attitude toward Spiritualism is as dear to me as to anyone, and I am determined to do my duty as I understand it, no matter if I am misunderstood. Our speakers here and elsewhere are well understood. There is a great deal of fraudulent practice under the name of mediumship, and yet when a specific charge is made the one who makes it generally stands in the minority although he may know of scores who thought as he did until recently. I am sure that the majority of mediums are falsely in matters of mediumship, or so ignorant as to be self-deceived, will never yield to moral suasion from the rostrum. To secure the result of eliminating fraud and dishonesty some face-to-face battles will have to be fought. I am sure that the majority of that lead people on to deception, I have nothing to say, for I do not know and cannot judge. They may have been so sorely tried that even their failures will be excused. I am sure that they will stand by their own, but with the results we must deal. The results affect us as individuals and retard the movement as a whole. There is a great deal of evidence to prove that Dr. Reid can answer sealed letters, has been able to do so for years, and that he is not in magnetic healing, although there has been some public manifestations given by him that I regretted for his own sake as well as for that of the cause. I thought long and seriously on this subject before the time came to write. I am sure that there is one injustice. I attended all the trial and in my judgment it was far in every respect according to the law and evidence in the case. My attitude is unchangeable. I am sure that the majority of mediums work, still I endeavor to look on both sides of the question carefully, realizing that extremes are nearly always wrong. It becomes more apparent daily that effort must be put forth as never before to have some basis to work from. Therefore, I have been intensely interested in editorials and views of the writers for the JOURNAL on organization, and I hope and believe a line of work may soon be begun which will result in the "greatest good to the greatest number."

Tests of Spirit Return

To the Editor of the *Belting-Philosophical Journal*.
Speaking of tests of spirit return; at one of Lady Lord's circles, I became so much interested in others that I forgot all about myself, when a little hand was placed in mine and a voice said— "and recognized me?" "Yes," I answered, "I do." "Who are the children?" "Clement, we are all here, grandma, father, mother, Amelia, Jane, Harriet and Mary and your own little son who had no name;" and one of them told me of things that no one on earth had heard of. I was so much interested in the consideration by any of the family, and the children heard nothing of her except as they found her name on the family records; as she, too, died at the time of the "great earthquake," I feel most comfortable of them said, "Your aunts and I are all here, and Laura is here, but Laura is still in *spirit* life. Aurelia, Rachel and Byron are just here and Uncle Byron says 'Hell town' just the same as he used to when

These were all of our family and none of them were known to any other one present. As I intimated in one of my letters, I had an idea of possibly being able to raise some money. I had to make daily remittances and weekly reports, and was often away and trusted to others. About five o'clock in the morning, I returned from the bank, and found that some country wife, who had been excommunicated and found a telegram signed "Dr. Pope." That was the name of a control who sometimes talked to me through Mrs. Whitman, and it was called that way, because she was a doctor. I was very glad, and she brought me from Washington a letter, calling attention to a deficiency in my accounts. One day's business had never been put on to the books by a clerk in the office, and I was told that I was in danger of being subject to immediate arrest. I did not have the money but knew my bank would stand an overdraft for a day or two and I made the remittance by check for \$100.00. I called on the bank and gave to the call of "Dr. Pope." He said, "I saw trouble coming for you that you knew nothing of and I have taken provided for it. You come at 2 P. M. and I will fix things up for you." I went at 2 P. M. and found the control, and he said met her in the morning, and while in that condition she handed me a package

Spiritualism in Philadelphia.

To the Editor of the Heltato Philosophical Journal

The first society of Philadelphia has been honored by the presence of Mrs. Carrie Twing, who gave good lectures, and closed with tests that pleased and edified her audience. We think her an excellent instructor for the rostrum. A gentleman gave the following account of his acquaintance with her during the last ten years ago. He was going from New York to Boston but stopped over one train at Springfield, the residence of Mrs. Twing, for the purpose of interviewing her. She came down to the car and sat next him. After a few moments conversation, she suddenly arose, went to a small writing table in the centre of the room, and rapidly wrote a few words, then folded them up and handed them to him. He opened them. Curiously prompted him to open to go to the window and see what would come of the descending paper. As he did so he saw a drunken man staggering coming down the passwalk. The paper alighted in his hand, and he turned it over and over, as if he were leaning against a post opened it and read the contents of the paper; then looked around in a kind of bewildered and dazed manner. His remarks had no other effect than to excite the curiosity of those present. I felt like running down to see what was on the paper. When I asked the man, he asked: "What it is your business?" I replied that it was really none of my business, yet I would like to know what was written on the paper. He said: "I don't care," and then said, "there, read it." I read, "For God's sake, George stop drinking." I asked him whether his name was George. Yes, said he, my name is George Thompson. I told him that I was a Unitarian, and he made no objection, but as he had not seen the medium since that time, and never heard of the man afterward, he could not say what effect it had upon him. Then the medium arose and said she knew that the man was dead, and that he was now in the spirit world. Her condition in a western State. After this good feeling was produced, the chairman arose and for full half an hour harangued the audience with some of the most childish nonsense I have ever seen in the way of dealing with people who are at the meetings. He listened to best motives, and then are compelled to listen to such balderdash, or indecorously leave the hall. Let us build up Spiritualism by representing it as the purest religion.

MOREHEAD, N.J.,
JOHN A. HOOPER

A Veteran Spiritualist's Testimony.

to the Editor of the Religious-Philosophical Journal:

From childhood I have often been clairvoyant and clairaudient. My pious mother, who was much annoyed by the phenomenon insisted it was all a dream; however soon it came true. I never doubted in my childhood that I was gifted with the power of clairvoyance and clairaudience. I had great confidence in prayer and an unseen protecting power. I was a conscientious member of the Baptist Church twenty-five years. Never satisfied with my own progress in the way of prayer, I was often about wandering, in the night, over the earth. In 1855, my brother, Capt. A. Walker, presented me with the "Healing of the Nations," introduction to which was written by Governor LaSalle. I was surprised that a man of his ability should have been so much wrought to the subject of Spiritualism. To me it was lamentable, and I wondered whether it was not due to softening of the brain. I had promised to read the book and I kept my word. I had not read half the preface and introduction when I was seized with a violent headache. It opened to me. From day to day I read and prayed to be guided by the spirit of truth; the court room of my mind filled with witnesses daily and hourly. I could see clearly and read other minds; an account of the world's history was before me; the future was visible. And I said it is a miracle and my days are numbered; I took my writing to the minister, and asked his prayer, thinking very soon to pass away; he could not understand it; my heart was broken; I could not comprehend what I saw; I could not comprehend what language falls to express that comes with this light; I am now in my 82nd year and I still feel the quickening influence of a mighty power; does the mind grow old? No, never; vesper bells are ringing; the angels are singing; I am now in the land of the living; I have growing memories of childhood's time; man at birth is in his infancy, in knowledge; the science of life is rightly understood would revolutionize the world and all would be made happy as in this life surely was.

Mrs. Schuyler Bundy

Burlington, Wisconsin.

"Memories of Garrison,"

Rev. Henry Blanchard in an article on "Memories of Garrison," mentions that in 1858 he went to Kenneth Square to attend a meeting of the Progressive Friends. "I was," he says, "housed with a good person was quitted with old friends. But we met at the meetings, and had a long talk together, walking over a pleasant road under the full June moon, and the week-day meetings, as he followed me on Sunday,—this is most impressive of all. All the way from the farm-house, where we had taken tea together, to the meeting, he was talking to me of ardent faith in Spiritualism. Wonderful, indeed, was the recital of what he had seen and heard. "Listening reverently and eagerly, I asked him to tell me more of his experiences. He said, 'I should interpret them as you do.' Glorious was the June night, with its moonlight streaming over the road, the fields, the quiet homes, solemn and peaceful. The voices of the birds, the wind, the impressive were his words. 'I am happy,' he said, 'in my faith. Life and death are such different things to me from what they were once. I am ready to go at any time. It is but a step to the higher life.'

The Pope's Latest Utterances.

The Pope recently while in an interview granted to a representative of the New York *Herald*, spoke in high praise of the country. "Under our constitution," he said, "religion has perfect liberty and is thus gaining power. Where the Church is free it will increase, and I bless, I love Americans for their frank, open, unaffected character and for the respect they pay to Christianity and Christian morals. I have great faith in the future of this country, and it is difficult to regard them as sincere except as an expression of friendliness to the United States in which, owing to immigration, Romanism has flourished like a green bay tree. Dr. H. W. Thomas, of

Chicago, commenting on the Pope's recent utterances, said, "I never can get at the inside of Romanism. Its representatives, in voicing one opinion may hold another, leaving themselves, if cornered, a loop-hole of escape. The Pope arrogates to himself the position of head of Christendom and presumes to direct the efforts of the millions of Christians against Christianity. He is undoubtedly sincere in his expression of love for Americans and their institutions, but only so far as they are of service to the church. The church is the enemy of the American people, and has waned wonderfully in Italy during the last few years, and the eyes of the hierarchy are now turned longingly rather than lovingly upon this country. The basis of this kind of well-to-do Romanism are boundless funds of money. Power and policy in Rome, and as the policy becomes aggressive they follow suit. If the Pope loves our institutions why doesn't he show it in a practical way and order that the Catholic children attending the public schools of the greatest of American institutions, the public schools, become American citizens and acquire a love for our country? He takes away and puts under other instructions that they are forbidden, and he says, 'What the Pope is endeavoring to do while expressing unbounded love for this country's institutions. Does that look like sincerity? If the hierarchy can gain anything from this, it is the opportunity to be aggressive and it will be taken. The Roman Catholics have always had the intention to interfere with our established institutions, but it is in the hands of the hierarchy that the interference is set by deeds. cannot help looking with suspicion upon this latest utterance of the Pope.

A Voice from South Dakota

To the Editor of the Religious-Philosophical Journal.

Sitting here alone as I am in my cozy home in Dakota favored with the clean pages of the JOURNAL for my companion and friend, I notice many points in the discussion now going on among reasoning Spiritualists, that I become impatient to have the Editor of the Journal say what he thinks. I am with us, of this most wonderful knowledge of "life eternal," which has come to us first by faith in the events of centuries ago, faith which had become mere form to a comparatively small portion of the people, and then by the direct revelation of the power of "faith," but who had tried to convince us of adding to our faith a fullness of divine love and to that a knowledge of the truth that would make us free. In looking backward since the "rape" first ushered in the "Book of Life," I have been reminded of the ancient revealer, John, who in the vision saw the books opened, and another book, which was the "Book of Life," and here I would like to suggest a name for the organization which has been called "What we appropriate to the Book of Life," the Church of Life. The books were opened. Is it not true, the wonders in the material world opened for the material man, wonders outspeeding the material imagination, and the spiritual man, the man of the future, and, giving these signs of their presence with "reaps" and in every convincing manner since 1848? "What would a Dakota farmer think now-a-days of going into the thousands of acres of waving grain ripe for the harvest with a few acres of corn fifty years ago? Just look your magnificent prairie farms, and think of the mind which has wrought out such wonderful-improvements in this direction alone. They who have eyes that see, need no pointing out of the things that are to be seen. The knowledge of this stupendous change, and the other book, called "The Book of Life," where is the limit of wonder wrought in the spiritual man? Not so many years ago, the sound orthodox church regarded the very gates of hell, and the gates of heaven, as the gates to be admitted to that happy land.

“Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to life region of the dead,
With epideux carven on his head.”

was sung on many a funeral occasion in our New England States less than fifty years ago.

To-day the sea gives up its dead, and many of their graves come forth—and stand in our mind’s eye—“He comes, the aged sinner goes, Laden with guilt and heavy woes, Down to life region of the dead, With epideux carven on his head.” They closed the doors and would have none of him: it was too low and unpopular. But the press is very great and the doors are giving away—slowly it may be but they are yielding; creeds are being modified and the doors are being opened to the world. And other forty-two years and, where are they? Gone with the old song of a half century ago. I hear the marvelous lessons from the telegraph—I hear that the world is getting smaller and smaller, and that the force which causes it—our mind that dictates the movement of every key, each doing its own along this line. I hear the sound, but it is physical as all sound is, is, igniting the always exploding wigwag. I hear the sound, but it is not the sound of the force which is physical. Forty-two years to-night was the dawn of the millennial day, a thousand years in God’s time are as one day, and every shall see his face in that day. —HARRIS PARK.

Groton, South Dakota.

Get Ready for June 2.

Each census enumerator is to be supplied with the following schedule of questions:

1. Give Christian name in full, and initial of middle name, surname.
2. Whether soldier, sailor, or marine during the civil war (United States or Confederate), or widow of such person.
3. Relationship to head of family.
4. Whether white or black, mulatto, quadroon, octoroon, Chinese, Japanese, or Indian.
5. Sex.
6. Age at nearest birthday. If under one year give age in months.
7. Whether single, married, widowed, or divorced.
8. Whether married during the census year (June 1, 1889, to May 31, 1890).
9. Mother of how many children, and number of these children living.
10. Place of birth.
11. Place of birth of father.
12. Place of birth of mother.
13. Number of years in the United States.
14. Whether naturalized.
15. Whether naturalization papers have been taken on out.
16. Profession, trade, or occupation.
17. Months unemployed during the census (June 1, 1889, to May 31, 1890).
18. Attended school (in months) during the census year (June 1, 1889, to May 31, 1890).
19. Able to read.
20. Able to write.
21. Able to speak English. If not, the language or dialect spoken.
22. Whether suffering from acute or chronic disease, with name of disease and length of time afflicted.
23. Whether defective in mind, sight, hearing, speech, or whether crippled, maimed, or deformed.
24. Whether a prisoner, convict, homeless child, pauper.
25. Is the home you live in hired, or is owned by the head or by a member of the family?
26. If owned by head or member of family, is the home free from mortgage incumbrance?
27. If the head of the family is a farmer, is the farm which he cultivates hired, or is it owned by him or by a member of his family?
28. If owned by head or member of family, is the farm free from mortgage incumbrance?
29. If the house or farm is owned by head or member of family and mortgaged, give the post office address of owner.

In regard to the Methodist Conference and the Bible in the public schools, the *New York Herald* says:

The Methodists in conference in this city are earnest in their desire to have the Bible read in the public schools. They have based their demand on the statement that the Bible is an "unsectarian book." This may be true. At any rate we are not inclined to quarrel with words with such theologians. But whether the Bible is unsectarian or not it has been used as a fortress by every sect in Christendom. The Methodist himself thinks he can find therein a pretty strong argument against Catholicism, and with vigor of rhetoric which shakes the pulpit every Sunday in the year he thunders his anathema at the church.

The Baptist thinks it so sectarian on the subject of immersion that he refuses the Lord's Supper to members of all other denominations on the strength of certain chosen texts. The Catholic believes it to be so emphatically sectarian that he denies ecclesiastical fellowship to those who do not accept his view.

of the church. Not a sectarian book? Then, gentlemen, why do we find all the sects warring with each other, their guns loaded to the muzzle with quotations from every chapter in the Old and New Testaments? Either the Bible is a sectarian book or else sectarianism as represented by the great body of believers is rank and unmitigated heresy. Which is it? We ourselves are rather inclined to the latter theory. But we don't profess to be posted in these matters.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The total colored population of the United States by the census of 1880 was 6 580,793.

It has been estimated that there are 7,855,299 Catholic communicants in the United States.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton has gone to Europe and will live henceforth in London, near her daughter and son, Theodore Stanton.

Spokane Falls, Wash., is growing so fast that the brickyards are unable to supply the material for new buildings as fast as it is needed.

The true way to rid ourselves of beggars would be to rid ourselves of the policies that make beggars of a part of the people and nabobs of another part.

Tommyson has quite recovered from his recent illness, and is enjoying the primroses and violets of his beautiful domain on England's pleasantest island.

In a library in Paris, said to be the largest in the world, is a Chinese chart of the heavens, in which 1,480 stars are found to be correctly placed according to the scientists of the present day. The chart is 15,000 years old.

A woman, Miss Jessie Carson, drives the stage between Osgood and Park Rapids, Minn. She has done it for many hardy trips a week—summer and winter and often with the thermometer down to 40 degrees below zero.

The Japanese do not flourish in California, being too commonly surrounded with the Chinese, and most of them being young men who could not do as well even in their own country. Even those who are fairly successful lead a hard life.

From many different points comes the news that machines for making ice have been set up, and that these artificial ice companies are taking orders to supply ice in any quantity. Thus necessity once more proves itself to be the mother of invention.

The deepest well in the world is soon to be dug in the environs of London. It will be nearly 1,300 feet deep, and will be furnished with stairs and illuminated. The object of the well is to enable the students to observe the various geological strata.

Two Georgia ministers preached from the text in the sixth chapter of Galatians and first verse. There had been no consultation on the subject between these ministers, and of course they were surprised to learn they were both on the same line of thought.

Several letters written by Napoleon Bonaparte are likely before long to come on the market. As a rule Napoleon dictated all his letters, but in some rare cases he wrote communications with his own hand and several of these are about to be brought under the hammer.

The important work of draining the Roman marshes, on which the Italian government has been engaged since 1884, is now well advanced toward completion. The work can only be carried on at certain seasons of the year, owing to the unhealthiness of the district.

A Detroit preacher found this note from a young lady in his pulpit one recent Sunday evening: "Dear Mr. S.—Won't you please deliver your sermon a little slower to-night? I am studying shorthand and can't keep up with you. I hope you won't refuse so small a favor."

Eighteen persons out of every thousand die each year in this country. In England the average is 20.5, in Germany 26.1. These figures lead naturally to the reflection that while Americans may live faster in this world than some of their contemporaries, they show admirable judgment in dying slower.

According to the laws of Italy, fathers are responsible for their sons' return when they leave the country, and, should they not return to do military duty required of them, are put in prison. A young Italian, who had been living in Waldoboro, Me., returned to his native land last week to save his father from a term of imprisonment.

Sir J. Crichton Brown has been lecturing at Birmingham on "Brain growth," and giving figures as to the average weight of brain enjoyed by different races. Thus we have the following figures: The Scotch, fifty ounces; the English, forty-nine ounces; the Germans, forty-eight and three-tenths ounces; the Russians, forty and one-tenth ounces.

The small comet discovered on March 19 by Brooks, of New York, is the first seen this year. It is a small one, and was 240,000 miles from the sun when first seen. It will reach its nearest point to both sun and earth about the first of June, and will be then about 160,000,000 miles from each. It will scarcely be visible to the naked eye, though comets are erratic in development as well as in motion.

The library of Cornell University possesses a oriental manuscript written on palm leaves, consisting of 195 strips or leaves, each seven by one and quarter inches, fastened together by a chord passing through a hole in the center of each leaf. The writing is done on each side of the leaves by etching the characters with a sharp instrument on the palm leaves, which have been afterward rubbed over with a black pigment.

A retired plumber thus gives a point in the *Sanitary Engineer* for the relief of householders: "Just before retiring at night pour into the clogged pipe enough liquid soda lye to fill the 'trap' or bend part of the pipe. Be sure that no water runs into it until the next morning. During the night the lye will convert all the offal into soft soap, and the first current of water in the morning will wash it away and leave the pipe clean as new."

In a letter to the *Independence* *Belge* Stanley describes the dwarf tribe of the forest. He says they are the oldest aristocracy in the world, with institutions dating back fifty centuries. They are ruled by a queen, a beautiful, charming little woman, who was exceptionally kind to Stanley and his comrades. The dwarfs are of olive complexion, remarkably intelligent, ingenious artificers in iron and ivory, and probably the only monogamous race in Africa.

Photography properly dates from 1840, although several discoveries were made in the art before that time. The photographic art was practiced by the Egyptians 4000 B. C. The great pyramid must have been a photographic laboratory. It contains a dark room, and the dictionary defines a dark room as a place in which photographic plates are developed. Hence the Egyptians must have been photographers. Cheops, the builder of this pyramid, was probably

A curious work on Robespierre has lately been published in Paris. It gives an interesting anecdote of his youth, representing him at the College Louis-le-Grand, as a boy of eleven or twelve, reciting the address of a well-known orator of the Revolution, Louis XVI. Young Robespierre was so modest and timid that his voice trembled, and he chucked the boy under the chin to give him courage. Had he known what that boy was to do for him in future, perhaps he would have chucked a little harder.

The prediction made by certain revivalists as to the destruction of Oakland and San Francisco by a tidal wave on April 14 caused a number of credulous people to flee to the mountains, after selling their property for nominal prices. The worst feature, however, of these revival meetings is that a number of people who attend them have become insane. The fetishism of the African savage and the voodooism of the Southern negro have their counterparts

One often reads pathetic stories of pet birds that die simultaneously—or, shortly after, their children or owners. It sounds pretty, but the simple process of the matter often is that the owners infected their birds. Canaries and other songsters will catch scabies, lef fever, measles, diphtheria or almost any human disease, and if left in the sick-room they are almost sure to be infected. Pet cats and small dogs, too, are often sacrificed in the same way, and in these cases there is also the risk that they will go out and

(Continued from Second Page.)

A City and A Soul.

steps, and a worried air. Mr. Fairfield was not in, and he applied to Mr. Vane for information, but was promptly dismissed with a "too busy to talk" by that gentleman. Discouraged, he started to leave. Just outside the door he met Justin who had been out to mail some letters. They looked at each other in an interested but puzzled way. The reporter walked on a few steps—then turned, and going up to Justin said, "I've seen you before, but where I can't say."

"So then it is you," exclaimed Justin, with a pleased look.

"If I be not I as I think I be" quoted the reporter, "I'm sure I've no idea who else I am—but the question is—who the devil are you?"

"Your name is Ernest Floyd," Justin went on, "you never knew mine—but you were the first man I had any talk with here in Chicago. Don't you remember that drowning accident you reported in September? A girl, a little of whose story you told me when sitting on a bench in Lake Park?"

"Oh, you're the chap are you? I knew I had seen you somewhere. Glad to meet you again; what are you doing?"

"I am clerk in Mr. Fairfield's office," said Justin, modestly.

"Then I'm in luck," cried Floyd, exulting.

"You're just the man I want!" he whispered into the reporter's ear with great earnestness, "you can tell me all about the Lammerton case. I've just been in the office and couldn't find out a thing. Now go on and tell me the particulars!"

"But I don't believe in letting private affairs like this get into the papers," remarked Justin, "I think it very wrong."

Floyd threw his head back and laughed.

"Well, I'm not a precious innocent!" he said. "Don't you know its bound to get in the papers anyway? Hasn't there been a lot of reporters to the office already?—and all I ask is to hear what they heard, so as to be able to give it to my paper."

"I didn't give them any information, at all events," persisted Justin. "For really I know very little about the affair."

"Oh, well—you heard all that was said in the office, and can tell me that."

"Why don't you go to headquarters—to the Lammerton's themselves?" asked Justin.

"Oh, I've been there—and had the door slammed in my face! You see I've had awful hard luck to-day. I was sent this morning away out to the Stock Yards to interview Mr. Lammerton, the shipper, in regard to a rumor about a case of cholera."

"Pillar to post" when I got there, and after hours of waiting, when I did get hold of him, he didn't pan out worth a cent! Then coming in I got wind of this thing and hurried over to the Lammertons—couldn't find out anything there except that Fairfield was one of the lawyers on the case. I started over here—on my way was told that a crowd of reporters had been over here earlier and skimmed the cream of this story—and now meet you quite providentially and you refuse to help me—what to do next I don't know!"

Justin could not help becoming interested in the bright young fellow. He began to see that it could do no harm to tell him the little he knew, and he concluded to do so.

Floyd was profuse in thanks. He was an impetuous young fellow, possessed of strong sympathies as well as antipathies, and he had "taken" to Justin from the first. Now he remembered that he had told him when they first met, that he was from Massachusetts, and as a Boston boy he felt drawn to one from his own state. His feeling prompted him to say as he turned to go:

"When I met you before, you told me you were from Massachusetts. What part of the State are you from?"

"Brownville—a farming town, twenty miles from Springfield," replied Justin.

"Brownville!" echoed Floyd delightedly—"why I've got relations there! I visited them once when I was a little fellow. I wonder if you know the Perry's? With a sudden brightening of the dark alert looking eyes."

"The Perry's?—I should say I did!" exclaimed Justin. "Why Anna Perry is going to be my sister-in-law!"

"Then you're a Dorman," cried Floyd. "I remember your brother Thad—was ten, he was eight—when I was a little fellow. I don't remember you—what is your name?"

"Justin—come to think of it I have heard the Perry's speak of their Boston relations, the Floyd's. You don't look twenty-six," he continued irrelevantly, "and yet you must be, for Thad is twenty-four, and I am three years younger."

This was the beginning of a friendship which was of mutual benefit. Floyd's lodging was on Madison street, not far from the Vane's, and they soon grew quite intimate—spending as much time as possible with each other.

(To be continued.)

Church of the Spirit.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

"God is the universal father; man is the universal brother; and the spirit of love and wisdom is the life of both. This life brings immortality to light and through spirit ministrations and intercourse man is assured of the continuity of personal existence beyond the grave."

Such is the faith of the "Church of the Spirit"—the Church of Almighty God. It stretches its heaven far and wide over the whole pale of humanity. Its ghostly and often ghastly likeness is born and nurtured amidst the strife of human passion and selfish policy that sits solemly over the sacrifice of the interests of your fellows to pollute the fairest heritage of God—the Soul. This world is a church; man is its ordinance, God the ministering spirit ever ready to instill within the dark recesses of your nature the light and love of heaven—opening to it the realms of limitless glory. Speak of its confines! They bound beyond the grave; there it realizes anew the source from whence it came."

I make this quotation in connection with the "Credo," to show that as early as 1854, was announced, from the spirit-world, the same creed—although in different language. Hence when we note the "Credo" of Spiritualists we call attention to no new thing. It has been our faith from the beginning. It is a singular fact that the sentiments quoted purported to come from Dr. William Ellery Channing. And yet Spiritualists are asked to join Unitarians! On this broad foundation we can build a superstructure that ministers to the spiritual necessities of all God's children. No truth is discarded, but as all truth is one—the form of the Infinite Goodness—none are excluded from partaking of this bread of life. This church feeds all; for its spirit of "Love and Wisdom" is the word of the one God—dwelling in all, awaiting that birth which will reveal to man his dignity and destiny. To the sensuous this goodness and truth, or what is the same this love and wisdom is revealed as the divine man—woman; the infinite father-mother to the natural man as the ultimate truth—goodness; to the man whose spiritual nature is unfolded this love and wisdom is the divine-human; to the child of God united in all the degrees of a reciprocal innocence this love and wisdom is the impersonal All-at-one with the creature—the recipient of all: at once and forever God-man. So our faith and realization rise as we ascend, step by step—to our union with God.

With such a hope why should not Spiritualists unite and make their hope a reality? While we do not adhere to the past in structured outcome, we reject nothing in the past that is worth preserving. We posit the now with its relation to eternal fact, past, present, and to come; for it is all ours. Spiritualism is a broad word. It covers man's relations and experiences in all time and in all worlds. Nothing can be outside of its broad pale. What is wanted is its classification from accreted materialized coarseness. This can be done by discriminating the true from the false—the good from the evil, so that the false and the evil may die, and man assume his true place as the recipient of all goodness and truth.

It will be seen by the above brief presentation how the creed, when it comes to specialities of thought, can evolve into an infinite expression the central unity—therein expressed. There is no end to its expansion or evolution when the mind is left free to realize the God-idea; from one he meets all our concepts in one infinite diversity of manifestation and revelation. M. C. S.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Mr. Talmage's Views Criticized.

In the JOURNAL of April 19th, an article appears over the name of J. G. JACKSON, headed "Justice related to Right Thinking." The words of the title seem but obscurely to define the meaning and drift of the context. The laws of action and re-action, so long observed in both the physical and moral worlds—whereby the seeming wrongs or extremes in both are more or less corrected or compensated, are well worthy of careful appreciation, in our efforts to understand the true philosophy of existence. But when a writer in the JOURNAL attempts by scientific misstatements to bolster up crude theories of his own, what are we to do? My plan is to knock out the false work, (in engineering parlance) and let the structure bear its own weight, as the quickest and best test of its own soundness.

In his second main paragraph Mr. Talmage, it would appear, makes assertions of the very kind, when he says: "The sun of our planetary system was considered to be a body emitting heat by which our earth was warmed, etc.;" but through a better knowledge of nature's economic methods it is now considered to be as much dependent upon the planetary world's revolving around it, as they are dependent upon the sun."

Mr. Talmage should not make such broad assertions as this without proof. It is safe to aver that the sun is still looked upon by solid scientists as an immense globe and center of force from which radiates heat and light in every direction; and that he is by no means as much dependent on surrounding planetary worlds as they are upon him.

In an *a priori* sense this is shown to be manifestly impossible; since the sun is not only now exhibiting a far more intense cosmic activity than the planets, but has also a mass, or weight, about seven hundred times as great as the aggregate mass of them all, as is well-known to the skilled physicist. I therefore insist it is unscientific to assert that the revolution of the planets, annual and diurnal, produces waves in the electric ether, in the *Spiritualistische Blätter*. I either to beat upon the sun and react in the sunshine sufficient to restore the waste of the sun's great central out-flow; this being the gist of his false assumption.

The absurdity of the idea can be made still more plain by critical calculation. It is probable that the sun's radiation is approximately equal in all directions surrounding him. What an extremely small fraction, then, of the whole solar out-put must the face of the earth receive. I make it only one two thousand millionth part of the whole. Let Mr. Talmage figure it out and see. But mother earth must radiate her strength around her, in all directions also, as I understand his notions, and if so, can beat against the sun only one hundred and seventy-six thousandth part of what radiates from him. If Mr. Talmage will figure out what this double centrifugal radiation will amount to, as received and re-acted by all the planets upon the sun, he will find that the sun can have returned to him from them all, only one thirty-five billionth part (English notation) of his mighty out-flow of strength. How does that tally with his theory that the sun receives back from the planets as much as he gives out? How long would the Atlantic ocean hold out, should it pour out each hour thirty-five billion tons of water and have but one ton restored in the self same time? Such is about a practical illustration of Mr. Talmage's very positively stated yet equally fanciful and unreal theory.

The earth does move in her annual orbit at the rate of about nineteen miles per second as he writes; but he is mistaken about the diurnal velocity of her surface, and names it about eight times too great. Let him try again and discover that, at the equator, her surface flies eastward rather more than a quarter of a mile per second (not two miles as he avers) and that Chicago and Wisconsin scoot along about twenty-two hundredths of a mile in the swing of a standard pendulum. It would not be wholesome for the navigators in trade-wind regions to multiply this velocity eight times and proportionately speed up those pleasant and useful winds into blasting and destructive gales. But these errors in figures seem of small consequence compared with the egregious mistake contained in his statement, uttered seemingly without the least twinge of scientific conscience, that "the sun is as inhabitable a world as our own." None but competent and well equipped observers can fully appreciate the absurdity of such declaration. Listen to what our skillful and venerable astronomer, Prof. Newcomb of the Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C., writes in his standard work, when treating of the sun's physical constitution.

"Is it possible to present in language an adequate idea of the scale on which natural operations are here carried on? If we call the atmosphere an ocean of fire, we must remember that it is an ocean hotter than the fiercest furnace and as deep as the Atlantic is broad."

"If we call its movements hurricanes we must remember that our hurricanes on earth blow only about 100 miles an hour, while those of the cymophore blow that far in a single second. They are such hurricanes as, if coming down upon us from the north,

would, in thirty seconds after they had crossed the St. Lawrence reach the Gulf of Mexico, carrying with them the whole surface of this continent in a mass—not simply of ruin, but of glowing vapor, in which the cities of Boston, New York and Chicago would be mixed in a single indistinguishable cloud. When we speak of eruptions, we call to mind volcanoes, burying the surrounding cities in lava; but the solar eruptions thrown fifty thousand miles high, would engulf the whole earth, and dissolve every organized being upon its surface in a moment."

Well was it said poetically of our sun and all other suns:

"Great oceans of fire in vast vortices whirled! With electrical storms, and their cyclones of flame, They engender all force that yields life to the world."

Your present correspondent has many times observed, with the telescope, and estimated the size of these "vast vortices" or cyclones, in the sun's photosphere, sufficiently large for our earth to be dropped through them without touching the sides of the awful chasms. The main body of our solar globe inside of the photosphere, being about 860,000 miles in diameter is constructed by our best scientists to be of an intensely heated gaseous character; the known small specific gravity (average weight) of the sun permitting, theoretically, nothing heavier to be contained upon it. The presentation of a few facts as observed and known concerning the sun's physical constitution, is here made that your readers may themselves see the error of any idea pointing toward the habitability of our central orb. The warring elements upon his awful sphere of force, the battles of the gases—gravity, heat, electricity and what not—every twenty-seven times as great as at the earth's surface, making an average man weigh two tons; heat and expansive explosions so intense as to project burning clouds of vapor into the face of this awful pressure to the height of fifty thousand miles as seen and measured; electric force—a more spiritual giant of whom we have much yet to learn—whose flashing eyes make the very wires of earth to tremble in unison across the intervening gulf of millions of miles—aye! heat and pressure so great as to hold in chain at times the very laws of chemical action—all these things join in showing the fabled hell of mythology would be a better dwelling place for man than the battle ground of our glorious sun.

"The thought-house," Mr. Talmage says in his second column, "is the substantial house, the shadowy one, the one constructed out of material substance." The former he holds to be the real house to last when the one of granite shall pass away. Then we must change our dictionary, for in it the granite building is called "the real" the architects thought the "ideal." Which will accomplish the purpose of a house and give you shelter from storm and heat in the time of real present uses in various ways? We need but ask to perceive the true answer. Surely Mr. Talmage would not claim, were he to imagine a habitable central sun, and paint his fancies on canvas ever so perfectly, that his chosen ideal could replace the real sun that has so long held in his arms our sister family of planetary worlds. J. G. JACKSON.

Verification of a Spirit Message.

From Neue Spiritualistische Blätter.

TRANSLATED BY "V."

SIR,—A proof of the continued existence of man's spirit after the death of the mortal body, which was of great interest to us, occurred at one of our regular Friday sittings. I give you an account of it, which you are perfectly at liberty to publish, if you think proper, in the *Spiritualistische Blätter*. I append to it a few lines which will vouch for the truth of the facts I relate.

Since last Christmas a change has taken place in the person of our spirit control. The spirit who presented himself to us as our new guide begged to be allowed to conceal his name from us, and said that after we had formed our judgement of him from the communications he gave us from the other world, it was a favorable one, he would then reveal his personality to us; since which time his noble and moral teachings have given us many enjoyable hours. At our last sitting but one, he informed us that he was the spirit of "Friedrich Stein," a chemist's assistant, that he was born on January 19th, 1827, and died October 15th, 1853, at the age of twenty-six; he further said that his mortal body was buried in the old graveyard of St. George's Church (Greifswalderstrasse). He could not give us any precise description of his grave or the number of it, but said I should follow the principal path and count twenty-three rows of graves on the right-hand; his was the second grave and was marked by a cross.

The next day I betook myself to the place in question to seek the spirit's statement by the witness of my own eyes, but could not find the grave at the spot indicated; on examining, however, the register of deaths for the year 1853, which the official allowed me to do; I found under the date, October 18th, 1853, the name "Carl Gotthilf Ferdinand Stein."

I was unable to spare the time to search further for the grave, then, so I departed, resolving to question the spirit at our next sitting respecting the apparently falsely given name. He anticipated me, however, for at the sitting he said to me:

"Dear Friend, I know what you wish to ask; do me the favor to-morrow to go again to the churchyard, accompanied by your medium, and take some paper and a pencil with you, when I shall be able, through the hand of your medium, to describe and point out the way to my grave and all will be made clear to you."

To-day we complied with the spirit's request.

On entering the churchyard we went a little aside from the main path, and I gave the medium the paper and pencil, when immediately was written, "Go back to the principal alley and walk straight on till I give you a signal to stop."

We followed this direction, and walked along the alley nearly to the end, when I felt impressed to look to the right, and there, shining in the winter sun, I saw, in letters of gold the name "Friedrich Stein" upon a cross; and before the name of Friedrich were the three other names, "Carl Gotthilf Ferdinand." Now all was clear to me. In the register of deaths only the three first names were given, while the very name he went by was forgotten.

Under the name, as the spirit had said, stood: "Born 19th of January, 1827; died October 15th, 1853." The twenty-third row of graves was likewise correct. The spirit should have said: Follow the principal alley till you come to a cross-path, and then count twenty-three rows of graves on the right hand.

Then it was further written through the medium's hand:—

"Dear Friends,—I thank you heartily for the trouble you have taken in coming this long way on my account; accept my thanks for that as well as for the lovely wreath you have brought me. Does my grave please you? It is too cold here to continue to write to you, so go home and sit again on Friday, but will you not first offer up a prayer?"

This we did from our hearts, thanking God for the proof we had received of the continued spiritual existence of the, to us, entirely unknown person of Friedrich Stein.

—Max Rahn, Bureau-Assistent, in Light, Berlin, Schwedersstrasse, 224, Feb. 1st, 1890.

BLAVATSKY vs. OLCOTT.

Petrova Denounces Healers—of whom Colonel Olcott is One—as Black Magicians. Prayer to the Divine and Healing of the Sick Equally anti-Blavatskian.

The Annual Convocation of the American Section of the Theosophical Society was held in this city recently. It was, of course, a representative gathering with the usual programme of Dr. Blavatsky, President, and E. B. Page for Secretary with brother Judge as occult master of ceremonies.

The grand feature of the occasion was the annual message of the Mahatmas, delivered by these trans-Himalayan masters through the instrumentality of their only recognized medium, Madame Blavatsky, and by her carefully translated from the original, occult Sanskrit into the imperfect English.

Such a precious communication from such superior source, and through such unique mediumship could not, of course, be trusted to the mails; but was carefully written out, attested by an elegant official seal, and dispatched by a special messenger who brought it from London, and who read it to the American Theosophists. The public are especially interested in only one paragraph of this pronouncement of Koot Hoomi and his associates which is as follows: "On the American continent the latent psychic and occult powers in man are beginning to germinate and grow. Hence the rapid spread of such movements as Christian science, mind cure, metaphysical healing, spiritual healing, etc. All these movements represent nothing but different phases of the exercise of those growing powers, as yet misunderstood and, therefore, too often ignorantly misused. Understand once for all, that there is nothing 'spiritual' or 'divine' in any of these manifestations. The cures effected by them are due simply to the unconscious exercise of occult power on the lower planes of nature, mentally of persons or life currents."

The claim that these cures are effected by a healing process to the mind means simply conscious or unconscious interference with the free mental action of the person treated, and this is simply 'black magic.'

This is an important matter to Theosophists in America; for a very large number of them—some of the leading lights of the Society, in fact, are believers in and practitioners of mind cure, Christian science or spirit cure in some of the various forms. More than half the members of the society in Chicago are avowed operators in or subjects of such treatment. What will they do, repudiate their theories and practice in healing the sick; or will they continue to be self-confessed and Blavatsky-condemned black magicians?

The document does not refer to the cures by Colonel Olcott in India; but as they were "occult operations on the lower planes of nature" they must of course come under the same rule as similar cures in America. Quite a number of the faithful in Chicago accept the "Black Magic" announcement in a Pickwickian sense; and they will remain in company with the president for ever serving the "Duggas" and at the same time serving the race.

A Study in Light.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Light has seven elementary colors; these though inherent are not separately perceptible to the human eye. By the aid of a "medium" called a prism they are perceived separately. The use of a "medium" is self-evident, the necessity for it unquestioned.

Colors exist in light independent of man's perception of them and always did before a "medium" was found suited to the separation and to the plane of human perception. As separate colors exist, so in each color exists a separate sound or tone. The science of the "music of light" is about to be developed, the seven elementary colors forming the notes of the gamut, the deepening and fading indicating the semi-tones and octaves of the scale. Black and white representing interchangeably the musical "rest." These scales are written in light independent of man's perception of them. A "medium" was necessary and the experiment quoted from *Art Journal* in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of April 6th is the first step towards its physical construction. I. J. N.

One-Half Fare Excursion to Somerset, Kentucky.

For the Great Land Sale at Somerset, on May 20th and 21st, the Queen and Crescent Route will sell excursion tickets from all stations to Somerset and return at one fare for the round trip, on May 19th, 20th, and 21st, good for return until May 31st, 1890. Round trip rates from Cincinnati \$4.72.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones, movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communication, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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Death and the Hereafter.

BY MRS. URSULA N. GRESTEFELD.

"If a man die shall he live again?" is the question as old as time and one which time alone can answer for those whose eyes are hidden that they can not see; for those who have to die in order to know; yet it does not follow that the question can not be answered before passing through that change which gives reply.

The most difficult thing to produce to-day is evidence of man's immortality; evidence which shall be conclusive as such, admitting of no contrary view. Whatever evidence may have been forthcoming of the continuity of living, however satisfactory such evidence may have been to those receiving it, it is and can be no proof of immortality. Extension of living beyond the point where to our natural sense it seems to cease is a step only in that process which must furnish proof of immortality; and a step is far from being the end of all steps.

The continuity of living and immortality are viewed as one and the same by the majority of those who demand evidence; and this must be objective to be conclusive. If it is not forthcoming, the question is settled for them beyond all doubt, that man is not immortal or that there is no life after death. It should be an acknowledged fact that such evidence must be individually gained; that so only can it be gained, because it must be sought within instead of without; subjectively instead of objectively. It must be sought and gained through understanding the nature of man; must be found to be the natural, the no-other possible consequence of that nature; and when so seen and understood as a logical necessity, objective phenomena will not be desired as the only incontrovertible evidence.

Christian Science answers the question on this basis, because that which is included under this head as a title is an exact statement of the nature of man and his relation to his cause; exact, or in accordance with its premise. One admitted, the other must be; one rejected, the other naturally will be.

But the claim made that Christian Science answers this question will be ridiculed by those who view it only as a foolish and unworthy method of treating the sick; who have never given it enough attention to find anything else in it, and who thus carelessly turn their backs upon that which would give them such a revelation of themselves, of their own nature and powers as they have never dreamed possible.

While giving the brief explanation of the teachings of Christian Science on this point, which our paper must necessarily make general instead of minute, the fact is especially emphasized that a different view must be taken of what it includes and teaches, and what its understanding demonstrates.

When a child has just learned the alphabet and has begun to put letters together to form words, the first simple ones which he produces are but proofs of what the alphabet includes which are adapted to his extremely limited comprehension; he must go on from this point, step by step to his higher possibilities. So it is with the first demonstrations of what Christian Science is; the results in the way of healing are but the first short words which lead him on higher; for there are heights to be scaled in this glorious Science of the Christ to which this is but one of the stepping stones.

The main difficulty in answering satisfactorily this universal question is the misconception of man; the general idea that the visible form is man or that it with an indefinite something somewhere in it, which is called the soul or spirit, is man. For those who consider the visible man, who do not find any evidence that he is anything more than a physical organism which includes a brain that is ruler of that organism and of the world, there is little ground for argument tending to show opposite conclusions.

To such an one the gray matter of the brain is all the God there is; yet when it becomes diseased they will doctor it; attempt to repair and cure it, and do not seem to have a perception that this very impulse and act are evidence of a higher power than they acknowledge; because if it is not, it is simply one brain doctoring another brain; the gray matter of one trying to cure the gray matter of another; for the physician who is treating the brain of his patient is only brain himself; and the materialist who occupies this position must accept this sequence.

With him, thinking is the function of the brain which lessens when the brain becomes diseased and ceases when the brain is dead; and the death of the body with its brain is the end of man. With what heartfelt sincerity can we all exclaim, "May my last end not be like his."

The next class of people who accept this same position in regard to the brain and its function and yet insist that there is a spirit or soul in the physical body which lives after the body dies, are confronted with a sequence of this position which seems irrational if not absurd. If thought is a function of the brain, hence dependent upon the brain and its healthy condition; if impossible to the dead brain; and if the brain is the all-essential part that constitutes the intelligent man, then when the body with its brain is dead, the function of thought ceases, and this inner soul or spirit is incapable of thinking or of expressing any intelligence; and an unthinking, non-intelligent soul or spirit would seem to be a poor candidate for immortality. This undue stress which is laid upon the body, or physical organism with its brain, necessarily robs the soul or spirit of that which would make it outlast the body on the principle of the survival of the fittest. If the thinking power belongs to the physical body, or any part of it, that body or part should survive whatever constitutes the rest of man; for it is the power which rules and is being continually demonstrated as such. If it does belong to the brain and body, this body with its brain and brain power are surely greater than the non-intelligent soul or spirit; and mortality must be the legitimate state or condition for the thinker and immortality the state or condition for the non-thinker, for the soul or spirit is incapable of knowing anything of it; and the state of selfish beatitude which constitutes the orthodox heaven would seem to be a logical impossibility; for how can there be any enjoyment with nothing to be conscious of it; and how can a brainless and consequently non-intelligent soul or spirit be happy in heaven when it must of necessity lack the power to perceive and feel its condition and environment? When it must be incapable of self-consciousness?

Those who hold that the physical body is man but that he has a soul or spirit which survives the death of the body must admit that it is not man that is immortal, but this soul or spirit in him or something which is not man; and from this basis they should answer the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" in the negative; for if the body is man and the body dies, man dies and does not live again; but that indwelling soul or spirit does, it is said. And here is a question to decide: if that soul or spirit lives after the death of the body, does it then begin to live or did it live before that death? Does it live while the body is alive or not till the body ceases to live?

If it does not live till the body dies, it is not immortal, for its life has a beginning at that point; if it has lived all the while the body was living, there is something in man which is not he and which lives independently of him; for if it survives his death or the death of the body it is not dependent upon him for its life; and this position brings an endless series of sequences with it which leave us as much in the dark as ever. It necessitates two kinds of life or living: the life of man and of something not man; and the nature of the two lives, together with their interrelation is a mystery upon mystery.

The position which is the consequence of the Christian Science teachings seems more tenable, and its fruits more satisfactory by far; for they are consistent and harmonious with each other all the way through. One of its declarations is, "whatever is immortal in its nature, does not and can not die"; and surely this is a self-evident truth. If man dies he is mortal and that is the end of him; if he is immortal he can not die; and only the perception of the meaning of the word immortal is needed to show this. It means undying; lasting forever. Then how can that which in its nature is undying, die? How can that which is of itself, imperishable, everlasting, cease to live and come to an end? For those who believe in and maintain immortality, the expression "life after death" is a misnomer. It implies a leaving off and beginning over again; and this is impossible with that which in its nature is immortal; for that means continuous living without a break; an instant's cessation would make mortality, the opposite of immortality. Hence whatever it is that is immortal, it al-

ways has lived and always will live because of its nature; therefore it can not live after dying for it can not die. If it is true that man does die, then he is mortal not immortal, and does not and can not live again unless there is some power which can originate life after death; and if this were man, man would still be mortal, living only to die again for that which has beginning has ending.

Christian Science claims that man is immortal, not a part of him so only. It does not violently disrupt the entity man and giving the thinking power and therefore the capacity for self-consciousness to the mortal part, declare that the other part lives on. It recognizes that an entity can not be so disrupted and divided; that every part or degree in it, is necessary to every other part or degree; and that it is their wholeness together with the wholeness of their capacities which constitutes the entity man and his capacity. It claims that this entity man, is spiritual, not material; is invisible, not visible; that both man and the body of man or that objective reality which is inseparable from its subjective, are eternal or immortal; and it claims also that what we see with our mortal sense and call "man," is not man; that its disappearance from that sense, a disappearance which we call death, does not touch man, the truly living, for one instant; and right here is the fundamental difference between the teachings of Christian Science and other systems both religious and secular. They assume either that the body with its brain is man, or that this body and brain together with an indwelling something which they call soul or spirit, is man; and Christian Science declares that neither is man and that man alone, is immortal, that neither the body nor the soul is immortal, but that the entity which survives what is called the death of the body; but that that survival is not the consequence of its immortal nature for it has none such; that it is as mortal in its nature as that body which is afterwards disposed of; and that this continuity of living or life after death, is not immortal, but is according to a living which must and will come to its own legitimate end or a second death; that proof of man's immortality must be gained from the understanding of the nature of man and only can be so gained; that any or all proof of continued existence beyond the grave, as it is called, is but proof of extended mortality, not immortality; that this body, its mortal nature is perishable and its soul equally so; yet surviving the body as the fittest of the two to survive; and that the death of the body and survival of the soul till its death are all but steps in that process through which man's immortality or his nature, his from before the foundation of the world—is brought to light or brought to consciousness.

The argument of which this is the conclusion begins at First Cause and works down to that which is visible to us by logical deduction; following the opposite of the course taken by those who base their claim to perception of the nature of man, on the assumption that the visible is man, and who endeavor to work back to cause from that premise. Beginning with the axiom there are but one First Cause, and following it with the equally self-evident truth, "The First Cause is the One Creator of all that is," or the One God; we find that that One God or Cause must be expressed; for Cause must have its effect. A Creator necessitates a creative power and a creation; one can not be without the other two; and this trinity is a logical necessity requiring differentiation between the three to preserve the harmony which holds them in unity. Hence if there is a First Cause of all that is—and there can be no dispute on this point—there is an inclusive effect or effect as a whole, from this Cause; and there is also a link between the two which is neither the one nor the other, though inseparable from both.

We understand the "image of God" or man as the inclusive effect of First Cause which is ever held in union with God through that link between them which is neither the one nor the other and yet is inseparable from both; and we see that man as the image or expression of God, the effect of Cause, defining God as Spirit, the one and only, is spiritual in nature and must be so; eternally spiritual only, unchangeably so as the expression of Spirit itself; like unto God but not God; like unto Spirit but not Spirit, only spiritual; and must be the eternally living, spiritual being which his nature makes him if his Cause with which he is inseparably connected as its effect, be eternal.

This unchangeability of man's as the living, thinking, conscious entity incapable of division in the sense of separation, constitutes his immortality as a whole; not in one part of him; and this immortal being none of us have yet seen any more than we have seen his Cause, God; and to see the one is to see the other, for they are in unity. But the misapprehension of this unchangeability is at the root of the absurd and irrational statements many Christian Scientists make about what we see as, and call, man, no less than with those who contend for life after death—for living after dying, and calling that immortality. As an illustration look at a little child; he is what we call a human being, and the tree is not. The child is unchangeably a human being; it can not change into a tree or an animal or anything else, because of its nature; because of what it is, it must remain what it is, a human being; but also because of what it is because of its nature as an unchangeable human being, it will develop the nature of such a being; will bring forth the invisible to the visible; will make

manifest what a human being is, by the development little by little, or by degrees, of the nature, the potentialities of that being; and this development will appear to be change to the sense which can not penetrate to its true nature; which can not see it as the natural and legitimate result of the nature of the being. Change on the surface—like that from childhood to manhood through all the intervening stages—development or evolution in the interior, and back of both, the unchangeable spiritual entity man, is the order of creation which is not yet finished; which ends only with the completion of this development or manifestation. Immortality in the abstract, belongs to man; to this eternal effect of first cause, unchangeable as such. Conscious immortality belongs only to that individual identity which has reached or evolved consciousness of it; and immortality is not synonymous with "life after death." Here is the key of the whole matter; for this living, thinking, conscious, spiritual entity man, the infinite idea of the one infinite mind, has to develop his own nature; has to make the abstract, concrete; has to make the invisible real, the visible actual; has to attain complete perfected self-consciousness; and this process between man as he is by nature, and the development of that nature through which he knows what he is, is represented by what we see as the world and as the man in and of the world, together with the processes in which both are concerned. What we see and call man, is but a form acted upon; for it is incapable of action on its own account; and back of that form is a degree of man's self-consciousness, or a state of consciousness which has its own self or soul; which says "I" and speaks of its self as its possession.

That state of consciousness is mortal, not immortal; or has its own limitations, for a degree of self-consciousness is not full and complete self-consciousness such as man is capable of; for as a being of infinite capacities, his self-consciousness must be unlimited, not limited.

A state of consciousness with its self or soul, both mortal because of their limitations, would ever extended they may be according to a sense of time, may be illustrated by a dream which, of necessity, has its dreamer, and that dreamer, while the dream lasts, is a part of the dream.

He is in it, doing thus and so, going here and there, and his presence and his acts, together with the rest of the dream, are the positive reality to the dreamer of it; yet what is this dream and the actor in it but a state of consciousness with its man who disappears when the state has reached its natural limits; for the man awake is not the dreamer. The man in the dream is as limited as the dream; but the man awake has far greater powers.

What is this man in the dream and where does he come from? Why he is a part of the dream, where he does it come from? It is only the natural result of the capacity belonging to the man awake, to dream. The dreamer and the dream are the accompaniments of the capacity to dream; and the man possessing the capacity is neither the one nor the other. This capacity is the connecting link between the man of the dream, one with it, and the man who is no dreamer, who being broadly awake has no dream. So each state of consciousness which lies between man as he eternally and unchangeably is, and his equally eternal and unchangeable consciousness of what he is, or his perfected self-consciousness, is as a dream which has its dreamer, is a state which has its self; and as the dream and dreamer disappear or come to an end together, so do these states, with the several selves and likewise; and back of them is the individual identity which is eternal or immortal, and which, through these, is finding its self which is equally immortal.

This state of consciousness which we call life in this world, together with its "I" which is but a part of it, and who is dual, or subjective and objective, is but a rung in that ladder of Jacob's, whose end is set upon earth and whose top reaches heaven; or which extends between man as he is abstractly and his perfected consciousness of his nature. Its parallel sides are experience and revelation, and its rungs are but the mortal, the limited which afford foothold for climbing only, which are left behind one by one as this process in which we are all engaged nears completion. They are for time and time is only with them, that which is found at the top is for eternity. This subjective and objective "I" or soul and body, the man of this state of consciousness or rung in the ladder, has his day or time. "There is a time appointed every man to die" the Scripture says; or every self of every state of consciousness is lost in the finding of the real and true one. "But," you may say, "I do not know yet what death is or what it is that dies or what the hereafter is." The hereafter or next world, for every one of us is the subjective plane of the state of consciousness which we call this world, and what we call living now or this objective plane, and the next world or the subjective plane, are one state which is mortal or limited, and which has to be outgrown as a whole, and which being partial before it is complete. We outgrow the objective only to outgrow the subjective afterward, and through this growth, pass to a higher state, and this is the second death.

The primal necessity for entrance into a higher state of consciousness and so progress toward consciousness of immortality or possession of it, is the outgrowing of the subjective plane of this state of consciousness, or growing out of and so going beyond what

A CITY AND A SOUL.

A Story of Chicago.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

CHAPTER VI. LESSONS IN GERMAN.

Justin's ambition was awakening. He felt a sense of unrest and impatience hitherto foreign to his mind. The intellectual atmosphere of Brownville had been narcotizing in its influence upon him. Chicago was acting like a strong stimulant. But he scarcely understood himself enough to know exactly what he needed or wanted. Mr. Vane and Mr. Floyd were now his chief helpers. Mr. Vane although unenergetic, was a very studious and well read man. His small library contained works like Spencer's "Social Statics" and "Data of Ethics," Darwin's "Origin of Species" and "Descent of Man," Huxley's "Lay Sermons," Tyndall's "Fragments of Science," Proctor's "Light Science for Leisure hours," Mill's "Liberty," Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," Buckle's "History of Civilization," Kingsley's "Alton Locke," George Eliot's "Felix Holt," Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and others which had been, for a longer or shorter time, subjects of criticism and controversy.

Justin spent most of his spare time in eagerly devouring the contents of these books, and the conversations he held with Mr. Vane in discussing their teachings were very delightful to his awakening soul, and they were no less so to Mr. Vane, who lived in personal isolation, yet through his books in the companionship of the wise and good.

One evening Floyd having an hour to spare before going to report the proceedings of a minister's conference, called upon the Vanees for a little chat with his friend, and incidentally spoke of his chagrin, when having dropped into some meeting the night before, he found the chief speaker was a German who spoke in his native language.

"If I had time," he said ruefully, "I would let nothing prevent my learning German. I feel the need of it every day in this city where the language is so much spoken. Why don't you learn it, Justin, since you have your evenings to yourself? You really should, for German is so important to getting on in the west."

"That's what my uncle tells me," said Justin, "but how can I? And won't it be too expensive for my small earnings? I wish I could though; then I'd teach you, Ernest, at such odd moments as you have to spare; you'd pick it up three times as quick as I."

Nothing more was said at this time, but a day or two later, Ernest, meeting Justin, asked:

"Were you serious in speaking of your wish to learn German the other night?"

"Why, certainly," was the prompt answer.

"I used, two years ago," said Ernest, "to meet a German fellow on the *Staats Zeitung*. I had not seen him for some time, before to-day, I met him at the Public Library. He tells me that he married lately a German lady who was a teacher in a North Side school. They have opened a private day school and have just started evening classes in German and French for those who are busy during the day. There's his card. I asked his terms—they're quite reasonable. I spoke about you and he said he could make a special reduction to meet your case. There's a new class of beginners just forming to-night, and you had better go up and see him as soon as you leave the office this afternoon."

This advice Justin followed. No—on La Salle avenue, was one of a row in a brick block. Julius Meyer he found a tall good looking blonde of about thirty with a rather melancholy look in the dark blue eyes which shone out through his gold rimmed eyeglasses. He greeted Justin with great ability and the terms were soon satisfactorily arranged. Soon after eight o'clock that evening, Justin with a little extra beating of the heart at finding himself seated in a row of strangers in the role of student, began the study of German under the kindly tutelage of Mrs. Meyer, a pretty, pleasant, pale young woman with large dark eyes. Her husband was busy with a more advanced class at the other side of the parlor, in which the classes met. Justin was too interested as well as too shy to take note during that evening of any of his fellow students; therefore he failed to observe the look of recognition with which a young lady in the advanced class occasionally regarded him during the evening. At the close of the session there was a momentary blockade at the door, caused by several friends stopping for a moment's gossip and greeting; those in the rear were compelled to sweep back a little till the blockaders had passed on. Justin essaying to do this, his feet became entangled in a trailing wrap held over the arm of a lady near him. Both turned to apologize at the same moment; their eyes met, their mouths opened—Justin's remaining so until a smile broke over the lady's piquant face, and instead of apologizing, she remarked in a low tone:

"I hope you found your uncle on Michigan avenue in good health when you arrived there."

Justin offered his hand with delight in his eyes.

"Well now this is a real pleasant surprise," he said. "I didn't suppose I should ever meet you again, and I really wanted to for I don't think I ever thanked you for your kindness to me that day. I understand now just how kind it was in you. You must this

woman; much of it being instigated by envy and jealousy of Pericles and of the growing influence of both.

A Strange Dream.

A lady correspondent of the New York *Evening World* relates a dream, strangely fulfilled, in which she had a vision of a scene that was absolutely real. She writes:

In 1862 I lived in the Shenandoah Valley, and was betrothed to a man in the southern army. On the 2nd of July I expected him home, but owing to the irregularity of our modes of travel, I did not know at what time he would arrive. I waited until 12 o'clock, and as he did not come I extinguished the light and threw myself upon a lounge. I fell asleep, but awoke with a start, and found the room dimly lighted and the lieutenant standing beside me, looking ghastly pale and his uniform stained with blood.

I jumped up and exclaimed: "Oh, Tom what is the matter?"

He answered: "I am dead. Go tell my mother and hurry to the field. I was mortally wounded, and knew you would grieve less if you could find my body. So I crawled up on the hill, under a pine tree, to die."

Then all was dark. His mother and I went to the battlefield and under an old pine tree we found him dead, his uniform stained with blood, just as I had seen it the night before.

Woman's Department.

The Mother's Wish.

"I wish I had an eagle's sight!"
Said Johnnie, with a radiant look,
As all sat round the even log fire.
Each occupied with work or play,
Then on far off tower I'd stand
And view the wonders on each hand."

"But you've no ship to cross the sea!"
Cried little May in quick reply.
"And if you had—how soon you'd see!"
"I'd take the eagle's wings and fly—
Then on and on o'er hill and plain,
Right round the world and home again."

"Fish! Eyes and wings!" sneered sturdy Dan—
"I'd choose, if I a chance could make,
A lion's strength." "And I," said Nan,
"The lion's breath and beauty take."
Then sweet-toothed Nell piped: "For my part
Give me, from best, the honey art."

Wishing him with, we all were gay,
Mother sat sewing, weary-faced;
Small time had she for books or play
So many stitches must be placed.
Old nurse stretched, lazy and fat,
Close at her feet upon the mat.

"Mother," called Dan: "This year turn now!
What would you take had you the chance?"
She pushed her glasses off her brow
And gave us all a kind glance—
"Well, if I could, 'twas no crime,
I'd take, she said, the cat's spare time."

—Boston Transcript.

Miss Fannie LeBaron, a journalist and educator of wide experience and fine ability, now connected with *Every Saturday*, at Chicago, has been elected school director of that thriving city. Miss LeBaron to her new position progressive ideas, thorough acquaintance with the best methods of conducting schools.

Mrs. Clara Parker Woolley, author of *Rachel's Story* and *The Girl Graduate*, is now occupying the arduous and responsible position of associate editor of our bright contemporary, *Unity*. Mrs. Woolley was President of the Chicago Women's Club for two years, and is a woman of whom the Chicagoans are justly proud. She has fine literary taste and is a ready writer. We congratulate *Unity* on this strong reinforcement.

The *Woman's Tribune* says: These men who talk about its unsexing women to vote, never seem to mind making it as difficult as possible for them to earn an honest living. A line of law, some one has said, protecting the rights of woman, is worth all the chivalry this side of the Middle Ages.

One of the statements made at the Convention of the Working Girls' Societies in New York, which came from the Philadelphia New Century Guild, was to the effect that "a girl's class in stained glass" had been stopped by the Glass Workers' Union. That is an extraordinary statement; it indicates a bit of tyranny almost inconceivable. We can hardly imagine, says the *Christian Union*, how it could be done except by terrorizing the teacher who may have been a member of the Glass Workers' Union. A Union which attempts to prevent children from learning trades, which fights against its own sons and daughters, is cowardly, and ally as well. The hope of the country rests in the education of its youth into intelligent bread-winning activities.

The *Inter Ocean*, after referring to the growth and success of the Women's Club, says: To be suddenly convinced that clubs may be organized for a higher purpose than opening wine, smoking cigars, or retelling jokes over the card table was a shock to the complacency with which the lord of creation had been wont to declare that women know nothing about club life. It is moreover, rather depressing of animal spirit to have that which we have patronized rise imperiously into command, and that is what woman as an intellectual creature is doing. She has laid hold upon ideas and theories with decision and has demonstrated an ability that seems to be as much at home with the metaphysics of Kant as with the pattern of a new bodice. She has found forth to regulate things, and is doing so with an energy that makes it very doubtful whether she will leave a great deal for man to do. She has instituted reforms that are civic as well as many that are moral and social. She has marched boldly into the professions, and has stamped her impress upon the law, medicine, and journalism as she long ago set her seal on art and literature. In ten years woman's clubs have done more for the actual good of society than all the man clubs of the past fifty years have done. They have made the men ashamed, and a large per cent of the stag-clubs have added to their eating and drinking and smoking, the giving of lectures, the having of debates, and the culture of literary taste and interest. The thing laughed at has become at last the model.

Judge Dexter C. Bloomer and his wife, Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, celebrated their golden wedding in Council Bluffs, Iowa, April 15. It was also the thirty-fifth anniversary of their arrival in their new home in that city. Among the many letters that the golden wedding brought Mrs. Bloomer is one from Miss Susan B. Anthony, which is earnest and characteristic:

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 9. MY DEAR FRIENDS, MR. AND MRS. BLOOMER—And is your golden wedding to be here on April 15,

1890? That seems quite as impossible as that I should have rounded out my allotted three score and ten years on Feb. 15, 1890—just two months before! Well, your lives have run side by side for a whole half-century, and thus, too, when the wife has been one of the public advocates of the equality of rights, civil and political, for women, and I hardly believe another twain made one, where the wife belonged to the school of anti-equal rights for women, have lived more happily, more truly one! Your celebration of your fiftieth wedding day is one of the strongest proofs of the falseness of the charge brought against our movement for the enfranchisement of women—viz., that conditions of equality of political rights for the wife will cause inharmonious and disruption of the marriage bond. To the contrary, such conditions of perfect equality are the best helps to make for peace and harmony and elevation in all true and noble directions. Hence, I rejoice with you on your having reached the golden day of your marriage union, not only for your own sakes, but for our cause's sake as well. I wish I could be present in your happy home on that day, but the marriage of my younger sister's son on April 17 takes me to Cleveland to witness the starting out of two dear young people on the way you have traveled so far and so well. So, with gratitude for the good work done in your first fifty years of married life, and wishing for you many more equally happy, and hoping that both you and I and Mrs. Stanton and others of the pioneers of our great movement may live to see not only Wyoming fully in the union, but South Dakota and many other States redeemed from the curse of sex aristocracy—hoping and believing, I am, very sincerely yours,

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who is abroad, also sent an interesting greeting, and it is remarkable that the three women who were intimately associated in the first woman's rights movement should, after nearly two score busy years, be spared to congratulate one another upon attaining the seventies.

BOOK REVIEWS.

(All books noticed, under this head, are for sale at our office, through the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.)

THE BIBLE, WHEN AND WHAT? By Richard B. Westbrook, D. D., LL. B. Third Edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1890. pp. 232. Price, \$1.00.

In this little volume Dr. Westbrook discusses intelligently and in a popular style such subjects as the foundation of the "authorized" version of the New Testament, the custody and origin of the scriptures, miracle, prophecy and martyrdom, as evidences of the supernatural character of the Bible, etc., etc. The author has consulted numerous authorities, drawn facts from many sources, and presented considerable information in a condensed form. The work first appeared eight years ago. It has been carefully revised and gives more fully than it did the conclusions of modern learning, and notes have been added showing that the work has seen reason to modify his views in some respects. The work is much improved and well adapted to serve the purpose for which it was intended.

CRIME: ITS NATURE, CAUSES, TREATMENT AND PREVENTION. By Sanford M. Green, late Judge of the Supreme and Circuit Courts of Michigan, author of "Green's Practice," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company 1889. pp. 346.

Judge Green in this excellent treatise discusses with great ability and fulness of information the nature and causes of crime, its treatment, and prevention. The leading ideas of the work were, he says, enunciated by him more than forty years ago in giving instructions to juries and in sentencing persons convicted of crime, and have been expressed hundreds of times during his long period of service as judge. Among the themes are heredity, accidental prenatal influences, intemperance, ignorance, avarice, cupidity and personal ambition, and the conflict between capital and labor, as causes of crime, the treatment of crime prior to the present century, the treatment of crime and condition of prisons at the present time, the evils of the present system, the proper discipline of criminals, education as a means of preventing crime, the prevention of intemperance and the harmonization of capital and labor.

Judge Green would have indeterminate sentences substituted for definite terms of imprisonment, reformatories provided to take the place of penitentiaries, and the criminal treated for the cure of his disease, the incurable criminal receiving the same care as the incurably insane. The importance of industrial education is emphasized, the dangerous influence of great corporations and trusts is pointed out, and co-operation, especially the plan of dividing the profits over a stated amount, with the workmen, is favored. The work is full of facts and ideas, practical in its treatment of current social and economic problems, philanthropic in spirit, and clear and direct in style.

IDEOLOGY: Mental Anesthesia Self-Induced. Miraculous Cures Self-made, Invention and Evolution in the Human Mind as in the Whole of Things. By Dr. LaRoy Sunderland, Foundation Fellow of the Society of Science, Literature and Art. Boston: J. P. Mendham, 1885. pp. 330.

NUTRITION, INSTINCT, INNERVATION, Sensation, Consciousness, Memory, Thinking, Consecutive Ideas. By Dr. LaRoy Sunderland. Boston: J. P. Mendham, 1887. pp. 187.

Sixty years ago LaRoy Sunderland lectured in the principal cities of the United States, on what is now known under the name of hypnotism, and with subjects selected from the audience, gave exhibitions of hypnotic phenomena as remarkable as any that have been publicly witnessed in later times. The name mesmerism was unsatisfactory to him, and at the suggestion of Prof. George Bush of New York he adopted the term Pathetism to designate the experiments which he performed and his theory in regard to them. He had for years been recognized as an able Christian minister, and as an exceptionally successful revivalist, and for a while he found clergymen and orthodox people ready to encourage his scientific lectures on Pathetism. But as they came to see that his views implied clearly that religious revivals needed no "operation of the Holy Ghost" to account for them, their attitude was changed from encouragement to opposition. In the later years of his life Dr. Sunderland used the word "ideology" to express his theory of "self-induction." He claimed that love, fear, joy, etc., are always self-induced, though these emotions may be suggested to the mind. "I had had an experience," he says, "as a revival minis-

ter for twenty years, in the constant observation of nervous and mental phenomena,—all induced by faith in my dogmatism, or in me as a preacher. Thus by a protracted and varied experience I found these changes in the 'trances,' 'spasms' and 'visions' of my auditors confirmed by the New Testament teachings of Jesus, who admitted that he had no power over those cured by his will, except that power by which he had been invested by 'faith' and confidence of those in whom his miracles had been wrought." "When," Dr. Sunderland says, "I experimented upon my 'converts,' I found that ignoring Christianity and using my own ideas the same phenomena appeared; and never since have I for one moment doubted that the human mind is always controlled by ideas, true or false it is the same."

Faith in a person, faith in a myth, faith in anything, may divert the mind from a sense of pain, entrance it, cause or cure disease, and unduly excited, even produce death. This is the essential thought of Dr. Sunderland's books, but they are full of information in regard to psychical phenomena and emotional excitations, with abundant criticism of theological assumption. Although he was himself a Spiritualist, Dr. Sunderland is extremely severe in his denials to many of the claims made for Spiritualism. For those who have adopted his views and presented them as their own under new names, he has no words pleasant for them to read.

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER'S HAND BOOK. A Manual of Instruction for the amateur Photographer made easy. By Arthur Hope. Chicago: The John Wilkins Company, 1890. pp. 147. Cloth, \$1.25.

Mr. Hope's little volume embodies the result of his practical work and experiment in photography. "The Outfit," "First Exposures," "Chemicals," "Developing the Plate," "The Dark Room," and "Printing on Sensitized Paper," are the titles of a few of the chapters. The process of preparing blue prints is given so clearly that beautiful blue prints can be made by any one the same is true of artistic prints in plain paper. Many formulas are given, and the book is full of information of interest and value to photographers.

Magazines for May not before Mentioned.

The Unitarian Review. (Boston.) Common Sense by John Sullivan Dwight is the initial article for May, and is followed by much good reading.

The Arena. (Boston.) Rev. R. Heber Newton contributes an article upon "The Dogmatism of Science," and Prof. J. R. Buchanan one on "The Cosmic Sphere of Woman." A pleasant sketch, with portrait, of Rev. Phillips Brooks will be read with much interest by many. The Divorce Problem by Rabbi Schneider, and Godin's Social Palace, by Abraham Gronlund add to the strength of this number.

The Century Magazine. (New York.) Some new Washington letters; original portraits of Washington, Archibald Robertson, and his portraits of Washington are three articles which throw light upon this most interesting character. Two Views of Marie Bashkirtseff are given. Chicksen for Use and Beauty is a profusely illustrated article. The Women of the French Salon will revive pleasant memories. Joseph J. Farrow's Autobiography is continued. Other articles upon a variety of subjects complete an excellent number.

The Eclectic. (New York.) Emile de Laveleye's paper on Communism is an analysis of the subject which is agitating the thinking minds of the world. The science of character is discussed by W. L. Courtney, and Mona Caird takes about the morality of marriage. Professor Huxley's timely paper on Capital and Labor, is a gem, and the review of the reading, Sir Rowland Bland's new book, a personal friend of Prince Bismarck, has an interesting study of the great German Statesman.

The Home-Maker. (New York.) As usual there is much in the May number of this monthly to instruct and please.

The Jefferies-Miller Magazine. (New York.) The May issue of this monthly is equal to its predecessors in literary excellence and artistic merit. Its fashion department is full of designs and originality of suggestions unequalled at the present time. Its talks on physical culture sustain the reputation they have already won of being the best papers on this subject ever published. The Philosophy of Drift, by W. D. Howells, is a gem, and contains a promise of the clearest discussion upon social questions which has yet appeared.

Also:
The New Ideal, Boston.
The Esoteric, Boston.
The Unitarian, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Our Little One's and the Nursery, Boston.
The Kindergarten, Chicago.
Christian Science, Chicago.

How to Magnetize by Victor Wilson is an able work published many years ago and reprinted simply because the public demanded it. Price, 25 cents.

The Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation, consisting of the life and work of Dr. Justus Kerner and William Howitt, and an extended account of the Segues of Frey, while under the care and attention of Dr. Kerner. Price, \$2.50, postage 10 cents.

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At his good neighbor, Brown—
"You kissed my wife upon the street—
I ought to knock you down."

"That's where you're wrong," good Brown replied,
"I kissed her; that I've not denied,
But I kissed her on the cheek—"

and I did it because she looked so handsome—the very picture of beauty and health. What is the secret of it?"

"Well," replied Green, "since you ask it, I will tell you; she uses Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I accept your apology. Good night."

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Church Quarrels and the Need of the Hour.

What malign influence is in the air to stir up strife among brethren who should dwell together in harmony and worship in the spirit of their Master!

The cry "Out with him," repeated again and again in German, came from an excited congregation in one of Chicago's churches—the Humboldt Park Church of the Evangelical Association—on a recent Sunday. Angry shouting men and frightened, screaming children surrounded the pulpit. One man grabbed Rev. Gottfried Vetter, the pastor, by the throat, another, a brother minister, jumped from the pulpit and seized Mr. Vetter by the shoulder, while others leaped from their seats and took vigorous hold of him. Children cried, "they are killing our pastor." The friends of the pastor, acting under legal advice, made no attempt to rescue him, and he was hustled out of the church and thrown into the street. Chairs were tipped over, several persons fell over them, and there was a scene, the equal of which for violence and unchurch-like features, is rarely seen in a place of worship. It seems that the majority of the congregation wanted another minister. The trouble grew out of a previous quarrel in the recent Illinois Conference of the Evangelical Association, which divided the conference into two sections, each of which now claims to possess ecclesiastical authority. Charges of assault were preferred by Mr. Vetter against the other pastor and the trustees of the church, and they were tried the other day before a justice. The justice said that he could not enter into the merits of the rival claims to the ministry of the church or as to the position of the assailants as trustees, but the offence was aggravated by the fact that it was committed in a church, and two of the trustees were fined \$100 each, the limit allowed by the statute, and the other defendants were discharged.

The Evangelical Church troubles at Naperville, Ill., on April 27th, culminated in a riot and the Mayor was called on to quell the disturbance. "At the height of the riot," says a special the Chicago Tribune, "the congregation which was assembled above struck up a stentorian German song to the tune of 'Hold the Fort,' which surged out in angry waves of sound upon the peaceful Sabbath air above the din, while the watchers at the windows yelled and hooted to the clamorous crowd below. Word had been sent at the beginning of the trouble to the Chief of Police, who soon arrived on the scene with a posse of police, and after vigorous exercise of their authority partially restored order and demanded admittance to the building. This was again refused. After some parleying the Mayor was finally called upon, who decided the doors must be opened, and the citizens retired to their homes."

"It is like trying a case, in hell, with the devil for judge." These words were uttered by a brother in reference to the trial of Rev.

E. Whitman, pastor of the Joliet First Baptist Church, against whom grave charges were under consideration. The pastor himself presided which was a cause of complaint. The congregation was nearly equally divided, a slight majority being with the pastor. Both sides became excited and the wrangle is described as "the most disgraceful ever witnessed in a house of worship. There were heard shouts of applause on one side and hisses and groans on the other; and to add to the confusion a huge English mastiff barked loudly at intervals. Sisters scowled at sisters, and brothers looked at brothers as if they would like to fight. One sister accused a deacon of malicious falsehood. One brother said the pastor could lie out of a bad situation slicker than any villain in the penitentiary. Then the crowd shouted and howled and hissed, and the big dog barked."

Deacon Patterson said: "Dr. Whitman, this is an old and a leading church; we have always lived in harmony and brotherly love till you came among us. I stood by you till Monday night, when I heard from your own lips that the charges in Charlotetown were sustained. Then I believed it. Now this is an American church, built by American money. You are a foreigner, and have come here with a doubtful record and you ought to resign. If you were a Christian gentleman you would." But the pastor declined to resign and the vote was in favor of sustaining him, ninety-seven to seventy-nine. There were cries, mutterings and withdrawals from the church. Mr. Whitman was charged with associating with a young woman under an assumed name, misappropriation of church funds and untruthfulness. What the end of this unpleasant affair will be remains to be seen, but the probability is that Mr. Whitman's stay in Joliet will not be long, since the latest letter from the church officers in Charlotetown seem to confirm the charges against him.

Only a few days ago the Rev. John E. Fray of the First Congregational Church Rockaway Beach, preached his farewell sermon. In the midst of the sermon, the minister was interrupted by the shrill voice of a woman which rang through the edifice, crying "You are a liar." The startled congregation rose to its feet at once to see whence the words had come, while a beloved deacon was endeavoring to suppress his wife who stood up braced against the front of their pew in the centre of the church. "You have preached nothing but lies since you have been here," the woman again shouted pointing her right hand toward the pastor. Words of approval greeted her remarks, while she sobbed audibly and in a few seconds was led from the church by her husband. The pastor continued his address, but soon such epithets as "You lie!" "It's false!" and "You know it's not true!" were hurled at him and he concluded his sermon.

These are a few of the large number of church and ministerial quarrels which have been reported in the papers the last few days. Rivalries between ministers and resultant sectional strife in their congregations, are the immediate cause of many of these quarrels, while personal considerations rather than theological differences enter into most of them. The commercial and worldly spirit of the times has such a controlling influence in many of the churches that religious considerations are almost lost sight of, and to the spiritual life little thought is given. Churches that exist merely as organizations for formal religious ceremonies, without high spiritual aims and lofty moral ideals, can hardly escape such experiences as are above described; for they are made up to a considerable extent of uncultured people, and in the absence of the religious spirit and purpose are without any definite aim or close bond of union. Never was there greater need than now of an organization that shall stand for spirituality, for high moral ideals, and practical righteousness.

The Roman Catholic Church.

Some weeks ago Dr. R. Heber Newton preached an able sermon on "Roman Catholicism in the United States." It was quite fully reported in the papers and at the time the JOURNAL gave extracts from the reports with editorial comments on some of the statements made.

The sermon has now appeared in *All Soul's Monthly*, and the JOURNAL, with profound respect for Dr. Newton's learning and honesty, cannot but regard some of his statements respecting the Roman Catholic Church as extremely partial to her as an intellectual and moral force in history, and in need of qualifications and consideration of additional facts to make these statements entirely accord with the demands of historic truth.

Says Dr. Newton: "But for the [Roman Catholic] Church the modern world would have been an impossibility.... Through the Dark Ages the Roman Catholic Church cherished what little was left of culture. In her monasteries the lamp of learning was kept burning. Her libraries preserved the classic manuscripts, which, later on, were to quicken a new intellectual era.... In the Middle Ages this Church proved the nursing mother of the new born life of humanity."

In the monasteries were stowed away, it is true, the libraries of Europe, but what benefit did the people derive from the books while they were in those receptacles? Many of the manuscripts were defaced, the original writing scraped off, and fables and falsehoods in regard to the church, substituted for it. The little learning that existed was in the monasteries, for the reason that the Church made intellectual pursuits outside impossible.

"Medieval Catholicism," says Lecky, "sup-

pressed in every way secular studies, while it conferred a monopoly of wealth and honor and power upon the distinguished theologian. Very naturally, therefore, it attracted into the path of theology the genius that would have existed without it, but would, under other circumstances have been displayed in other forms." Again: "Not till the education of Europe passed from the monasteries to the universities, not till Mohammedan science and classical freethought and industrial independence broke the sceptre of the Church did the intellectual revival of Europe begin." The Roman Catholic Church kept the Scriptures and liturgy in a dead language. For this she has been condemned in the strongest terms and justly, by the Protestant world. "Every rational principle of religion," says Hallam, "called for such a change [a translation of the Bible and the liturgy] but it would have been made at the expense of posterity." The Church helped to produce and to perpetuate ignorance—that condition which made the hope of literature depend upon the Latin language in which the works of antiquity existed, covered with the dust of centuries. If these works had been translated into the half-barbarous jargon of those times, the copies in Latin would not have been preserved and such translations as could have been made, would have been mere corruption and perversions of the great authors. But in keeping this literature from the people, the Church was the means of transmitting it to ages able to appreciate its worth." "There is certainly no adequate excuse," says Hallam, "for keeping the people in ignorance, and the gross corruptions of the middle ages are in a great degree assignable to this policy. But learning, and consequently religion, have eventually derived from it the utmost advantage." In this way "the Roman Catholic Church preserved what little there was left of culture." She is entitled to about as much credit for this result, morally, as the slave traders who brought Africans to this country and sold them into slavery, are entitled to the credit of their conversion to Christianity, and of the superiority of large numbers of them over their brethren in the Dark Continent. That the superstition and despotism of the Roman Catholic Church have been necessary in social and political development is true; at least it is not known how the result could have been reached without this superstition and this despotism, frightful as the evils resulting from them have been. Hence it may be said, "But for the Church the modern world would have been an impossibility." It may be declared with just as much certainty that but for human slavery—which was an improvement on the indiscriminating destruction of all captives taken in war or but for communal marriage, polygamy and polyandry—"the modern world would have been an impossibility." Human nature is imperfect and it has had to learn by experience, and its mistakes and errors, as well as its more worthy achievements, have been factors in intellectual and moral development. The Catholic Church has actually produced and perpetuated ignorance, credulity, and spiritual servility and fear—which have made the authority of the priest indispensable to social order. The Roman Church points to its influence as a restraining power, ignoring the fact that it has trained its uneducated masses to fear the priest more than the magistrate, to attach more importance to faith than to moral character, more efficacy to religious observances than to good deeds, and has therefore made a demand for its authority and discipline at the expense of manhood and womanhood. The whole influence of the Roman Catholic Church during the last few centuries, has been obstructive to progress. In France, Italy, Spain—in every country where it is established, it has opposed all efforts for popular government and social reform. Freethinkers everywhere lead the armies of progress, and the Roman Church submits sullenly when she must. When she has the power she exercises it without mercy for the suppression of every forward movement. In this country her influence is hostile to our public schools, hostile to modern thought and hostile to intellectual freedom. Indeed, as Dr. Newton says, "Who does not know, and who that has known can readily forget the tale of Rome's hostility to thought, her persecutions of opinion, her repression of liberty, her raising of barriers to block the way of human progress? Eddy would it be for me to work you up into a fever of righteous indignation against a Church with such a history behind it."

Under the influence of the American Republic it is hoped that this church, like the Protestant churches, will become imbued with the modern spirit, but the impulse must come from without, and not from the ecclesiastical and hierarchical teachings and methods.

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

Tried by the methods of modern criticism many stories once firmly believed to be true beyond reasonable doubt, have been reduced to myths. For instance the story of William Tell's shooting the apple from his son's head and of the saving of the life of Capt. John Smith by Pocahontas are without any historic foundation. And now it is affirmed that Isabella did not sell her jewels in order to obtain money to assist the great Genoese in his expedition of discovery. Doubtless as the mind becomes more scrutinizing the list of exploded beliefs will increase faster even than it has the last half century. But the wonderful truths being discovered in this age will more than make up for whatever is lost to imagination and sentiment by the iconoclastic work of merciless scientific crit-

icism. No fairy tales of the past can surpass, for instance, what is done by means of the phonograph by which words uttered by Gladstone in London were a few days later verbally reproduced in New York. And think of transmitting news in a moment by a cable at the bottom of the ocean extending from continent to continent, virtually annihilating both space and time. Truth is indeed more wonderful than fiction.

Hypnotism.

Prof. Charcot in the *Forum* for April says that persons who are susceptible of hypnotization are "nervous creatures capable of becoming hysterical, if not actually hysterical at the beginning of the experiment. Hypnotism and hysteria are very near of kin and some hysterical disorders—those which assume a cataleptic form for instance—have often been taken for hypnotic catalepsy by inexperienced observers. In the second place, it is to be noted that hypnotism is a genuine neurosis, not a physiological state; that it has its determinism judged in the physical order, particularly by the neuro-muscular super-excitability, which assumes two special aspects, the lethargic and the somnambulic. In the lethargic form I have shown that the muscle or the nerve contracts or produces contracture under the action of a direct pressure, in the somnambulic form cutaneous excitation alone causes the subjacent muscle to contract. Such is the case at least in the state which I call the major hypnotism in contradistinction to another state, the minor hypnotism, wherein, physical signs failing, the only criterion of the sleep is the greater or less suggestibility of the subject—an insufficient criterion and difficult to appreciate in a matter wherein simulation must ever be present to the mind of the observer."

An Ill-Advised Measure.

Mr. Sweeney of Iowa, has introduced a bill in the lower house of Congress which provides for the exclusion of "any pamphlet, magazine, newspaper, story paper, or other paper devoted to the publication or principally made up of criminal news, police reports, or accounts of criminal deeds, lust, or crime." Apparently the bill is directed against publications devoted exclusively to reports of police events, with pictorial illustrations; but as it is worded, it might if it should become a law, be used against any newspaper that gives accounts of crime, with other immoralities which go to make up the record of every day's history throughout the world. Under such a law, any journal publishing a full account of a great trial, might be excluded from the mails. And how easy would it be for those in power to exclude any issue of a party paper during the excitement of a sharp political contest when by the suppression of that issue the party it represented, might be defeated. The country needs no such law. There are already postal laws against the transmission of obscene publications through the mails, under which postmasters have all the authority to exclude indecent prints and pictures that is compatible with reasonable freedom of the press.

Publisher's Announcements.

If everything goes smoothly the JOURNAL in its new dress will be unsurpassed in its typographical appearance and general make up. The new outfit is being out and made to order by one of the largest type-foundries and printers' outfitting establishments in America, and I am promised that it will be ready in time to use in the issue dated May 31st. The expense of the dress and change of form is very large and I confidently expect the JOURNAL'S subscribers and friends will realize this and promptly do their part by settling arrearages, renewing, and securing new subscribers and wider circulation.

A Texas correspondent inquires for club-rates. The JOURNAL has none, the scheme never having proven satisfactory in practice. Some years ago such rates were announced, and it was found that after the first year, as a rule, no effort would be made to again secure another club, but such of the old ones as desired to renew would send in single subscriptions at club-rates, on the strength of having once been club members. The practice was not only unfair to other subscribers but defeated the very object aimed at in establishing reduced rates, viz., the increase of subscriptions and revenue.

I will, however, send five copies of the JOURNAL one year for \$10, provided the addresses, accompanied by the money, are all sent in at one time; the names may be those of old subscribers or new, or part of each, but the conditions must be strictly complied with. Lecturers, mediums and ministers are entitled to the paper hereafter at \$2 per year, if paid strictly in advance.

Any person who through age or sickness is unable to pay for the paper will receive a copy one year free by supplying me with satisfactory proof of their condition.

It should be borne in mind that no two propositions for receiving subscriptions can be combined. For instance, the Dictionary proposal in another column cannot be combined with either of the above proposals for reduced rates.

Subscribers in renewing will please remit direct to me, and not through postmasters or newsdealers.

How many old subscribers and readers will undertake the work of securing new ones be-

fore this month expires? It is hoped every one will lend a hand. If this were done, just think what an impetus it would give the JOURNAL, and how much lasting good would be wrought for the cause of spiritual truth, psychical science, and the general work of benefitting the world.

I will send a specimen copy of the JOURNAL to any and all plainly written addresses which may be furnished. Care should be taken, however, in selecting the names; it should not be done indiscriminately from poll or tax lists, but confined to those personally known to have some interest in or sympathy with the object and aims of the paper, or such as are likely to have interest when their attention is attracted.

Madame Tschebrikova, who addressed the Czar a letter calling his attention to abuses and evils in the empire, is paying a heavy price for her devotion to her country. She has been transported to Penza, in the Caucasus, and placed there under strict police surveillance. She had been conveyed to her destination in a *kibitka*, or cellular carriage, without windows, and under an escort of gendarmes, rapidly driven over bad roads, and with no halts except in the open country, where there was no inn to afford her a few hours' rest; she has been abominably fed, and denied all companionship. The transportation of the high-spirited lady who dared to tell Alexander III. the truth about the condition of his empire seems to have been accomplished under every conceivable condition of hardship.

Rev. Herrick Johnson and other orthodox ministers have denounced the Sunday newspaper on the ground of its sensational and low moral tone, and the publication, selling, buying and reading of it as a desecration of the Sabbath. Rev. Dr. Deems says that the difficulty with the Sunday paper is that it is too good—so good that the people prefer to stay at home and read it rather than go to church. The New York *Herald*, after referring to "a *Herald* representative in private discourse with the Pope, and another one the favored guest of Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe, and all the nations of Europe as well as the millions of America listening to the words of wisdom, advice, warning and criticism as they fall from the lips of these illustrious personages," adds: "Yee, Doctor, we fear we shall have to plead guilty to the charge of keeping half the world from church, but in extenuation we urge that the instruction of our pages far exceeds that afforded by most pulpits."

What narrow-minded and impertinent some of these priests are! While McCanna, at St. Mary's Catholic Church Joliet, Ill., was arraigning the public school the agent of Satan, invented by Freemasons to undermine the church, and as immoral, producing criminals, paupers and lunatics, and declaring that parents might as well send their children to the jails and penitentiaries at once, as education in the public schools ended there, in the same city, at St. John's German Catholic Church Father Bauscheid was denouncing the Sangerbund who are members of his church for accepting an invitation to sing at the public banquet given by the Odd-Fellows. He called out their names and threatened them with excommunication. But priestly threats do not have the terrors they once had, even for Catholics in this country, and it is not surprising that the report of the Joliet affair says: "The Sangerbund and a large number of the Church are greatly put out about it and threaten to withdraw from the church." Threats from the pews in response to threats from the pulpit are a wholesome sign of independence and self-respect in the congregation.

Mr. Edwin D. Mead's addresses on the Roman Catholic Church and the public schools have been put together in a little volume of a hundred pages, which will be published immediately by George H. Ellis, Boston. The collection includes the address given before the Woman Suffrage League in Boston during the controversy over Swinton's history, the address before the Massachusetts Schoolmasters' Club at the close of the Boston conflict, and the address before the National Educational Association at Nashville, last summer, in the debate with Bishop Keane. Their publication together at this time, when the struggle over the Bennett law in Wisconsin has drawn the attention of the country anew to the whole subject, is opportune.

London has never seen so gigantic a turnout as that of English workmen in Hyde Park on labor day. The number that assembled is variously estimated at between 100,000 and 200,000. Bradlaugh, John Burns, Michael Davitt and Mrs. Anne Besant were among the speakers. The temper of the assembly was excellent. Bradlaugh was rapturously cheered at one platform, while at another he was roundly denounced by an orator of Socialism which he opposed.

George Westinghouse, Jr., in a letter to the New York *World* says that neither he nor the electric company which he represents, nor any person connected with it has had anything to do with the habeas corpus proceedings instituted in the Kemmler case or with the passage of the Curtis bill for the abolition of capital punishment. He concludes thus: "If there is any electrical interests, behind these movements it is not the Westinghouse Electric Company, but it is much more liable to be those electrical companies, which, in the hope of injuring the business of a rival, caused electric-lighting dynamos of a particular manufacture to be adopted by the State for execution purposes."

and now find that the agitation which they have instituted and kept alive is reacting against themselves.

On the retirement of Hon. L. V. Moulton from the presidency of the Religio-Philosophical Society of Grand Rapids, Mich.—caused by his pressing professional duties—he was the recipient of a series of highly complimentary resolutions, unanimously adopted by the society. Only that the JOURNAL was long ago obliged to decline the publication of complimentary resolutions it would certainly give place to these. Mr. Moulton has by his resignation the respect and good will of all, even of those who do not agree with all his methods and views.

The Emperor William at the opening of the Reichstag delivered an address in which he urged legislation to reduce the hours of labor for women and children, and to establish courts of arbitration for the settlement of differences between employers and employees. He professes deep interest in the improvement of the working men's condition; at the same time he proposes an increase of the army which means, of course, increase of taxes.

A religious excitement prevails among the Indians in various localities throughout the West. They expect a saviour, a white man it is said, who will protect them from the encroachments of the whites and lead them to happiness and glory. They believe that this Christ is in the mountains, that he wants all the Indians to come to him. That he will put them behind him, and having all the whites before him will roll the world over on them (the whites) and suddenly destroy them. The Indian medicine-men have all taken up the craze, as it makes them popular and restores their waning influence. Confidence in the arrival of the messiah is unbounded and the excitement at times is intense. A curious fact in connection with the superstition is that it appeared simultaneously in several different places, two of them 1,000 miles apart.

We have received from Mr. A. A. Parker of Fitz William, N. H., a copy of his "Recollections of General Lafayette on his visits to the United States in 1824 and 1825." This volume published in 1879, is by an admirer of Lafayette as "one of the most brave, active and faultless men of whom we have any account in ancient or modern history." Mr. Parker became acquainted with the distinguished Frenchman, and learned from his own lips his opinions of men and affairs, with many remarkable incidents in his life. These are given in this work in a very interesting manner. Mr. Parker is now ninety-eight years of age. In a recent letter he wrote, "I have for years been investigating Spiritualism and am fully satisfied that there is much solid truth in it, but also a vast deal of humbug, especially when publicly exhibited for money."

The "deceased wife's sister" bill, that is, the bill for her matrimonial enfranchisement, for allowing her to marry her brother-in-law, if she and he will, comes before Parliament every year—indeed the House of Commons has passed resolutions as many as eighty times since 1841 in favor of such a bill, but it has been invariably defeated in the House of Lords. In the Australian colonies—almost except one—a woman is at liberty to marry her dead sister's husband, but if she visits England with her husband the marriage is immediately annulled, and if they have children, born of the marriage, they at once become illegitimate. The argument urged against the "deceased wife's sister" bill is that it is unscriptural and that if it should become a law, it would encourage intrigue and crime by unscrupulous husbands and unscrupulous sisters-in-law. There is probably no more crime of this sort in the United States in proportion to the population than there is in England, and there seems to be no just reason for the conservatism of the English Lords on this subject.

The Copyright bill has been defeated. The prevailing sentiment of Congress seems to be that foreign authors have no property rights in their books reprinted in this country, and that nothing should be done to stop the shameful literary piracy by American publishers which now disgraces this country in the eyes of the intellectual class here and abroad. In the interests of national honor and honesty, than which nothing ought to be dearer to the American people, Congressmen should be urged by every legitimate method to frame and pass a Copyright bill that shall insure a just policy and put this nation right before the world.

H. H. Brown, Salem, Oregon, writes: "I want to thank you for the courteous and yet sure manner in which you are taking up the economic questions. They are the great and pressing questions of the day and are not to be decided alone by political economy. Religion must have a larger share in solving these problems, and by religion I mean spiritual insight, intuition, love to God and man. And it is highly proper that a paper devoted to Spiritual Philosophy should bring its contribution to the discussion. I rejoice over your number for April 24, though I dissent of course from some of its features."

Rev. W. D. P. Bliss has resigned the pastorate of the Grace Episcopal Church, Boston, and formed a Christian Socialist Church. Among the worshippers at the first service were W. D. Howells, the novelist; Anne Whitney, the sculptor; Robert Treat Paine, the philanthropist; and George E. McNeill, the labor advocate. The Creed states: "Christian Socialists believe in order and not confusion, in unity and not division. We would start

no Christian Socialistic denomination or sect, but a mission as a humble effort in a church that is to bring it back to what seems largely forgotten or ignored truths."

F. H. B. Meadville, Pa., writes: "Prof. H. D. Barrett, formerly of the Theological School, but at present principal of the High School in Spartansburg, this county, was united in marriage, April 17th, to Miss Minnie Howard of Conneaut, Ohio. The nuptials were celebrated in the presence of a few personal friends of the contracting parties, at the home of A. Gaston, Meadville, Pa. After the impressive ceremony, which was performed by Walter Howell, a beautiful repast was served to those in attendance by Mr. and Mrs. Gaston. Many kindly wishes for the prosperity and happiness of this admirable couple will attend them in their new relations." Prof. Barrett and his charming bride, both Spiritualists, have the JOURNAL's cordial congratulations and best wishes.

The *Christian Register* referring to a marked tendency of the times, says: "The practice of marking boundary lines by fences has given place in some suburban communities to the park system, in which neighbors live on adjoining lots without fences between them. A similar hospitality of practice seems to be going on among the different religious denominations. As men are constituted, we cannot expect absolute identity of opinion or taste in matters of doctrine or worship. But, then, these will take care of themselves; they do not need to be preserved by stone walls or iron fences. It is coming to be more and more evident that the most practical basis of Christian fellowship is that which is found in the service of mankind. So it is a delightful and inspiring spectacle to see ministers and laymen of all churches joining together in philanthropic, educational and reformatory work, and without any display of denominational badges or livery."

This recalls a remark made to us several years ago by our old friend, Rev. Luke Hitchcock of the M. E. Church with whom we have been acquainted since boyhood, and whose venerable figure is as well known as that of any man in Illinois. "When I was a young preacher," said Elder Hitchcock, "the minister who built the denominational wall the broadest at the base, and the highest, was considered the best and most useful; but now he who builds it the narrowest and takes care to keep it low is thought to be the better minister and the more efficient worker."

Germania, edited by Theodore B. Thiele, will hereafter be known as the *Criterion Monthly Magazine*, and it will be issued by the Criterion Publishing Company, of Chicago, which is composed of young business men of ability and energy. Articles will be given from the pens of well-known writers, and there will be a "department for amateur journalism," the editor believing that "the gentlemen of the press have not acted fairly by ignoring those who are preparing to become their successors." Mr. Thiele is well qualified for his work, and conducted by him the *Criterion Monthly Magazine* is sure to be very readable and worthy of the success which we trust it will receive.

Says John A. Taylor in the *New Ideal*: "Only within the present decade has the agriculturist laborer of England taken a direct part in the composition of Parliament. But through many pregnant centuries, the man's tone has been heard. It has pushed its way through tumbling dynasties, midst the ruins of baronial castles, and the falling fortunes of kings and emperors, impelled by the irresistible laws of evolution. It has announced, with increasing force and fervor, one inevitable condition of national and individual growth to be the absolute, unqualified equality of individual human rights."

A California impostor advertised asking seditions of aristocratic German families to present themselves for the hands and hearts of numerous mythical American heiresses. A large number of impecunious rascals, young and old, many of them heavily in debt, showed great eagerness to barter their titles for American gold. The impostor who advertised committed suicide, and a large number of the missives that came to his address were returned to the German postal authorities and an inkling of their contents has leaked out.

GENERAL ITEMS.

It is reported that Mr. George Meredith will shortly issue a new novel.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers will publish in May, M. Ernest Renan's new book, "The Future of Science."

The *Women's Cycle* of May 14th will be a convention number, giving a complete and accurate report of the Federation of Women's Clubs held in New York in April.

David Dudley Field says there are six problems before the American people, viz: "Honest government, woman suffrage, the negro race, the rights of labor, the government of cities, and the government of corporations."

Miss Alice B. Tweedy in the *Popular Science Monthly* calls attention to the exceptional record of good health among the children of collegiate women as reported in a record recently made of the family conditions of one hundred and thirty alumnae.

The Equal Suffrage Society of Englewood, Ill., will hold a convention at the Universalist church, May 13th and 14th. Mrs. Zerelda Wallace, Rev. Florence Killock, Rev. Augustus Chapin and others will address the con-

vention. Mrs. Clara D. Stacy will sing and Mrs. Lida Talbot will give recitations. All are cordially invited.

Mr. E. W. Gould, of St. Louis, Mo., author of "Fifty Years on the Mississippi; or Gould's History of River Navigation," in writing to this office says: "I have many friends, who, with myself, are in full sympathy with the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and rejoice in its high moral standpoint and increasing usefulness and popularity."

The leading essay in the JOURNAL this week on "Death and the Hereafter," by Mrs. Ursula N. Gestefeld, discusses a subject of deep interest to all earnest minds from the standpoint of Christian Science. Of this system of thought Mrs. Gestefeld is one of the leading representatives and teachers, and her exposition of its doctrines are entitled to careful perusal and thoughtful consideration.

We have received from Lee & Shepard publishers of Boston an artistic souvenir. "The Camden Mountains on the Coast of Maine." It is profusely illustrated with sixty illustrations nearly all from the pen of Wm. Goodrich Seal. The Maine coast is becoming more and more frequented by summer resorters—but the beauties of this particular spot have been overlooked by tourists. This little souvenir can be obtained for 25 cents.

Mr. Cyrus Fuller, from whom a letter in regard to locating wells with a "divining rod" was recently printed in the JOURNAL, sends additional details of his experience in finding water by means of a hazel twig. He gives an account of being led blindfolded from place to place; and he says that whenever he crossed a vein of water, although he could see nothing, "down went the rod every time" until the parties who experimented with him were satisfied of the truth of his claims.

The *Business Woman's Journal* is a new paper devoted to the interests of women published by the Mary F. Seymour Co., 38 Park Row, N. Y. Price 55 cents a year—10 cents a copy. This number handsomely illustrated with photo engravings of many of the leading women of the country—notably Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony, Lucy Stone, a Bella Beecher Hooker and others. Miss Seymour has made a great success of her stenographic business and undoubtedly will of this new venture. There are to be several departments conducted by leading women.

The enterprising Chicago Sunday *Herald* announces its purpose of sending one of the lady teachers of the Chicago public schools to Europe to spend the long vacation of the coming summer, defraying all the expenses of the trip. Any teacher connected with any public school of this city can be voted for and any person can vote on the following conditions:

Get any copy of the Sunday *Herald*, cut out the ballot you will find there, write on it the name of the teacher and her school and send it by mail, messenger, or any other way, to this [the *Herald*] office.

You can vote for the same teacher as often as you please. Every time you get a ballot you can send in a vote.

The only qualifications for voting is to cut out the ballot in the Sunday *Herald* and fill it out as directed above.

But one teacher can be voted for on each ballot.

Ballots containing the name of more than one teacher will not be counted.

Remember that all lady teachers connected with any public school in the city, as principal, assistant, substitute, director, music teacher, drawing instructor, or in any other way, can be voted for.

See that your friends all get the Sunday *Herald*, and if they do not wish to use the ballot ask them to save it for you.

Remember that every copy of the Sunday *Herald* contains one ballot and that every ballot means another vote.

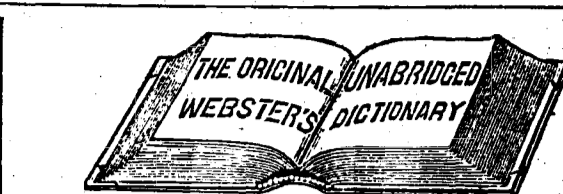
Any questions that may arise will be answered in the *Herald*.

Read these rules carefully before you send in your vote, and then address it: Vote for Popular Teacher, The Sunday *Herald*, Chicago.

The following remarkable story of premonition of disaster is told in connection with the explosion at the Moria colliery in Wales:

Firemen of the pit—men who are always selected for gravity and responsibility—have heard inexplicable noises, "shouting," as they are described in the workings, and these have not been heard by one person alone, but by several, when in company examining the pit. Further, a miner returning to the surface felt himself to be accompanied by some invisible presence, which, although not seen by him, was perceived by the workman on the land on the bank, and hastily made its way to the shed where the injured and dead are now carried. It is alleged that these strange phenomena were described previously to the explosion, and caused several colliers to refuse to descend, in spite of their thus becoming liable to prosecution.

Says Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones in a sermon printed in *Unity*: "Men are looking over their denominational partition walls and their sectarian fences; and if the walls are too high to look over, they are either knocking them down or scaling them; anything to taste the freedom of the outside, anything to grasp the hand of the brother on the other side, anything for the privilege of examining the garden and the garden that is outside of their own garden-patch. So rapid is the advance of this gospel of fraternity that all the old established lines are growing blurred and confused. Nobody to-day knows where Presbyterianism ends and Unitarianism begins. I have done some little target-firing at Calvinism in my day and way, but the Presbyterian ministers have this last winter been saying harder things against the doctrines of John Calvin than I would care to. You have your notions of what orthodoxy should mean, at least of what it has taught, but after you read Lyman Abbott, Phillips Brooks and Cannon Farrar, you rub your eyes and wonder what has become of the old lines. You don't know where you stand; or, what is more likely, you think you know where you stand, but you cannot make out where they stand."



Readers of the JOURNAL who want a copy of the original Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will see by reference to our advertising columns on the eighth page how to obtain one for a little money, or a little work.

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Mrs. A. D. Webster, only daughter of Mrs. Dr. C. L. Scott of Chicago, passed to spirit life from Kansas City, Mo., May 1, 1890, aged 37 years. Mrs. Webster was a medium all her life, and her long illness and sufferings with great patience and fortitude.

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(Continued from First Page.)
Death and the Hereafter.

is now called life after death, or life in the next world, and according to our aspiration will this growth be.

If we are still mortal or carnal in our tendencies and desires, we shall remain on this subjective plane, or be conscious of it only, and so involuntarily seek expression on the objective plane, for "as a man thinketh so is he." If our aspiration—that bird which may fly in the open firmament of heaven—does not carry us away from it, we are in the world just as much after what is called death as before it, for the subjective and the objective are one, two halves of one whole. We are the same to ourselves on the subjective plane as on the objective; but not the same to other people's sense of us. We are then invisible to them because their sense, at its present development, can only see the objective. If it could see us, it would see us as we were on the objective plane, for we are the same to our own consciousness.

"But," the reader may say, "we have not got this body." Ah, but what is this body? It is but the embodiment of self-consciousness; is the objective of that subjective; hence it belongs to the objective plane of this state of consciousness, and the self-consciousness belongs to the subjective plane, so when the first is left, the body is left with it for it claims its own.

But to have no change, interruption or break in the subjective makes you and I just the same to ourselves—to our own sense of ourselves, after death as before; and so we miss nothing, do not miss that body for it was only the objective of what we have, and this subjective is now our objective or the visible to us; while those left behind have nothing when that body, which we do not miss, is left with them, and that is right. As a help to the understanding of this statement, observe one of your own dreams. In it, you are the same to your consciousness of yourself, that you are when you are awake; or, to your own consciousness you have the same body that you have when you are awake. You walk, run, eat, drink, and talk just as you do when you are awake; this is your consciousness of yourself, or you have the same self-consciousness that you do when you are not dreaming.

Your body, as you call it, and what your friends see as you, is doing none of these things. It is lying perfectly still in the bed. According to their sense of you, for they see only the objective, you are doing nothing; according to your sense of yourself, for you see the subjective, you are doing everything. The objective is the only real to them; the subjective is the real to you, for you do not see and know them as they stand by the bed in which is your body. You may be dreaming of them at that very time; and in that sense, to that degree, they are with you; but you with your own self-consciousness and your sense of them, are by no means with them as a part of their sense of you though they can directly touch your body which, to them, is you. The separation between you and them is only the distinctness between the objective and subjective planes of one state of consciousness. As you have the same self-consciousness in your dream that you have when awake, so we, after death, have the same self-consciousness that we did before it, till we have outgrown it.

The universal mistake has been the belief that that which is subjective to this body is the spirit that is immortal; that that which survives the death of the body, as it is called, enters the spirit-world when that takes place. This view is also an accompaniment of the orthodox belief that we go straight to heaven when we die; to a very materialistic heaven where everything which we have not been able to have and hold with our mortal sense here, will be given us; and it is no wonder that those holding that view should want to die as soon as possible; though many of them seem to strive against that consummation as vigorously as those who hold no such view.

Surely, to step at once from poverty, sorrow and pain into endless bliss, is an inducement to die as soon as we can; and for those who believe this it should require far more courage to live than to die; far more fortitude to wait their time than to hasten it. But the science of being teaches us what tradition does not. It shows us that just what we are at death we are after death, that death does not touch our self-consciousness for one instant; that it is uninterrupted by what causes our friends to believe that it is. Though natural sense about us, and that it goes on increasing just as it did before that time. It shows us that whatever views, beliefs, opinions, we hold at that period, we hold after it; for whatever is a part of our self-consciousness does not depend upon our physical body and can not be left with it. Whatever we are now to ourselves, we are then; and the same to all, all beliefs which are contrary to the truth of our being, we have to then outgrow just the same as if we were what other people call living; for we are living just the same; there has been no interruption in our consciousness of living; only in our friends' consciousness of us. The interruption, the break is there, not with us; and we can reach this truth, for we can reach consciousness of that immortality which belongs to man because of what he is, through more and more understanding of what we are—no other way.

That which is true in itself can become the true to us only through our making it our own individually by growing into it; becoming one with it; making this at-one-ment for ourselves.

When we ask that what is called the next world is mortal, not spiritual; that it is only the plane of our self-consciousness; the subjective for which this world is the objective, and that the truly spiritual is far beyond that; when we see that to progress through that subjective plane to worlds or states beyond it is the law of the universe, the law of creation which man is following to his own finishing or finding, we will cease to think of that next plane as the spirit-world; and when our aspiration is stronger than our mortal desire; when we are less selfish and more selfless through development of our spiritual perception and understanding, we will cease to wish that those who have passed from our sense of them were again with us according to the sense. We will rather bid them "God speed" on higher, recognizing that that way is prepared for them; open to them and to us; that we climb if we will through having no desire to turn back; that so only do we reach at last the truly spiritual, the world of spirit in which only do we find our true, our immortal selves; and through at-one-ment with them, stand face to face with the otherwise invisible God. That horror and nightmare hanging over the human race as death, is so only to our mortal sense about it. To spiritual perception, that faculty which sees away beyond the limitations of the natural sense, there is no death; it says truly, "what seems so is transition." It is no more in itself than that change which is going on with us all, the while through development; through added knowl-

edge which is made part of our consciousness through realization. It is no more than the child's passage from childhood to boyhood, from boyhood to manhood; and like that, has in itself, no power to disturb our consciousness. Is the child conscious of the moment when it crosses the line from childhood to boyhood? Does it have to cross it through suffering? Does it not rather pass over it insensibly because it grows into the other state unconsciously? Are not all the states and stages between infancy and manhood so imperceptibly connected, that passage from one to another is painless and is unconscious? And is this not because the self-consciousness is continuous? So with us when we look on that which is called death aright, all fear and belief in the necessity of suffering disappears. We see that the ladder of consciousness has to be climbed, and that to step from one rung to another is but to go higher; and we keep our eye fixed upon the above while we climb; not upon the below; and so we insensibly rise above the lower rung if we aspire above it, and do not allow our feet to cling to it fondly through sensate gratification.

So soon as we can view the body for what it is, we can see that its disposal by others, in no wise affects us; and death is truly swallowed up in victory for us; for our natural sense about death is overcome and swallowed up in the higher understanding of what death is and what we are that plucks out its sting and gives us the victory over the grave because we see that they can touch our self-consciousness which rises or ascends, triumphant over them.

This is the true resurrection and ascension through which only, we sit down at the right hand of the Father, through which only, we attain to the fullness of spiritual self-consciousness and know ourselves.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
The Higher Spiritualism.

The article of Mr. Coleman, "Analysis and Synthesis of Spiritualism," which appeared in the JOURNAL of the 31st of May—is timely, and discusses the question from a new point of view. I desire to supplement his able presentation with a few additional thoughts. We have facts enough to satisfy the most sceptical—facts which are well-clarified by scientific verities—facts as a foundation for the rearing of the structure which Mr. Coleman forebushes—the only structure which can meet the wants of universal man. Based on science it towers amid the heavens of a new religious faith which will satisfy the exacting queries of the scientist and the deeper intuitions of the spiritually cultured in the soul's teachings after a higher life.

In the early days of Spiritualism we had that which the writer fears has been lost sight of; and as a consequence we have a Theosophy which claims to cover all the ground then occupied by Spiritualism. In the spiritual experience of the writer nearly forty years ago, he shared with others in Nashville, Tennessee, the privilege which brought all that theosophy now aspires to teach. Fundamental in our teaching was the fatherhood of God; the brotherhood of man and communion with the spirit in the inner man; which brought, by living the right, and being true to God, our neighbor and ourselves, the illumination which opened the all of truth as the soul expanded into a perception of its destiny. Love was the law of all ascending states. This insured unity, fraternity, fellowship. Truth alone, not doctrine, was the food of the soul and the comfort and solace of the heart. To bring man to a realization of this simple faith, freighted with the glories and splendors of the beyond—was the joy of the new hope which then dawned upon our awakened and swelling spiritualism. This was then called Spiritualism; now it is called Theosophy by some. I see no reason for changing the name if Spiritualists will live the principles which their early faith announced. We are through with phenomenal Spiritualism except for those who require sensational facts for their hope to rest upon. Shall we grow?

It is a source of extreme pleasure to me to find the JOURNAL and its able corps of contributors taking up the lines of our truly heaven-inspired faith, and making practical that which has slumbered so long in our hearts as a memory only. The constructive work done by the JOURNAL during last year, is truly marvellous. I do not believe its editor appreciates that which he has accomplished. He has laid the foundation of a Church which excludes none in this or the other world. The broad pale of this Church takes in the entire humanity. Its basis is love, with a faith as universal as truth itself. With all this, you tell us the JOURNAL is to appear soon in a new dress to adorn the bride, the Divine Virgin Sophia, in her appearance to us next. I feel like old Simon rejoicing that his old age had seen the salvation of the Lord. ***

Parkersburg, W. Va.

An "Astounding Coincidence."

The following is taken from the April number of the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research*:

We have received the following narrative from the Rev. H. Kendall, of Darlington, who informs us that the percipient, Alderman Fowler, of Durham, is much esteemed there, and has been five or six times Mayor. Though the date of the experience is remote, it was so simple and definite that there seems little room for error to creep in.

MANOR HOUSE, DURHAM, 1889.
 I was assistant at a shop in Durham, near my present place of business, when a singular circumstance happened to me, which seemed to imply that the spirit of the departed have, at least at the time of their departure, manifest themselves to survivors. I had a brother whom I familiarly called Mat, who was a sailor, and had gone on a voyage to the Baltic. One Saturday afternoon I was attending to a customer, reckoning up the amount to be paid after seeing the articles, when I happened to look towards the window, and was surprised to see my brother Mat outside. Our eyes met. I smiled and nodded to him, and said, "I'll be with you presently," or something of that sort. I told my master that my brother Mat had come and was standing outside. I was immediately released from my engagement with the customer and told that I might go to my brother and also bring him to sleep with me that night. When I went out into the street, expecting to find my brother Mat waiting for me, he was nowhere to be seen. I spent all the evening seeking for him at places where I supposed he might have called, but without success. I was so disturbed at this that I went off home to Shilby Row next morning to see if they knew aught, but he had not been there, nor had they heard any news of him. But this was the astounding coincidence which I learned afterwards. Mat died in the hospital at the Elsinore about

the time when I saw him standing in the street at Durham.
 JAMES FOWLER.
 [The date was October 21st, 1887.]

Alderman Fowler adds: I have never had any similar experience. The news of death did not reach the family till the return of the vessel from the Elsinore, but the stir caused by my going the next morning to my home, some eight or nine miles distant, to inquire for my brother, believing him to have gone there; my positive assertion of having seen him the day before and surprise at not finding him at home, caused the family to know the date of my vision and of the death to be the same.

The Future Life.

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is over my head; the earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

So soon as the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers; why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilies, the violets and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear the order of the immortal symphonies of the worlds which unite me. It is marvellous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale and it is history.

For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work"; but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn.

I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My work is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.—*Victor Hugo.*

Attitude of the Psychical Research Society.

"M. A. (Oxon)," in a paper printed in *Light*, London, says: "The Society for Psychical Research seems to be drifting into the attitude of the Sadducees, believing neither in angel nor spirit, but only in a sub-conscious self. That is a pity, but can do no particular harm, for angels and spirits will still persist in spite of denial." In a subsequent number of *Light*, Frederic W. H. Myers replies to the above as follows: "As I am the member of the Society for Psychical Research who probably has written most on the sub-conscious self, I may perhaps be allowed to point out that the opinion above attributed to the Society is at variance with my published views. In our *Proceedings*, Part XV., p. 13, note, will be found these words: 'Various converging lines of evidence have led me individually to think it probable that in some at least of the cases here cited there has been a real agency of deceased persons.' The whole of the paper on 'Appearances after Death' which follows—and of my portion of the previous paper on a similar subject in *Proceedings* XIV.—is consistent with the expression of my opinion just cited. I cannot, of course, speak for the Society, which does not commit itself to any collective opinion on the questions into which we inquire, but contains persons of widely differing views. But the fact that an article by Mr. Crookes on 'Séances with D. D. Home' follows my article in *Proceedings* XV., may at least show that I am not alone among our members in my belief that man's sub-conscious mental action is not the only phenomenon which we have to observe."

"If I may be allowed to state what, as I conceive it, is the nearest approach to a collective creed which our Society possesses, it is this:—All the questions into which we inquire are questions of evidence; and we ought to collect our evidence as diligently as possible, to test it as carefully as possible, and to weigh it as candidly as possible. We regret to observe that some Spiritualists deem our canons unduly rigorous, but on the other hand, I regret to observe that some of our scientific critics deem our canons unduly lax. For my part, I can only say that I am, as always, most anxious to receive fresh information (first hand if possible) on any of the subjects with which we deal; and at this moment especially on apparitions after death, or upon written or other messages affording proofs of identity. If I should fail to do full justice to any evidence sent to me, my failure will not be due—I trust—to any prejudice or prepossession, or to want of sympathy with any form of earnest inquiry, or of honest belief."

Stories About Sleep Walkers.

A Cornish miner was found one morning by his fellow workmen when they descended the shaft; he was lying in his night shirt on the ground fast asleep, and was totally ignorant of the way in which he had reached the bottom of the mine. He was nearly a mile from the mouth of the shaft, and the ground that lay between the two was extremely rough. He must have walked over this uneven ground and descended the mine whilst fast asleep. The most peculiar part of this occurrence was that, so far as could be ascertained, the man had never before shown any tendency to walk in his sleep. In his waking moments he would not have dared to attempt the descent of the mine without a light, yet he safely accomplished the dangerous feat in his sleep. A medical man named Pritchard had a patient who was very fond of riding, and who used to frequently rise in the middle of the night, make his way to the stable, saddle his horse, and go out for a long ride, returning to bed without being in the least conscious of his actions. Dr. Macnish, of Edinburgh, tells of an Irishman who swam more than a couple of miles down a river, and was found by the roadside as fast asleep as he had been before he accomplished this extraordinary feat. Dr. Gall mentions a miller who used to set his mill working in his sleep, and successfully superintend the grinding of large quantities of corn. He was astounded to find his work considerably advanced in the morning, and being of a superstitious turn of mind was inclined to put his mysterious assistance down to kind fairies. His friends finally discovered his propensity and enlightened him on the subject. Some nambulists sometimes exhibit marvellous powers of memory, though the ordinary course they have not been at all remarkable for mental attainments of this or any other

kind. For instance, Moritz told of a basket maker who was quite illiterate, and who yet used in his sleep to preach most eloquent sermons, showing great doctrinal knowledge. It was discovered that these discourses were exact reproductions of sermons which he had heard delivered in the church of the parish where he had resided as a child more than forty years before.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

The Dangers of Hypnotism.

At Nuremberg a case of some public interest was tried in the police court, says the *London Lancet*. A commercial traveler while in a restaurant told the waitress to look steadily at the white of his eye, and hypnotized her. On a second occasion he repeated the experiment; but this time the sleep was so profound that a medical man had to be called, who had the utmost difficulty in rousing the girl. The commercial traveler was accordingly summoned to appear before the magistrates, and the severe sentence of eight days' imprisonment was passed on him, which will probably be efficient in checking similar performances in that region. In France the practice of hypnotizing people for amusement seems to be very common, and unpleasant consequences are frequently reported. At a supper-party in Paris one of the company hypnotized a girl, and was unable to rouse her. She was consequently taken to the house of a medical man, and after a time she recovered consciousness. The whole party were taken into custody by the police, and were not released until next day. Even when hypnotism has been practiced by competent medical men for remedial purpose, unpleasant accidents and ulterior consequences have again and again occurred; so much so, that an order has been issued by the French government prohibiting surgeons in the army and navy from practicing it. It ought to be distinctly understood, both by the profession and the public, that hypnotism is not devoid of danger at the time, and not infrequently has permanently impaired the moral and emotional control of patients. A medical man is bound, before recommending hypnotism for a patient, to weigh the question as carefully as he would that of the advisability of administering an anaesthetic.—*Science.*

History of the Gallows.

Evidently the strong arm of a tree served as the primitive gallows, and such was in use at a very early period in man's history. In the book of Esther we read that Haman was hanged on the tree that had been prepared for Mordecai. In more recent times, in ancient ballads and accounts of the gallows, references are made to the "fetal tree," the "gallows tree," the "triple tree," "Tyburn tree," etc. A tree was not, however, always found conveniently placed to convert it into a gallows, and thus the introduction of the simple construction, consisting of two upright posts and a transverse beam, the principle of which has not been materially altered from its first introduction, was suggested.

The gallows at times differed in height, which was increased in accordance with the heinousness of the crime of the culprit. These elevated erections were made use of at the executions of the regicides in the seventeenth century, and thus it was that long ladders were required in carrying out the last extremities of the law. When ladders were used the executioner mounted one and the culprit the other. The rope having been adjusted to the cross beam, the executioner would descend and remove his ladder, leaving the condemned wretch on the other, engaged in his last appeals for mercy. These prayers were at times exceedingly prolonged after finishing which the miserable wretch was expected to throw himself off the ladder, and thus to some extent become his own executioner.

Courage, however, would often fail at the last moment, and his prayers would be continued for a long time. When it was evident that the culprit was praying against time the executioner would stealthily reach the ladder on which he stood and overthrow it, and the body would consequently then be swinging in the throes and agonies of death. At one period it was customary to carry out the execution of a criminal as near as possible to the spot where the crime for which he suffered was committed.

Truth Ever Ultimate in Good.

Every new truth which has ever been pronounced has, at a time, caused mischief; it has produced discomfort, and often unhappiness, sometimes by disturbing social or religious arrangements, and sometimes merely by the disruption of old and cherished associations of thought. It is only after a certain interval, and when the framework of affairs has adjusted itself to the new truth, that its good effects preponderate; and the preponderance continues to increase until at length, the truth causes nothing but good. But, at the outset, there is always harm. And if the truth is very great as well as very new, the harm is serious. Men are made uneasy; they flinch; they cannot bear the sudden light; a general restlessness supervenes; the face of society is disturbed, or perhaps convulsed; old interests and old beliefs are destroyed before new ones have been established. These symptoms are the precursors of revolution; they have preceded all the great changes through which the world has passed.—*Buckle, in "History of Civilization."*



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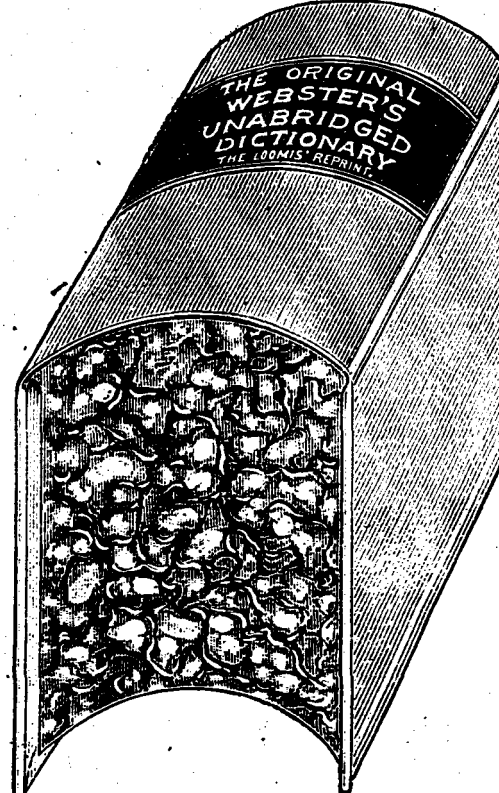
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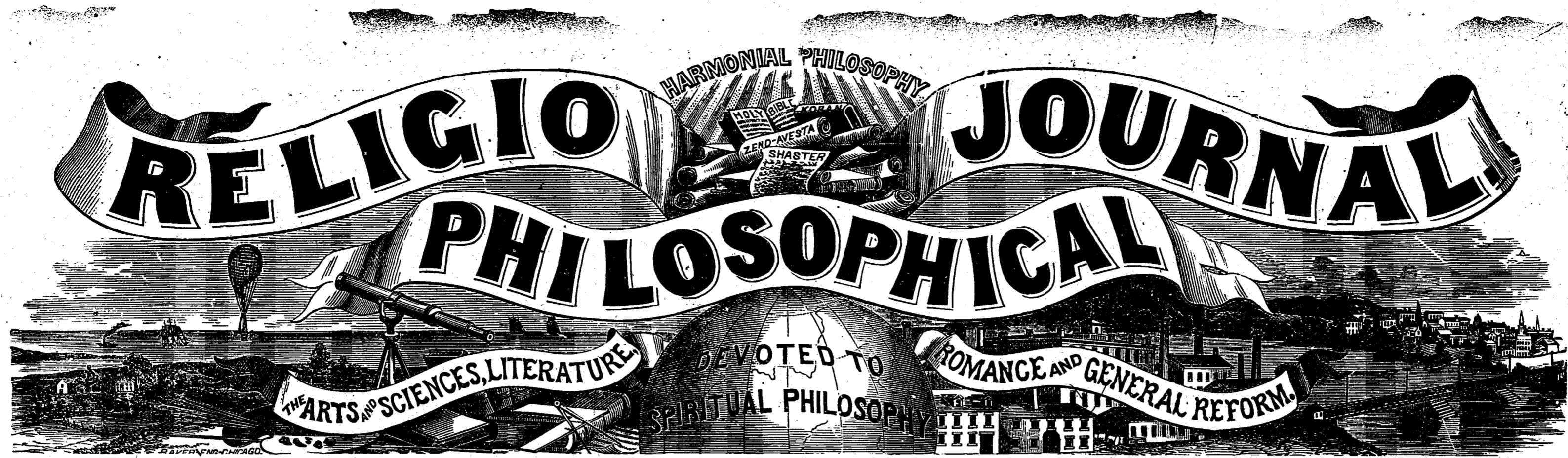
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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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Mesmerism: What it is and What we may do with it.

JAMES COATES, PH. D., F.A.S.

Mesmerism is the generic term used to designate certain peculiar mental and nervous conditions in men and women, which have been and can be artificially induced by certain processes. Anton Mesmer, a physician in Vienna, was the first to induce this peculiar psychic and physiological state in patients who resorted to him. At the period in which he lived, medical men knew much less about the brain structure and nervous system than they do now. The strange effects produced by him have associated similar phenomena with his name; hence the name "mesmerism." Mesmerism has entered upon its scientific age, and whatever accurate observation, patient inquiry, cautious and thoughtful experiment can do to perfect it, will be done.

I believe I know something about the subject. I have studied it for years, and in my time have witnessed and produced many strange things, which have led me to think more reverently of the Infinite and His laws of being, more thoughtfully of man (made a little lower than the angels), whom I find endowed with wondrous gifts and powers. These qualifications are now and then fitfully seen in coma, trance, sleep-walking, second-sight, natural telepathy, and in those artificially induced states (animal magnetism, hypnosis or artificial somnambulism) in which we may note mind transference, thought-reading, clairvoyance, psychometry, together with faith-healing, mind cure, and in other peculiar mental phases which have not as yet been sufficiently observed to be correctly classified.

It has been questioned by many able and thoughtful persons (from the days of Van Helmont to Mesmer and up to the present moment) if there is a subtle force or fluid called Animal Magnetism, which is supposed to be an important agent in these operations or experiments. I think so, and careful and repeated experiments have led me to this conclusion. There is such a force, an influence, an emanation of a psychic or odic character, assuredly exercised and directed in these phenomena. This subtle force bears a similar relation to the transmission of thought as light either to vision, sound waves to hearing, or odorous atoms to olfactory consciousness. We cannot conceive of light, sound, or odor traveling and impinging themselves on the sensuous receptacles of our being without the agency of appropriate media. Neither can we think of health or thought-transference without the means of communication. What we have said about luminiferous ether, sound waves, odiferous atoms have been admitted in physics.

When we speak of brain waves, the vibrations of which are the media along which the pulsations of soul influence soul or mind (near or apart), we do not assert that this must be the case. We, however, accept such a conception for the more intelligible expressions and conveyance of our ideas. Mind cannot act upon mind directly, but only through appropriate channels or media—these may be physical, mental, physical, or psychological. Thought must be propelled from the greater to the less relatively. Thus the earnest, thoughtful, and positive mind influences, and the passive, sensitive mind is affected by the influence. The first formulates and projects thought; the latter instantly reflects that thought and becomes conscious of it. Thus when the Prince Im-

perial died from assega thrusts in Zululand, his mother, in England, felt the intensity of his thoughts at that time, felt the savage lance pierce her own side, and knew, or felt at that moment she was left childless. The intense thought of the dying youth penetrated the passive and receptive brain of his mother at the minute and hour of his death although they were miles apart. This is now a historic fact. It serves to illustrate what I wish to convey. Admitting, then, such a medium for the conveyance of thought in ordinary life, as distinguished from mesmeric processes, it is possible to conceive of such a specific force being employed in the latter. Proceeding from the magnet is an imperious force called magnetism. It is of such a subtle and penetrating character that it can attract, repel, or deflect the needle of a compass through several inches of intervening substance—stone or wood, it matters little. Thus, we say, when a person is attractive he has a magnetic manner, he is a magnetic speaker, or physician. The expression may be wrong, yet they convey a meaning which other language would fail to do. The magnet has its polarity—its positive and negative poles, its attractive and repellant forces. If we find from experiment that the application of the magnet induces certain temporary physiological changes in the cerebral structure of persons called "sensitives," and influences, perverts, or deflects the mind, and that this can be proved, or has been proved by investigators of standing, what shall we say? Again, if it should be proved that identical results have been induced by the human hand, directed in like manner by intelligence, shall we not conclude that there must be something analogous in the force emanating from the hand and the magnet which can induce similar phenomena?

Well, this force, this special influence, has been called "Animal Magnetism." Some writers speak of it as "Organic" and "Human Magnetism."

Reichenbach, an eminent German savant, thought he had detected such an imperious force, which he termed "odyle," or "od" force. This force, although it varied in character, proceeded alike from inorganic and organic substances.

Dr. Liebau recently expressed the opinion, founded on nearly twenty-five years of research, that there is such a special influence exercised by the operator upon the subject or patient, and he terms it "Zoo-Magnetism." More recently, such writers as Mr. Gurney, Mr. Myers, and Professor Barrett, distinguished men of science who have carefully investigated this subject, have shown themselves inclined to accept this view.

In fact, nearly all writers directly or indirectly admit the existence of such a force. I do not say all mesmeric operations are affected by it. We must distinguish between self-induced and otherwise induced conditions, between those in which no influence is transmitted or necessary, and those states in which the transference is a necessity.

Dr. George Wyer, a physician of great repute in these matters, now living in London, says: "I regard mesmerism as the action of mind on mind, as in the 'willing game'; but is there such a thing as mesmeric aura (animal magnetism)? Sensitives, i. e., mesmeric subjects, often say that they see lights of various colors emanating from mesmerists, and also that they discern the same sensations as imparted by the fingers of the operators, as cold, or hot, pleasant or disagreeable, according to the quality of the magnetism of the distinctive operators; and for myself I have often experienced, when mesmerizing, pricking sensations as of something streaming from the tips of my fingers."

"I believe, then, there is a mesmeric aura, but I am still inclined to believe that it is not this aura chiefly which heals diseases; I rather believe that it is the will, the desire, the sympathy, the love which heals, and that the vibrations, so to speak, of the emotions are conveyed to the sensitives by a magnetic current, this magnetized aura being the product of nutrition, as emanating from the life-blood. Hence the sensation of blood depletion, great exhaustion experienced by many mesmerists when they effect cures."

The same learned gentleman, having paid marked attention to all new cases recorded in hospital practice on the continent, and trumpeted abroad under the newly revised name of hypnosis, is forced to confess, however varied the phenomena described in distinctive phraseology: "The experienced mesmerist has not added therefore one new fact to his repertory." And with this I cordially agree.

The question remains: Why are some people so pleasant and attractive, or repellant and repelling at first sight, although they may have been before unknown to us? Are they surrounded by an aura, an "imperious" atmosphere in keeping with their true character? It is quite possible; if not, why not? Animals and plants possess it, why not man?

Captain Burton, F.R.G.S., in a lecture given by him, said: "Who amongst you can not quote cases of men being strongly affected by the presence of some animals? You have all heard of Henry III. and of the Duke of Schomberg, who could not sit in a room where there was a cat. A notable instance of this occurred in my own family—a brave soldier who had fought through many a campaign, yet turned pale and faint in the feline presence. He neither saw, smelt, heard, felt, nor tasted the cat; the fact of it being there was enough."

General Roberts, one of the bravest of living British generals, has in a marked degree

his striking likes and dislikes for individuals and animals, and possesses the same intense dislike—for an uneasiness creeps over him—when a cat is present. He cannot be deceived in the matter. The moment Miss Pussy enters the room, no matter how silently or how slyly, General Frederick Roberts will at once become conscious of her presence.

I may point out in further contention for this specific force, that some men are much more successful than others in operating, experimenting, and in curing disease. We would naturally think that the most talented and highly educated surgeons and physicians would be the most successful. But that is not so. That mesmeric power is aided by knowledge will not be doubted. But its possession and effective use does not depend upon scholastic or academic training. The most successful operator and healer of modern times was, in my opinion, a sea captain—viz., Captain Hudson, of Swansea. He verily made the lame to walk and the blind to see. Mesmerically speaking, he was an embodiment of magnetic force. Humanly speaking, he was a large-hearted, good-natured, sympathetic man, who was always willing and ready to do all the good he could. There was health in his smile and "healing" in his hands. Poor man, had he been living now he would declare a virtue went out of him in every instance where a great cure was performed.

Joseph Ashman, "Psychopathic Healer," to whom, in *Mystic London*, the Rev. Maurice Davis, D.D., so graphically refers, possessed great healing powers. His cures were as remarkable as his culture was defective. He was a veritable well of sympathy, and took a positive delight in curing disease. Such a man could not live long in the intense and enthusiastic exercise of his powers. I knew him. I have always noted that physicians and ministers, and others of his temperament, possess somewhat similar healing powers.

While admitting this, magnetism or aura is the vehicle of the will and purpose of the positive operator on the one hand and the negative subject on the other, it must be remembered there are other factors—superior health, will-power, force of character, natural intelligence, etc., on the part of the operator—certain conditions of sensitiveness, natural or artificial receptivity, faith and possibly inferiority on the part of the subject—secondary conditions by no means to be overlooked or despised. The would-be operator having convinced himself of the reality of the odic or mesmeric aura and its possible direction by the will, and also that both it and the will can be developed by exercise, he should proceed to the task of self-culture in these particulars. In doing so he will contribute to his own well-being in more senses than one, and will start upon his investigations at the right end—the beginning itself.

Mesmerism is a dangerous force to work with, especially where experiments have been entered upon in a thoughtless spirit of inquisitiveness. Both operators and subjects have been seriously deteriorated in manhood and in soul, and evils have been wrought out of which sad life-stories could be written stranger than fiction.

Let the experimenter proceed with all due caution, armed with high principles, pure and honest motives, full of sympathy and anxiety to alleviate suffering and cure disease as the one something worthy of attempt; and secondly, as an aid to investigate mind, and thus find in mesmeric conditions the key to Psyche, or the gateway to the soul and things spiritual.

In conclusion, let none proceed to investigate the subject, let less they can give time, patience, and thoughtfulness to the research, and possess above all a thorough and conscious control over their own passions, tempers, and impulses. For why should they who have no mastery over themselves—this is a serious matter—undertake to impress their influence and direct others?

Apparitions: Objective or Subjective?

Mr. F. B. Doveton in the April number of the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research* expresses the conviction "that all bona fide apparitions of the dead are disembodied souls... that they occupy space and move from spot to spot... can touch us sometimes... can displace furniture and produce real noises," etc. In the same number of that publication, its editor, Mr. F. W. H. Myers presents his views in an article the most of which is given below. It shows the skeptical spirit and cautious manner in which the investigations of the Society are being conducted, and with which the different theories respecting apparitions are being discussed. As such, at least, it will be of interest to the readers of the JOURNAL.

Now, let me point out that veridical dreams are a frequent form of "bona fide" apparition. A man asleep, or between sleeping and waking, sees the form (say) of a friend dripping with water, and learns afterwards that that friend was drowned at or about the time of the vision.

It is clear that Mr. Doveton does not insist on distinctions between what we have classed as Phantasms of the living or of the dead; and obviously in such a discussion the whole range of phantasmal appearances must be taken together.

Well, then, is the dream-figure a disembodied soul? Does it occupy space? Can it displace furniture? And if, as sometimes happens, it persists for a short time into waking moments, does it thereby acquire substantiality?

Or take an apparition of a man undoubtedly living, say General Barter's vision of Lieutenant B. held on to his pony by two syces. Were the pony and the syces disembodied souls? And if so, how did the disembodied soul of Lieutenant B. secure their attendance?

The familiar objection as to the ghosts of clothes—powerless as against a theory which regards the ghost as a plastic fatal to the view that the ghost is necessarily "atomic" and "material to spirit sense." Is the matter of his ghostly clothes extracted (as some advocates of the objective reality of ghosts suggest) from his real clothes? And if so, what happens to him when his real clothes have perished on the dust-heap? Has the Cavalier ghost kept his best ruffies and jackboots safe somewhere in Limbo? Or turn to a case where we can trace the actual facts more closely, when M. S. H. B., lying asleep in bed, appeared phantasmally in evening dress to the Miss V's, did his disembodied soul extract the necessary rudiments of attire from the white tie and tail-coat reposing in his wardrobe?

If now we try to look at the questions involved a little more closely, we shall find it no easy matter to place our phantasms under even the widest and most general of recognized categories. Our standard classes of real or supposed entities have been framed under the influence of preconceptions which this new evidence deeply disturbs.

Let us take the distinction between "objective" and "subjective," as defined (for instance) by Sir William Hamilton. "Objective," he says, "means that which belongs to or proceeds from the object known, and not from the subject-knowing; what exists in nature, in contrast to what exists merely in the thought of the individual."

Now take a case where Miss X. sees in a reflecting surface a picture representing Mrs. N. in a bath chair. Miss X. considers it very improbable that Mrs. N. should have employed that vehicle; but it turns out that at or shortly before the time of the vision Mrs. N. was in fact in a bath-chair. This is an actual instance of a kind of telepathic or clairvoyant vision of which we have printed a good many examples. Now, are we to call this crystal picture an objective or a subjective thing?

Let us start from the case of ordinary vision. The thing directly recognized is an impression on the retina, and the object perceived is an interpretation of sense-indications. The image does not "exist in nature" except on the retina of the observer. Now consider the perception of an image in a mirror; here again there is no real object where the image is seen, only rays of light reflected on the retina in the same way as in direct vision. Now turn to the hallucinatory image; say the image of an imaginary dog, whose presence is suggested by the hypnotist. Does this image correspond to any physical effect upon the retina? We cannot answer this question decisively; but at any rate it is not due to rays of light reflected from any external object similar to the image.

Now let us take a crystal picture, representing (as some of Miss X's have seemed to represent) an actual scene going on elsewhere at the time. Is there here any impression on the retina? If so, how was it produced there? Has the fact any optical cause, or is it the pure effect of self-suggestion? On the one hand, though some of these crystal-vision have been apparently magnified by the impression of a lens, their appearance in the crystal is not deducible from optical laws. On the other hand, where they are veridical they cannot be called merely subjective. The agency which has caused their presence is unknown; but if that agency should some day become familiar, we may come to consider the image produced by crystal vision as on the same level of objectivity with an ordinary visual image. It may be objective without being optical.

It may be said that the crystal-vision is unshared, and therefore subjective. But we do not know for certain that it is always unshared. And there are plenty of sensory impressions which are unshared in the sense that only one species of animals can receive them. If we had only one bloodhound his impressions of scent would be unshared, but they would be objective nevertheless. A captive female moth will be perceptible to males of her own species for an indefinite distance, but to no other organisms. And whether crystal-visions be ever common to two persons or no, we have, at any rate, cases of phantasms which several persons together see or hear. A sight or sound of this kind is difficult to classify as either subjective or objective in the common sense of those terms. The ordinary contrast between subjective and objective, in short, fails when we are dealing with a communication of knowledge without the agency of the recognized organs of sense. That is an unknown process which we cannot as yet insert into our old-fashioned predicaments.

We certainly have no right to call the phantasmal figure material simply because it is seen by several persons. This mere fact of collective vision cannot assure us that the figure possesses inertia, or a constant weight or that it extrudes air or anything else, from the place of its apparent presence. The figure, no doubt, sometimes appears to produce effects on the material world which would be taken together.

A CITY AND A SOUL.

A Story of Chicago.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

CHAPTER VII. (CONTINUED.)

When early summer came and the city parks began to give promise of their later loveliness, it pleased Meyer greatly to take long strolls in them on Sunday morning with Justin for a companion; Mr. Vane sometimes joined them, for he had, through his boarder, become interested in the young man. At first Justin's Puritan conscience rebelled against accepting these tempting invitations, but as he could not help acknowledging that his best thought and his higher moral nature were often appealed to during these walks with his inspiring and instructive friend than generally when he attended church, he soon quieted these qualms of conscience.

At that time (1885) the labor troubles all over the country, but especially in Chicago, were culminating toward the later outbreaks. Strikes and rumors of strikes were common subjects of conversation. In the parks on pleasant Sunday mornings could be seen groups of working men talking animatedly, or listening to some ineffectual orator or statesman. To Justin all this was new. The labor question had never been brought home to him as now, when he was compelled to meet daily so many idle men whose brows were black with angry brooding over their enforced idleness, while their families suffered, when they were both able and willing to work; or when the plaints of these men met him in the people's column of the daily papers and were passionately echoed by his friend Meyer.

One day in June they were in Douglas Park together. In an open space secluded by trees and low branched shrubbery from the main park, a young man scarcely older than Justin himself was excitedly haranguing a small crowd of working men.

"Why stand ye here idle, brothers," he cried, "yes, why? That is the question you must ask yourselves. Why are there a million men able and anxious to work, standing idle, whose wives sit at home in tears while their children cry for bread? Everywhere manufacturers are stopping. Political economists tell us there has been overproduction! Yes, there has been overproduction of wealth for the capitalists, of poverty for the toilers, because of long hours and cheap labor, and this has continued so long that capitalists cry out in this way when their profits grow less, and so they stop their work leaving us to starve until they can, by producing scarcity, force prices up again. They grow rich on the life blood of the working men. Look at the fine boulevards of this city lined with the costly mansions of our masters, while our only glimpse of comfort and sweetness is in the low, shabby tenements. Our homes are far from park and boulevard. We are slaves, craven slaves, for we have the power in our hands if we will but use it to make these capitalists tremble!—If we act with one accord—as we must when the hour is near—we can take from these robbers of men what is our own. These aristocratic thieves have possessed themselves under the sanction of what they call law, of our property, the product of our long days of labor. The tears of our wives, the cries of our little ones, call upon us to assert ourselves and to dispossess the robbers of their booty, allowing them to retain only their rightful share of property as men among men. All must belong to all in equal portion. Some of you shake your heads! You fear there may be bloodshed, that lives may be lost in the struggle; but what if there be? There was never yet a victory over wrong gained without bloodshed, and what man of us with red blood in his veins to lose, cares for life without liberty. I do not. Down with all tyrants and hurrah for liberty and anarchy!"

"I don't like such talk as that," said Justin, as they walked slowly away. "It is one-sided, unjust and violent and can lead only to evil."

"How much do you know about this subject, Dorman? What has been your real experience? How thoroughly have you gone into the study; you, when these things they call law and government (twin despots) have only within a year allowed your existence to be recognized, a nonentity for twenty-one years, then in one hour a man? It hurts me, boy, that you seem so unsympathetic with your kind, that the festering sore of civilization can be uncovered before your eyes without causing you to wince or arousing your indignation?"

Justin recognized a note of dissatisfaction in his friend's voice. He hardly understood wherein he had offended, but he was anxious to placate and pacify Meyer, so he replied, and with honesty, "I know nothing about it, Mr. Meyer. I am just showing you how that talk strikes one like me. After all what have you or I to do in the matter? I don't see that we can either help or hinder. Neither of us is burdened with wealth. I get ten dollars a week. My uncle takes in his hundred in fees every week. I am not at all envious of him any more than I suppose he was envious of the men for whom he worked when he was young. I am sure I don't see that it is any of my business or yours to change the order of things."

"Good God, man," cried Meyer, passionately, "why is it not your business? Are you not a man and is the world's business controlled by any but men? Is not this world

man's world? And do you not perceive that these hard conditions are as liable to affect you, or if not you, your descendants, as they are liable to affect any other human being? Who is going to help us out of this middle if every man declares it is none of his business? Whose particular business is it, then?"

Justin's looks expressed the surprise he felt at Meyer's intense earnestness in the matter. Meyer, perceiving this, said in a quieter tone:

"You think I speak too strongly; that is because these subjects are all new to you. In your pleasant country home you saw little poverty, none such as you can find in this crowded city nor have you been brought face to face with the worst misery here, as I often was when a reporter of the city."

Back of all the suicides, thefts, prostitution and murders which I was called upon to take note of, were grinding poverty and unearned for misery. Men and women, good and bad, educated and uneducated, rough and refined, huddled together from lack of means to pay rent. Why hell has nothing equal to it! Dante's purgatory would be heaven to the lives that thousands of human beings are compelled to live in this city. And yet the hearts of the rich are hardened. They are ready to grasp the last cent of the poor if they can only make shift to show that law allows them to do so. Take a walk on such streets as South Clark, Taylor, Fourth or Pacific avenue and view the tumble down houses and filthy basements, and learn the price of the rents the miserable people have to pay for a bare roof to cover them, many of them owned by rich absentees, and by heartless citizens who never visit them in person. If you don't begin to feel when you have seen human beings living as these do, that it is a part of every man's business to find some way of rectifying these wrongs, then you are not the man I take you to be."

They walked on in silence for a while—Justin silent from a sense of humiliation that he had given the misery of his fellow beings so little thought.

"But surely," he said at length, "there must be some way out of the difficulty other than that indicated by the rampant demagogue we just heard. The day has passed for righting wrongs by violence. We are too far advanced in civilization for any real good to be effected save by peaceable measures, by legislation, by—"

"Legislation," scornfully repeated Meyer, "there it is again, always legislation. Why the real trouble is legislation. There never has been any reform which has not consisted in overthrowing laws made by legislation. It is these laws that enslave the people, that force chains for them."

There was a strange exalted look in Meyer's eyes which somehow worried Justin. He attempted to change the conversation with but indifferent success. The two soon parted. Justin went home with his mind directed into new channels of thought.

After that his evening walks were taken in directions different from what they had been. He sought out the unpleasant, dirty, and crowded streets instead of the boulevards and parks. The books he consulted evenings, bore for the most part on social problems; his eyes took on a deeper earnestness, his voice a graver tone. He was beginning to view the world in its larger aspects, in a more serious spirit, to feel his responsibilities as a man. If life looked less rose-colored, there was yet a new sense of joy in living through recognition of being called to take part in the world's work; of the possibilities of being of service to his fellowmen.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN AFTERNOON IN LINCOLN PARK.

But for the new direction his thoughts and studies had taken, Justin might have felt a little lonely during the summer months. His uncle's family had gone early in the season to Oconomowoc, where they owned a cottage. Mr. Fairfield remained in the city most of the time, but joined his family once a week. Laura and Constance were spending vacation in Michigan woods seeking renewed strength, and subjects for the latter's brush. The Meyers were at Milwaukee on a visit to Pauline's relations. Even jolly Mrs. Vane had been away a month; Vane and Justin meanwhile taking their meals at restaurants—an experience that Justin enjoyed for a week, during which he discovered the limitations of a stereotyped bill of fare, and the remaining three weeks under a roof with diminished refreshment for his food. Still the new experience widened his knowledge of men and manners, and of men and women without manners.

Although there was a fiction that "everybody" was away on vacation, Justin did not discover any perceptible lessening of the number of people in the city—in fact it seemed to him from the appearance of the principal streets that "everybody" was in the city; for the outdoor life brought forth the cable cars and horse-drawn carriages every Sunday, and made the parks pictures of animation and color, crowded the lake front with fishermen and spectators, darkened the docks of outgoing steamers, pleasure boats, and yachts with swarming humanity, and the streets which Justin most frequented of late brought human wretchedness into plain view; on the doorsteps and sidewalks where congregated the poor to get a breath of fresh air, and a little relief from heaven's sun light; altered through clouds of smoke; dirty, half-clad children dancing and shouting in childhood's thoughtless defiance of fate; listless-eyed youth, brazen faced women, shriveled old age, unkempt men in rags smoking blackened pipes; senseless, crafty, scowling, bloated, diseased, discouraged, despairing, desperate faces meeting one everywhere—all these were to be seen in greater numbers and variety than at any other season, on their "summer vacation," thronging the sidewalks, filling the windows and doorways, sitting on curbing, boxes, and window ledges, in the streets nearest the hovels and rookeries which they called homes.

Nevertheless when September came, Justin was conscious of a quickening of his own with that of the public pulse, as he perceived the symptoms of an added vigor in business. Vacation was over and "everybody" was returned or returning to his wonted place in life.

One Sunday Justin decided to spend the afternoon in Lincoln Park. Floyd was to have accompanied him but it was learned that there was to be an open air meeting on the Lake Front where A. B. Parsons and August Spies were to speak, and he was directed to make a report of the speeches. The day was a perfect one in every respect, clear, bright and warm, the sunshine all the softer and brighter because it was Sunday, and most of the smoke-belching chimneys of the manufacturing were at rest. A brisk yet balmy breeze from the lake gave a sense of renewed life to the thousands strolling through the beautiful spacious grounds.

In spite of the loveliness of the day, Justin felt a vague sense of discontent and unrest, for which he could not have given any reason. He wandered from one point to another

without feeling his usual interest, whether watching from some picturesque bridge the merry couples and groups enjoying the pleasure of rowing on the mimic lake in the park, or looking at the gambols of the cubs in the bear pits, the antics of the monkeys in their cages or the graceful movements of the swans sailing by.

Soon he sauntered to a shaded rustic bench and took out a copy of the Chicago Sunday Times which he had bought on the way. An editorial article on the labor troubles, which was directly in the line of his recent thought, engaged his attention so deeply that he did not observe two ladies who entering the quiet nook where he was ensconced, were about to pass by when the taller one, giving him a hasty glance, suddenly paused, then turning with a mischievous smile, knocked him lightly on the shoulder with her parasol. Justin looked up, as one in a dream, and beheld Laura and Constance standing before him. So like a dream was it that he did not at first speak—simply stared.

"Thus we three meet again," cried Laura, "oddy enough. Mr. Dorman we were just speaking of you. It must have been your nearness which caused us to think of you."

Justin was awake now. Sincere pleasure at seeing them again shone in his eyes and thrilled in his voice as he arose to greet them.

"I think I must have a guardian angel," he said. "This is the first time I have been here for two months. I made arrangements with a friend to meet him here to-day, but he was called in another direction and I could not come alone, but I haven't enjoyed it in the least. My conscience ordered me to another part of the city, but I see it was all right now. Will you not sit down ladies?"

The girls seated themselves on the bench vacated by Justin. He threw himself upon the grass at their feet.

"Did you know the Meyers have returned," asked Constance? They came back a week ago about the time we returned. Meyer is worrying about him. He seems different somehow, as Laura and I noticed when we called, and since then she has spoken to us about it. She fears he has been overworked."

"Overworked," exclaimed Laura scornfully. "If any one is overworked it is that dear simple Pauline."

"Well Laura you know she cannot help her worshipful lovingness. She does idealize him, too much, it is true," returned Constance, "but 'tis her nature to, remember—but this is a digression. She fears his mind is in a feverish state Mr. Dorman, and she said yesterday that she thought of sending for you to come over to-day to chat with him, for he has taken a real liking for you, and it might have a good effect; but his mind dwells continually on the labor question and suggests if you call that you try to direct his thoughts into other channels."

Justin looked grave. "I don't know then that I ought to go near him if that is the case," he said with a half laugh. "It was Mr. Meyer who awakened me to the fact of my being to some extent my brother's keeper. Life seems to me a much more serious affair of late than it ever did before. To talk of having one's life spent in idleness and blissful selfishness in this hard old world without once questioning myself as to the rights of other men or my own duties! You don't know what a sinner I feel myself to be. And now how can I go to our good friend and 'minister to a mind diseased' moral morphine—optimistic opiate? Indeed I cannot, and Justin sprang to his feet and paced nervously back and forth with an absent look in his troubled eyes.

Constance did not speak but her color came and went fitfully, and she turned upon him a long, questioning, searching look.

Laura broke the silence by saying: "Come let us reason together. It does my soul good, Mr. Dorman, to hear a young man talk like that. Do sit down and tell us all about it. We'll play this is an 'experience' meeting; you know I, too, may have qualms of conscience because of duties left undone. I may be my sister's 'keeper' without knowing it, or knowing it may have selfishly failed to accept the trust confided to me."

She spoke, dropping her usual light tone, very gravely. Constance turned suddenly to her and catching the hand nearest her, pressed it lovingly to her lips, saying: "O Laura—it is I whom the guilty one, not you, you have at last been my faithful keeper and my salvation, while I have been merely a selfish girl, accepting all you have so generously offered, and doing nothing myself for any one. Do give us your experience Mr. Dorman."

Thereupon Justin, glad of such sympathy, told her his experience of the last two months in studying the condition and needs of workingmen and explained schemes for their improvement and his hopes for the future. Into his thought the girls entered heartily and covered him with encouraging questions. Then he accompanied them round the park, and he was surprised at the delight he took in everything.

It was nearly five o'clock when thoroughly tired, the three sat down upon a bench close to the Lake Shore Drive to rest their limbs, and to rest too their eyes, by a sight of the broad expanse of water, before returning home. Carriages filled with the elite of the city, whirled constantly by. One family carriage drew near. Justin recognized it as Ferdinand and Flossie. Flossie's quick eyes had detected Justin at some distance, and she insisted that the carriage must stop as she had something particularly important to say to her cousin, of whom she was very fond. Ferdinand did not object and ordered the coachman to stop. Flossie sprang out and her brother followed. Justin on the whole enjoyed the situation for he knew it would raise him in the estimation of his cousins to be seen in the company of two such lovely women as Constance and Laura, while he was pleased to have Constance see with her own eyes the kind of folks to whom he was related. Flossie ran up to Justin and kissed him with much impressment.

"O, cousin Justin," she exclaimed, "I am so glad to have met you. Do come up and see us soon." Then she whispered loud enough for Constance and Laura standing by to hear: "Are these ladies your friends? Please introduce me. They look nice." There was no way of escaping, even if he had wished, (which certainly he did not) an introduction of his companions to Ferdinand.

Ferdinand, who was first introduced to Constance was looking so intently at the fair and graceful girl that he scarcely caught the second name spoken, but conscious of the introduction to Laura he turned to acknowledge it with a low bow. She stood tall, erect, self-possessed, calm to outward appearance and with smiling, serene eyes, which met his full gaze undauntedly, as she quickly bowed with a little air of conscious superiority characteristic of her. Ferdinand was about to utter some commonplace, suitable to the occasion, when suddenly to Justin's perplexity, he excitedly stepped back a pace or two and looking at her in a dazed way, said: "Why—why it is Laura—Laura Delmarthe!"

—When did you return to Chicago? and where have you been all these years? and why have I not heard from you?"

"One question at a time Mr. Fairfield," said Laura. "I have been in Chicago the last four years. I was in New York with friends, previous to that, fitting myself to become what I now am—a teacher," with an involuntary uplifting of the proud head, "and as I had no reason to believe that any of my former friends remembered me, I being as you may judge, a very busy woman, I have had little time or inclination to resume old acquaintances. Besides I am not at all the same person whom my earlier friends knew. I was a thoughtless girl then, I am a woman now, with my living to earn and my own way to make in the world. Mother is dead you know."

Ferdinand looked at her more quietly now and very earnestly. "I did not know that and am very sorry for it," he said. "There are a thousand things I wish to ask you. Where are you living? You will let me call, surely. I feel now as though in a dream. By the way you have not—or have you—changed your name? You are still Miss Delmarthe?"

"I am still Miss Delmarthe," she said quietly. She took out her card-case and pencil and turning to Constance asked: "What evenings are we disengaged? This young lady Mr. Fairfield is my alter ego; her mother was my friend and my mother's friend, and at her home my mother died. So whoever comes to call on me, calls on Miss Garrow also." She wrote the date Constance suggested and gave him the card.

The onlookers during this short conversation were doing some vigorous thinking. Constance alone was in the secret of the former state of affairs, and she looked on in a perturbation of mind which showed itself in the frowns that knit her brow, in the varying color that came and went as she looked from Laura to him whom she regarded as her friend's recent lover, and in the proud smile which fitted over her lips as she noted Laura's coolness.

Flossie was also in a "state of mind." She wondered what Ferdinand's sudden interest in these two strange ladies meant. She was quite sure one of them must be Justin's lady love, but she couldn't quite determine which, and she was wild with curiosity to know.

Justin stood by with a quiet face, but inwardly he was in a state of bewilderment. Why should Miss Delmarthe have concealed from him the fact of her acquaintance with his handsome cousin? Why should Ferdinand be so excited at meeting Laura? Why should she treat him so much more coolly than she treated even Justin himself? Why did Constance look so cross through it all?

"I hope Mr. and Mrs. Fairfield are well," Laura went on, turning to Flossie as she inquired, "this little morsel the pretty baby I used to be so fond of?"

"O, gracious!" here interposed Flossie, "when did you ever know papa and mamma? and did you know me when I was a baby? Was I pretty then? and do you think me pretty now? I'm Flossie you know—Florence Fredericka—mamma chose our names—all of us, my dear brothers and sisters, and Ferdinand—because they were alterations, no alterations—that's not it either—oh I know, alterations of Fairfield. All our names begin with F, except papa's and mamma's. I guess their folks didn't think of it in time." Laura smiled as the little chatterbox rattled on.

"Yes I did see you often when you were a baby, Flossie," she answered when at last she got an opportunity, and I am sorry to disappoint your vanity; but you are not so lovely now as you were then for you were little more than a year old, and in my eyes the most beautiful little creature in the world. If you had continued like that, you know, somebody must inevitably have stolen you away; so be thankful that you are only moderately good looking now."

Flossie's eyes danced. "I'm glad you told me that," she said, "so I can tell mamma next time she calls me her ugly duckling."

"Come, Flossie, we must go now," said her brother. "Remember," turning to Laura, "I am going to call on you though you don't seem very anxious that I should; so au revoir."

"Oh, but I want to know Miss—Miss—'Delmarthe' interrupted Constance. "Oh is that your name? then I have heard mamma speak of you; wasn't it your father who—"

"Wait, one more question," she persisted. "Do you remember your father's name, and are you his girl? If you are I shan't like you a bit; for I'm going to marry him myself; he's a Fairfield and so am I."

"No, I am not your cousin's 'girl,' I am only a fellow student. We study German together," Laura explained.

Ferdinand looked at his cousin with new interest as he bade him good by. When the carriage was out of sight, Miss Delmarthe turned to Justin and said: "I suppose you are surprised at this meeting. So am I."

"I don't understand," murmured Justin. "I don't know before that you knew my uncle's family. You have never mentioned it, nor have I ever heard them speak of you, though that is not strange since I am seldom there."

Constance came to the breach instantly. "Miss Delmarthe is full of all sorts of shadowy mysteries," she said, attempting to smile, but Justin felt the subdued tremor of her voice. "She chooses to surprise her friends once in a while. I never like to cheat her out of any of these little luxuries, and so I don't inquire about these mysteries; and you must not either, for they are awfully commonplace when discovered."

Laura, although apparently absorbed in thought, looked up as Constance stopped. "Constance," she said with a firm ring in her voice, "I'm going to destroy your pretty fiction. I will tell Mr. Dorman the truth."

"Miss Delmarthe," Justin exclaimed hurriedly, "pray don't tell me anything. It is none of my business. Let us walk on; there is a lovely cluster of flower beds just round that corner," and he turned in that direction.

"No," declared Laura, "we will not go until I have told you just why I have not claimed acquaintance with your uncle's family."

"If you really wish Mr. Dorman to know, Laura," pleaded Constance, "let me tell him some other time."

"No, you romance too much; the truth is, Mr. Dorman, from the time I was twelve until I was seventeen, my family—I was the only child—and the Fairfields were near neighbors and very intimate. My father's sister slightly paused here, "was accounted a very wealthy man and a leader on the Board of Trade; he speculated and lost everything—his own money and that of others. One morning he was found dead. The papers said he committed suicide. I suppose he did. My mother and I left Chicago and took refuge with Miss Garrow's mother in the East, remaining there till my mother's death. She was mamma's cousin. Four years ago I had a good position offered me which I could not well afford to refuse. But you can see now why I have avoided renew-

ing any former acquaintances. I have not told my story before to any one. Constance here knew it of course. I tell it to you now only because I prefer you should hear it from my lips instead of learning it from the Fairfields who will now be sure to ask you about me."

Though she said all this in a dry, tearless manner, with her haughty head more than usually erect, and gazing steadily into Justin's face as she talked, Constance had stolen to her side, thrown her arm around her with her head half-resting on her shoulder, and from this vantage ground watched the expression of Justin's face a little defiantly. Justin listened in some confusion. He tried to speak once or twice, but failed; then as Laura paused, he suddenly turned his back upon her and walked away. Constance's lip began to curl, her brows contracted, her cheeks flushed; in a moment or two he retraced his steps. His eyes were filled with tears, and his voice husky as he half-whispered, "How brave you are! how very brave to tell me this and to rise so grandly above your trouble. I did not know women had such courage. Oh! it is good to know what other people are capable of; it gives one courage and makes life worth living."

Constance looked at him with sympathetic approval, while Laura's voice softened and took on its usual tone of badinage as she asked, "Then you don't mean to throw me out of the list of your friends now that you know my story?"

"Miss Delmarthe, do you suppose there is anything that would tempt me to give up an acquaintance I prize so highly? I don't believe," she exclaimed with sudden fervor, "that you ladies can ever guess what a grand help it is to a young fellow like me to know such good, earnest, thinking women as you are."

"Moderate your transports, young man," said Laura lightly, "or we may be tempted to exhibit to you the darker shades of our character. You should see me in my school, scolding my assistants, or Constance with her drawing class, impatient with stupid brains and clumsy fingers, in order to upset your ideal of us."

That was an afternoon which marked an epoch in Justin's life. In the silence of his room that night he was awed by the possibilities opening to him. Hitherto he had blindly followed whithersoever fate led. He felt now that he must have some definite aim and purpose in life and be the architect of his own destiny. "If I could only be a conscientious lawyer," he thought, "I could help so much. I wonder whether the way will ever be opened to me?"

(To be continued.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
The Spiritual World, Its Existence and Nature.

C. H. A. BIERREGAARD, OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY, N. Y.

When you light a candle, where does the light come from? From the fire, or the candle? Apparently the latter. I ask again: How did the light or fire get into the match? Apparently it was not there till you struck it against some hard substance. When you blow out the candle, where does the light go? Can you answer these questions? And about the fire, where did the flame come from? You will probably answer that primarily it came from God. No doubt, God created it. But from what sphere, or space, if you like, did it come, the moment you called it into existence by striking the match? One ancient tradition tells us that fire first fell from the heavens; another, that it was stolen from heaven, and that it therefore is a curse to us as much as a blessing. Still another tradition, coming from High Asia, from the Himalaya mountains, the original home, as some say, of our ancestors, the Sons of Japheth. It tells us that while some early Aryan rubbed two pieces of wood against one another for the purpose of making a hole in the oak, suddenly a small flame leaked out from the wood. It also tells that that flame was kept alive by continued rubbing and ever afterwards served as a God, who had come to man from the great unknown, and that all fire hailed from it.

Dropping the idea of fire as a God, where did the flame come from, when it first appeared? Was it in the wood, which was lit? Apparently not. If it was, it would have never been seen there. Both you and I have held pieces of dry wood in our hands, yet never discovered that they contained fire. To be sure, we have seen wood burn, when put into a flame, but that is something entirely different. Where did the flame then come from? It seems it came by means of the wood and from a somewhere, mysteriously hidden, yet closely connected with our world—even with the very wood. I ask again: Now let me ask another question. Where do your thoughts come from? You will not dare answer with the materialists, that your brain matter—be it gray or white—produces them. Do you say: God gives me thoughts? Well, what about the evil thoughts of yours? Does God give them too? If you try to answer my question by saying that God created you so, that you could think both good and evil thoughts, you only beg the question. Sure, by God created you so that you could think thoughts—but where do the thoughts come from, which you think? That's the question. You will not evade it by saying that thoughts are really nothing, that they come from nowhere. You know too well, that thoughts are realities and deeds are but thoughts realized. Well then, what about the answer? Don't you think that the answer may be that thoughts, at least their forms, come from that same world whence come the light and the flame, that world where they go to, when extinguished? We think they do, yes, in the spirit, we know they do, for we have seen it. And we know, too, that our thoughts are laid aside in that world, when of no more use; for we use thoughts very much like clothes, and lay them aside, when they no more express our life. This, at least, is the case with the rational people, people who grow mentally and spiritually. Not only are thoughts laid aside, but they, being acts, leave indelible impressions upon the "stuff" of that world, while being used. Real thoughts leave impressions as much as the foot does in the soil. Of this we may speak at another time.

If these questions about the locality, whence come light, flames and thoughts, appear difficult, perhaps some other questions relating to certain activities in nature, will help to clear up the mystery. For the present leaving out of consideration all abnormal cases and freaks of nature, we ask: How comes it that your finger nails, for instance, keep growing in the fashion they do? How is it, that the nails know how to grow out in a gentle curve over the tip of the finger? How is it, that they do not change color or grow straight into the air? When you cut a piece of flesh out of your hand, you notice that nature repairs the loss in harmony with the general plan of your hand. How is that? Evidently nature works with a conscious

purpose and after a plan or pattern that seems to underlie your organism? Whence this plan? Whence this activity? Where strike the roots? Do we get any nearer the solution of our former question?

Don't you think the causes for this may be in that same invisible world spoken of before, invisible, yet so closely interwoven with this present world that it so readily can manifest itself in it, as we have seen? We believe it to be so and many wise men of the past have thought so. They have taught us that there is for the body a "schemata," a fixed form or pattern, after which it is fashioned and after which the material portions collect and arrange themselves so far as external obstacles permit it. This "schemata" or impalpable form is the real body and we say with the old sages that it lives, moves and has its being in that inner world, spoken of before. It is made of "stuff" drawn from it.

Again, you have heard of those, who by accident have lost a limb; now they do retain the feeling of that lost limb exactly as if they had not lost it. In other words, they maimed, have still what seems to them their lost limbs. How this real presence? They say they have their limbs, yet they have them not. They seem to be in two worlds at one time, a material one, and another one, as real as that—no matter what it may be called. This is mysterious, and we might be disposed to doubt the veracity of the speakers, were such cases not fully proved and authenticated. It is mysterious, but no more so, than the coming and going of the light of the candle, spoken of before, which you, as if by magic, call from the unknown, and send back to the unknown.

The cause of this appearance is to be sought in the presence of what we from analogy must call the inner, or spiritual body.

In this connection let me mention an interesting feature of this question. A man may have lost his foot and yet declare that the toes ache. How so? Modern physiology will go round the question by saying that it all lies in the nerves; that the pain is really in a nerve center and not in the terminus of the nerve. But the sufferer, who ought to know, and who imagines he still has his lost limb, declares the pain to be in that limb. However, leaving the invalid and the physiologist to quarrel about pain in nerve centers or in terminal nerves, it seems that here on a purely physiological basis, we have a proof of the possibility of eternal sufferings, as well as, also a proof of the pleasures, the blessed ones may expect; pleasures and suffering of a purely natural order. Thence, there is probably more truth in the reality of joy in heaven and suffering in hell, than most people will admit. Such seems to be the logic of a spiritual body.

We might continue for a long time to raise similar questions and suggest answers, which all prove the reality and presence of the spiritual world. We might introduce the somnambulists, the psychometers, mind-readers and so forth. But enough. No one can deny that nature exists under different conditions, now visible and tangible, now invisible and intangible, and from the illustrations used, it has been seen, how readily she changes from one condition to another without being essentially affected. The one condition we call the outer the other we call the inner, the spiritual world. We presume then that we all agree to the existence of such a world; whatever we may call it.

Let us now say something about the nature of this world. This invisible, yet so present world, is a real world. If the moment we call out to it, when we strike fire, is real, and we say it is, it certainly must be as real in that condition in which it was before we called it; how else could it be real, when called out? Is there any difference in reality of a person in one room, and the reality of that same person called into another room? There is none, and can be none. As little difference can there be between the seen and the unseen light. The apparent difference lies in your eyes and mine; it does not lie in the light. Mark that! It is of the utmost importance in order to understand all these matters. Nature is one throughout, but she takes on different forms according to circumstances, when projected through our eyes and understanding.

That world is the real one. We think so because it contains the germs and seeds of the things of this world. In fact, it is said distinctly that "God made every plant of the field before it was in the earth," viz: before it appeared on earth. Where did He make them and keep them? In that mysterious world, which we are speaking about; whence they come and where they also go, where they die. We may therefore say that that world is the great storehouse for that which is to be and that which has been. That it contains that which has existed, and which cannot bribe that which exists, we can prove, at least, to some extent. Hand to a good psychometer some natural object that has a human history connected with it, say a sword or a piece of marble from a temple or a king's palace; and the psychometer will tell you a part or most of that history that has come to pass before that stone and impressed itself upon it; and when you go to inquire, you will find the statements true. It has been proved to scientific precision. How do we explain it? Very simply. The psychometer enters by means of, let us say, his "gift," that other world, connected with the stone and readily describes what he sees and hears.

Certainly, that world must be real, or this could not be done. Actually real, that world is, for it records not only the indifferent, but the good and the bad too. No crime can go undetected, and no act cannot bribe that which exists. This leads us to think that the probably is more truth in the old tradition of a doomsday book, than many are willing to recognize now.

To describe where that world is, is perhaps more difficult than any of our former tasks. Let us try, however. When you, standing on this continent, strike a match, you get a light. When a hermit on the Himalaya mountains strikes a flint, he also gets a flame and a light. The same happens the same sages at the poles. In other words, any one dwelling in any part of the globe has access to that unseen world which we speak of. Its doors are where ever we are, and where ever nature stretches her realms, that world is too. Nature is every where, that world is every where. But is it in or outside nature? you ask. Please tell us, where are the ins and outs of nature and creation, and we shall answer your question. But in as much as we have recognized the reality of such a world and its presence everywhere, we may perhaps say that that world is neither in, nor out of nature and creation, but is a peculiar condition of nature, a condition which things can assume in virtue of created ability. In other words, that unseen world is not to be located either here nor there. It does not exist in one part of our world and not also in another. Neither does it exist in isolation in any region of space between this and any other planet. The presumption is, that it exists interwoven with the substances of every other planet as it does with our own.

and it is also presumptive that it exists in the same way in all interplanetary space. The truth is, probably, that that world is only another condition of this, or, if you like it, that this world is only another condition of that. A process of transmutation brings things from one world to the other.

But what do we understand now by transmutation? It is this. Think of water, steam, snow, and ice. These are four different conditions of one and the same substance, as you know. Exactly as these four may transmute into one another so may all other substances, in creation, and according to their state, they exist either in the one world or the other, either in this material or in your spiritual world.

The existence of the spiritual world, its nature and laws ought to be a grave subject for everybody. The question of spiritual bodies and the condition of immortality will be much clearer to our comprehension, when we know something about that world.

Woman's Department.

Recompense.

Straight through my heart this fact to-day
By Truth's own hand is driven:
God never takes one thing away
But something else is given.

I did not know in earlier years
This law of love and tears:
But without hope, through bitter tears,
I mourned in sorrow's blindness.

And ever following each regret
For some departed treasure,
My sad, repining heart was met
With unexpected pleasure.

I thought—'it only happened so—'
But time this truth has taught me:
No least thing from my life can go,
But something else is brought me.

It is the law, complete, sublime,
And now, with faith unshaken,
In patience I but bide my time,
When any joy is taken.

No matter in the crushing blow
May for the moment down me;
Still back it will come Love, I know:
With some new gift to crown me.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Mrs. Harriette R. Shattuck has organized a class in parliamentary law, which meets every Thursday at 3 P. M., at Ballou Hall, in Boston. Members are practiced in presiding, and in all affairs of a business meeting.

Ella C. Taylor, in *Star Clipper*: When a man starts out in life, he masters one trade or profession, and makes his living practicing it. He becomes a lawyer, doctor, carpenter, mechanic, or printer, and his work is confined to that branch of labor. When a woman marries a man and becomes "queen of his household," she assumes the position of a veritable "jack-of-all-trades." She becomes a landlady, masters fine ironing, conducts palatable dishes, sweeps and dusts, runs a dairy, and raises chickens for the spring market. Occasionally she tries painting, paper-hanging, and artistic house decoration. Very often she introduces carpentry by repairing the back sidewalk and hanging the front gate. She is a dressmaker and milliner combined. She also does a good deal of mending in odd moments. In the summer time she runs a small establishment for the canning of small fruits and vegetables. At all times she acts the part of nursery maid and family doctor. Often she tries book-binding by helping the head of the family with his accounts, and occasionally acts the part of errand boy for him. She has even been known to put up stoves without losing her temper—an accomplishment unobtainable by men. In the evening she acts as assistant teacher for the village school by helping the children with their lessons for the next day. When at last she finds time for a few moments' rest before retiring for the night, her husband heaves a martyr-like sigh and wishes he was a woman, with nothing to do but to sit around all day and mind the baby. This is her reward.

A recent opinion rendered by the Virginia Court of Appeals shows that the law recognizes a graded valuation of wives. The complainant had sued for damages for the loss of his wife, who had been accidentally killed through the negligence of the defendants. On the trial evidence tending to show that the deceased had been a superior wife was offered, and, presumably influenced by this, the jury gave the complainant a verdict for six thousand dollars. The defendants objected to proof as to the character of the wife, and carried the issue to the highest court of the State. That tribunal holds that such evidence was perfectly proper as a means of estimating the damage suffered by the husband. "If the character and conduct of the wife," says the Court, "be such that her death will cause but little sorrow, suffering and mental anguish to the husband, then the fair and just proportion of the damages to be awarded by the jury will be measured accordingly." But on the contrary, the Court adds: "If the wife be loving, tender and dutiful to her husband; thrifty, industrious, economical and prudent—as the evidence in this case proved Mrs. McConnell to be—then her price is far above rubies, and the loss of such a wife, of such a helpmeet, of such influence, of such a blessed and potent ministry and companionship, is a proper element of damages to be considered by the jury in fixing the solatium to be awarded to the husband for tearing her from his heart and home."

From the *Woman's Tribune*: Protestant churches are making a great mistake in asking for any government aid or immunities on the plea that Catholics receive favors or on any plea at all. Rather should they unite to demand that no denomination shall receive any recognition or relief. Mrs. Lathrop at the late National Conference in Washington of those who seek to engraft religious principles on civil government, is reported to have upbraided the Protestant church for allowing Catholics to exceed them in demanding recognition in politics. In a competition for favors the Catholics have the advantage of being able to make a united demand, and to mass their forces. The individual freedom of conscience, the open organization, and the diversity of sects, among Protestants indicate that their true policy is to insist that the government shall neither repress nor foster. The pushing of either Catholics or Protestants for political recognition is dangerous and subversive not only of republican ideas but of the principles of the founder of Christianity. If Protestants would hold their own they should unite in demanding that all church property should be taxed the same as that of any other corporation, and that no sectarian school or institution should receive government aid or patronage.

A New York correspondent says that he saw a woman in the reporters stand reporting a

horse race, and the report she wrote, he says, was good work and suggested anew how much women are now doing that only a short time ago was done by men alone. This young woman had an article of five columns length in a conspicuous New York newspaper on Sunday with reference to the horses that ran in the Suburban and the jockeys that rode them. The same newspaper devoted nearly half its space that day to special articles written by women. When a woman has the gift of writing combined with the gift of newspaper sense, and by that I mean the judgment that tells her what to write and what to omit, she is quite as valuable to a big newspaper as a man, for she brings to the newspaper a freshness of observation and an originality that are refreshing. She can obtain a certain line of information, too, that man secures with great difficulty. All the big newspapers now employ several women, because their work is of real value, but sending a woman to a horse race is absolutely a new departure.

The admission of Wyoming as a state under a constitution embodying the broadest views on woman suffrage has aroused a good deal of interest among the active Chicago women, and they intend to make a strong effort at the next constitutional convention to insert in the Illinois constitution the essential provisions of the Wyoming bill, allowing women to vote for all offices and to hold any office within the gift of the people. A prominent suffragist of Chicago says: "The methods of politicians are forcing women to pronounce in favor of suffrage for the sex. I know hundreds of women, formerly passive on the question, who have been converted to the suffrage idea because of the meagre employment by politicians. Also we have a great deal of work to do in relief and charities, and we feel that we may be able to do it more efficiently if we have the franchise." During the address a remark of significance was made: "A knowledge of political geography by women is necessary in order that they may do relief and charitable work without friction of overlapping. There are 600 societies of ladies in Chicago interested in various charities and reforms, and we hold that whatever line of public service is undertaken should be in accordance with political geography and not in conformity with church association, in order that confusion may be prevented."

Miss Gabrielle Greeley, the last representative of the Greeley family in Chappagna, has the undivided admiration of every Chappagnan. Her figure is somewhat above medium height and well developed. She has soft brown hazel eyes, a radiant oval face, and a voice of great sweetness. She passes most of her days in walking, reading, looking after her farm, and in doing what she can to make life happier for the working people in the village. Once or twice every Sunday she straps two and a half miles to St. John's Episcopal Church in Pleasantville. Sunday afternoons she meets her Sunday afternoon Club, and talks to the members on instructive non-religious subjects. She frequently entertains the families of the village workmen in the big stone barn which her father built. Miss Greeley's barn parties are the social events of all seasons among the poorer people of Chappagna, and they take much pleasure in telling of the fine dances and suppers they have enjoyed under her roof. Miss Greeley wears no jewelry and dresses plainly.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed, under this head, are for sale at or can be ordered through the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

FIFTY YEARS on the Mississippi or Gould's History of Navigation. By E. W. Gould. St. Louis: Nixon-Jones Printing Co. 1889. Pp. 750.

Capt. Gould has had fifty years of experience in the construction and running of lines of river steamers. He commands a magnificent craft which plied upon Western waters before the railways made inroads upon their passenger traffic, and his large knowledge of river navigation eminently qualifies him for explaining the increase and decline of transportation, on the Mississippi and other rivers, giving portraits of the best known river navigators, and for describing the character and peculiarities of Western boatmen, and scenes and incidents of Western life, connected with the river business. The work contains a history of the introduction of steam as a propelling power on ocean, lakes and rivers, and of the first steamboats on the Hudson, Delaware and Ohio rivers, as well as the first used in steam navigation on the rivers of the West, with descriptions of the part such navigation performed in the development of the West and the Southwest. The character and speed of boats at different periods are given, and facts in regard to floods in the Mississippi Valley for a hundred and fifty years. The historical narratives are interspersed with interesting philosophical reflections and valuable practical suggestions. The style is strong and clear, and the sketches are often humorous. The book is very readable and to steamboatmen and river editors it will prove invaluable.

Capt. Gould dedicates his work "to the memory of those who, after struggling for years to overcome the embarrassments and dangers incident to the life of a boatman, have been wrecked on the shoals of time, and waited in a haven of rest on the shores of the beautiful river, where they await the arrival of their friends and contemporaries, who are still contending with the adversities of this life before crossing the river that carries but one way."

HEAVEN REVISED. A Narrative of Personal Experiences after the change called Death. By Mrs. E. B. Duffey, author of "What Women Should Know," "Relation of the Sexes," "No Sex in Education," etc. Chicago: RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing House. 1889, second edition, pp. 101. Price, 25 cents.

Mrs. Duffey says in the preface of this work "I did not think of my narrative; I did not plan or plot. I could not have known less of what was to be written had I been writing at the dictation of another. I had but I wrote through unseemly assistance, but I hesitate to ask others to endorse this belief. The reader must decide for himself. If he is a believer in spirit inspiration, he will accept my own belief, and think that 'Heaven Revised' was written inspirationally. If he be a skeptic and hesitates to do this, he will only be sharing the doubts and questionings which sometimes possess myself."

The narrative is well written and is interesting.

NORA'S RETURN. A sequel to the Doll's House of Henry Ibsen. By Edna H. Cheney. Boston: Lee & Shepard, pp. 64. Price, 50 cents.

Mrs. Cheney in the preface to the pretty brochure bearing the above title, apologizes

for offering any "fuel to Ibsen's undiminished but dramatic work, by saying that she should have left it untouched but for the currency given to Walter Besant's false interpretation of the characters of both Nora and Helmer. In this poetic sequel Mrs. Cheney indicates a possible reconciliation between Nora and her husband brought about by a recognition through hard experience of their true relations to life and to each other. The work is dedicated to the New England Hospital for women and children, and the profits of its sale are to go to that institution.

NEW AMAZONIA. A foretaste of the future. By Mrs. George Corbett. London: Tower Publishing Co., 91 Minorities, E. C., pp. 146.

The author of this bright volume is very evidently an ardent Parnellite, an English woman with Irish sympathies, and an eloquent advocate of Woman's Rights; for the version of the Utopian dream which she here presents shows us Ireland as she is to be in the year 2472 under the reign of a cultivated and improved race of women, developed through obedience to scientific laws and cultivation of inventive genius.

The readers of "New Amazonia" who have read "Looking Backward" will be reminded of that work in many parts of this, but with essential difference of treatment of the various questions discussed. Indeed, in many respects Mrs. Corbett's dream is more reasonable than Bellamy's. And a greater number of social problems are given possible solutions. She takes occasion to show the views of the historians of that future period to scathe England for her present position on the Irish question, and makes them show up Charles Farnell under the name of "Carolus Patrioticus" as the greatest hero of these times. The story is cleverly written, brimming with ideas, and breezy in style.

Magazines for May not before Mentioned.

The English Illustrated Magazine. (New York.) Transatlantic Trifles by Sir Julian Goldsmith, Bart., M. P., shows us peculiarities and customs of American life through a foreign eye. An article profusely illustrated here for the subject Albert Duer. For the Cause: Same Board School Children, and the Ring of Amasis complete a good number.

The Path. (New York.) A variety of articles upon theosophy and kindred subjects appear this month.

The Spiritualist's Lyceum Magazine. (Oldham, England.) Quite a variety of articles devoted to the teachings and principles of the Lyceum are found in the May issue of this monthly.

The Gleaser. (San Francisco, Cal.) The object of the Gleaser is to present methods whereby women may be able to attain financial independence through their own efforts.

New Books Received.

The Lady of the Lake. By Sir Walter Scott. Stereographed in the advanced Corresponding Style of Standard Photography, by Andrew J. Graham. New York.

How to Preserve Health. By Louis Barkan, M. D. New York: American News Co. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

The Trial of Jesus from a Lawyer's View. By C. H. Blackburn. Cincinnati, Ohio: Robert Clarke & Co. Paper cover, price, 50 cents.

The following from F. F. Lovell & Company, New York:

A Magnetic Man, by E. S. Van Zile; The Perfect Way, by Edward Maitland and Anna (Bonnie) Kingsford; Sybil, by Ouida. Paper covers, price, each 50 cents. A Child of the Forest, by L. T. Meade; Diana Forget, by John Strange Winter. Paper covers, each, 50 cents.

Fruits and How to Use Them. By Hester M. Poole. New York: Fowler & Wells Company; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.00.

Curious Prophecies.

In August, 1857, the Bavarian *Allgemeine Zeitung* printed a remarkable prophecy which had been made by an old hermit many years before.

In it the rise of Napoleon III. was clearly outlined, as were also the Austro-Prussian and the Franco-Prussian wars and the commune of Paris. He told how the death of Pope Pius would occur in 1876 or 1877, and how it would be followed by a Turko-Russian war, being but slightly wrong in either prediction.

He said that Germany would have three emperors in one year before the end of the century, which was verified to the letter.

He missed it one, at least, in the number of United States presidents that were to die by assassination, which was remarkably close, to say the least.

He said that when the twentieth century opened Manhattan Island and the whole of New York City would be submerged in the waters of the Hudson and East rivers and the bay; Cuba would break in two, and the west half and the city of Havana find a watery resting place.

Florida and Lower California are to break loose from the mainland, and carry their load of human freight to the bottom of the sea.

The twenty-fifth is to be the last of the United States presidents, and Ireland is to be a kingdom, and England a republic by the end of the century.

The United States are to be divided, and San Francisco, Salt Lake City, New Orleans, St. Louis, Washington, and Boston are to be made capitals.

The end of the century will not find either Italy or France upon the maps, and Berlin will have been totally destroyed by an earthquake.

A Knowing Dog.

Dr. Justin Emerson tells this story about a dog, the property of a friend of his, Dr. Hurd, of Pontiac. The dog is a brown spaniel. It followed a member of the family to prayer meeting, and behaved well until a woman got up and began to speak, when he growled. Every time a woman told her experience that she showed his disapproval, but when a man was exhorting he kept still and manifested no uneasiness. When it came time to close the meeting the minister requested the people to sing the benediction, and the dog immediately sat up, hung his paws and looked around with the most tickled expression of countenance, as if he was quite ready to go. It made everybody laugh, even the minister.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Andrew D. White will take The Antiquity of Man and Egyptology as the subject of a chapter in the "Warfare of Science" series, to appear in the June *Popular Science Monthly*. His account of how Egyptian chronology was cramped and twisted to make it agree with the belief that the first man was created just 4,004 years before Christ, shows an intellectual servility in the past that can hardly be realized at the present day.

The concluding chapters On Justice, which are to form a part of Herbert Spencer's system of philosophy, will be printed in the *Popular Science*

Monthly for June. In these chapters the sentiment of justice and the idea of justice are carefully analyzed.

The Tariff question will be discussed by Edward Atkinson in an article entitled "Comparative Taxation," in the June *Century*.

How to Magnetize by Victor Wilson is an able work published many years ago and reprinted simply because the public demanded it. Price, 25 cents.

The Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation, consisting of the life and work of Dr. Justus Kerner and William Howitt, and an extended account of the Seers of Prevorat, while under the care and attention of Dr. Kerner. Price, \$2.50, postage 10 cents.

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Influence of Mind on the Body.

The influence of the mind on the body none doubt. A question of interest to many is to what extent can the structural parts and organic conditions be changed by mental influence? Every physician and every experienced nurse know the value of a patient's faith in the medicine given. "A simple prediction, without any remedial measure, will," says Dr. Carpenter, the physiologist, "sometimes work its own fulfillment. Thus Sir James Paget tells of a case in which he strongly impressed a woman having a sluggish, non-malignant tumor in the breast, that this tumor would disappear within a month or six weeks; and so it did. He perceived the patient's nature to be one on which the assurance would act favorably, and no one could more earnestly and effectively enforce it." The same writer says that a fixed belief on the part of a patient that he is the victim of a mortal disease, or that a particular method of treatment will prove unsuccessful, seems in many cases to have been the real occasion of the fatal result. Very likely faith in the curative agency of the pool of Bethesda helped those who resorted to it. Now when it is known that this pool is fed by an intermittent spring, one can understand why the moving of the water was ascribed to the occasional appearance of an angel.

Some years ago a Belgian peasant girl exhibited the phenomenon of "stigmatization." She bled periodically, without any wounds, from the forehead and side, and from the hands and feet—parts which were pierced in Jesus when he was crucified. By Catholics it was declared to be a miracle; by Protestants it was denounced as a religious fraud. The testimony of numerous witnesses, including physicians who were on guard against any deception, seemed to leave no ground for doubt as to the reality of the phenomenon. It was neither a miracle nor an imposture. It was a natural local effect, the cause of which was the prolonged and strong concentration of the attention, with faith in the results, while under the influence of powerful religious emotion.

The subject was dominated by one thought "the Saviour's Passion," on which her mind, closed to the outer world, dwelt continually, with periodical "ecstasy," followed by exhaustion. "Her current of thought and feeling in this state," says Dr. Carpenter, "uniformly ran in the direction of the Saviour's Passion, the whole scene of which seemed to pass before her mind, as might be judged from her expressive actions, and a strong evidence of the reality of the condition was afforded by the fact that, according to the testimony of the medical witnesses, each fit terminated in a state of extreme physical prostration, which could not have been simulated—the pulse being scarcely perceptible, the breathing slow and feeble, and the whole surface bedewed with a cold perspiration.

Now the transudation of blood through the orifices of the perspiratory ducts under strong emotional excitement, being a well authenticated physiological fact, there seems to me nothing in the least degree improbable in the narrative; on the contrary anyone who accepts the charming away of warts, and the cure of more serious maladies, as results of a strongly excited expectant attention, will regard the stigmatization of an ecstatic as the natural result of the intense concentration of her thought and feelings on a subject that obviously had a peculiar attraction for them."

Under the influence of great grief the hair has been known to change its color in a few hours. This indicates that intense emotion may produce marked changes in the physical system. What is the limit of these changes? The unverified statements of wonders performed by professional "Christian scientists," "mental healers," "metaphysicians," and "mind-cure," physicians are not of much scientific value, but there is a modicum of truth in these claims respecting cures by means of mental influence, and experienced and skillful physicians know the therapeutic value of this influence in treating disease as is illustrated, for instance, in their sometimes giving patients who need no medicine, but think they do, bread pills. In such cases imagination and "faith" do the work, and they have more to do with the recovery of patients generally than is commonly believed. The majority of people think it necessary whenever they are sick, to "take some medicine," but physicians know that this notion is, to a large extent, the result of popular ignorance to which they accommodate themselves in their professional practice.

Is it possible for a person to receive benefit (or injury) from the mental influence of another, except so far as the operator can produce effects by awakening ideas and exciting feelings in the individual operated upon? Can mind act upon mind without speech, or touch or any recognizable sign? If it can, is conscious passivity on the part of the subject a necessary condition? How much truth is there in the statements regarding "mind reading?" The experiments of Prof. M. Pierre Janet and Prof. Charles Richet, among others, in hypnotism and clairvoyance, and those of Prof. Sidgwick, President of the Society for Psychical Research, London, in thought-transference (not to mention experiments and experiences familiar to thousands of Spiritualists) prove that under certain conditions the mind can discern beyond the range of the senses and read the thoughts of other minds. Some of Bishop's wonderful feats satisfied careful investigators of the same phenomena.

Prof. William James, of Harvard College, in the March number of *Scribner's Magazine*, in a paper on "The Hidden Self," says: "I know a non-hysterical woman who, in her trance, knows facts which altogether transcend her possible normal consciousness, facts about the lives of people whom she never saw or heard of before. I am well aware of all the liabilities to which this statement exposes me, and I make it deliberately having practically no doubt whatever as to its truth."

A multitude of testimonies to the same effect might be adduced. Referring to Janet's record of observation made at Havre on certain hysterical somnambulists, a work of five hundred pages entitled "De l'Automatisme Psychologique," Prof. James says: "It often happens that scattered facts of a certain kind float around for a long time, but that nothing scientific or solid comes of them until some man writes just enough of a book to give them a possible body and meaning. Then they shoot together, as it were, from all directions, and that book becomes a rapid accumulation of new knowledge."

Lesson of the Suspended States.

On the eighth page may be found an exposition which will not be pleasant reading to any right-minded person, whether Spiritualist or otherwise; but however unpleasant, it certainly is instructive. We confess to having halted for weeks, before doing what seemed an imperative duty—halted, not through any lack of courage, but in the hope that in some other way the end might be accomplished and the interests of Spiritualism equally well served. It does seem as though the time had come when camp-meeting managers might see their way clear to make conditions and rules concerning the plying of the vocation of mediumship on their grounds; and that these great summer resorts should no longer be regarded by tricksters as grand preserves where game may be easily bagged, and where even the bungling novice in spiritualistic jugglery may feel assured of freedom in securing a living while perfecting himself in his "art." The case under consideration is a most aggravating one. These "Bangs Sisters" had been thoroughly exposed as persistent dealers in fraud; they had been caught in the act, their trick-cabinet exposed, and the women with their paraphernalia bundled off to the police station, prior to their advent at Cassadaga. Yet after all this, they were apparently received at the camp on the same footing with mediums of stainless reputation, and accorded every facility to pluck the visiting throng. Cassadaga is no worse in this respect than the other large camps. It is high time a reform was inaugurated. Common sense, propriety, decency, justice and fair dealing all demand that no person claiming to be a medium, and who has been detected in fraudulent practices, or whose reputation is not above suspicion, shall be allowed to practice their calling on the grounds. Like dealers in distilled spirits, they should not be allowed

within a mile of a camp, and not even that near; indeed, there is no proper place for such people outside a spiritual reformatory or county workhouse.

Suppose these tricksters do have some medial power; suppose they have a great deal! Then and by that much are they the more dangerous to the camp and to Spiritualism. Suppose that some of this premeditated deception is the work of spirits not in mortal form, but influencing these sensitives to deceive and rob their victims—and this is held by some to be the case—is this any reason why such work should be tolerated? Not at all! It is freely granted that all spirits are not good; that bad and mischievous spirits may manifest as readily as good ones—conditions being favorable; but in all this is there any sound reason why there should be no restrictions imposed, no police power exercised? Shall anyone desiring to be relieved of those responsibilities incumbent upon respectable people, secure immunity and license by invoking and accepting help from the realm of diabolism? Spiritualists, managers of camps, lecturers, reputable mediums, can you hesitate a moment in answering these questions and in answering them as the JOURNAL does? No! Then let your future course be consistent with your convictions!

In the particular case under consideration, mal-observation on the part of the observer and trickery on the part of the medium seem proven. An experienced Spiritualist who was at Cassadaga last summer, and who saw the original slate containing the illustrated rhyme of which Mr. Richmond speaks, after seeing the duplicate made from memory, given on the eighth page, says: "I am satisfied that Mr. R. has been victimized; but, drunk or sober, I do not think the tool of May Bangs places himself in a very enviable position before the public, if he has any reputation to lose. Of course, Mr. Richmond, as the caustic and popular reviewer of the 'Seybert Commissioners' Report,' and the author of the article in the 'Arena,' is in an equally sorry plight as a popular scientific expounder of the Philosophy of Spiritualism." We care little about the position Graham assumes in the public mind. He made a fool of himself, and must suffer for it. He seems now to regret it all, and to be striving to redeem himself; and in so far as he proves worthy, we shall ever be glad to lend him a helping hand and to encourage him in his effort to re-establish himself in respectable society. As to Mr. Richmond, he can hardly feel more keenly than we do the unpleasantness of the situation; but it can scarcely be more disagreeable for him than was our own position when we felt obliged, by investigations set on foot by myself, to stand up before the world and acknowledge that we had been deceived by Rowley, the alleged occult telegrapher. Possibly, our love of approbation is less than Mr. Richmond's, but we trust that his moral courage is equal to our own. He is a gentleman whom we highly esteem, and whom we believe is entitled to the esteem of the public. If he shall come to realize his fallibility, it may result in making him a stronger man, a greater force in working out the tremendous problems now vexing the world than otherwise he would have been. We have no desire to laugh at him, and we don't believe any person whose good opinion is valuable will think any the less of him as a man because he was deceived by a brace of swindlers.

Some ten years ago we published "Hints to Investigators and Mediums." These "Hints" were the result of the combined wisdom of such experienced observers and mediums as Epes Sargent, W. Stainton-Moses, Wm. Denton, G. B. Stebbins, E. V. Wilson, Mrs. Maud Lord, Mrs. R. C. Simpson, D. D. Home, Maria M. King, Mrs. J. E. Potter, Mrs. Hollis-Billing and others, whose aid we secured in improving the first draft made by myself, and whose endorsement of them as a whole was given after revision. There were thirteen hints. The tenth reads thus:

"When you have had one successful seance, before publishing it to the world as conclusive, try another, and still another, varying the conditions, if possible, but not making them less stringent."

We commend this hint to Mr. Richmond and all other investigators and writers upon spirit manifestations.

Genius and Insanity.

The late Emory Storrs was a brilliant orator, an able lawyer and a man of genius. He had one fatal vice, a passion for drink. His wife had also a mania but of a different kind—acquisitiveness and secretiveness in regard to money brought on probably by years of habitual effort to make up for the husband's thriftlessness, and constant dread, that in their old age they would be reduced to poverty and distress. Mrs. Storrs' sudden death sometime ago brought to light the fact that she had money and notes to the amount of \$60,000. She had claimed to be and the public believed that the widow of the great lawyer was, on the verge of want. All this money was left in the hands of trustees for the maintenance of an only son who had, without his father's intellectual gifts his father's appetite for strong drink, and who was as improvident and wasteful as his mother was acquisitive and saving. The other day this son was sent to the Insane Asylum of the State of New York. Had George Storrs received discipline and training in early youth which his moral weakness made all important for him, and had he been put to some simple trade at which he could work, instead of being allowed to grow up in idleness and then to make the pretence of studying for a profession for which he lacked the intellectual qualifications, he might have

overcome the curse of a drunkard's appetite, and lived a useful, even though an inconspicuous life. This case illustrates the fact—which leads some people to deny altogether intellectual and moral heredity—that the lower qualities are more generally inherited than the higher ones, which appear, disappear and reappear in a curious manner. The instances are numerous in which sons of men of genius have been either idiotic or insane. It has been seriously claimed that genius itself is a species of insanity. The ancestral history of Emory Storrs might be an instructive as well as an interesting study. How far back may be traceable the causes of young Storrs' madness, and how far is he morally responsible for it? A correct answer to these questions might show that the average view of human nature and of the springs of human action is extremely superficial.

The Journal's Attitude.

There are no persons more favorable to a close, scientific investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism than intelligent, honest Spiritualists, and none more ready to assist in the exposure of the fraud practised in the name of Spiritualism. This class of Spiritualists the JOURNAL has represented to the best of its ability. It has had to contend, on the one hand, with wholesale, indiscriminating denial of the genuineness of all phenomena purporting to be spiritual, and on the other, with credulous and indiscriminating acceptance as genuine of everything claimed to come from the spirits. The paper has long had the enmity and bitter opposition of all the tricksters and frauds of the country who in the name of Spiritualism, have for money pretended to be mediums for messages or manifestations of departed spirits, and many well-meaning, Spiritualists have been disposed to criticise the JOURNAL for its too exacting requirements of mediums before endorsing their claims or recommending them to public confidence.

At times it almost seemed that the truth in spiritual phenomena would have to wait a long time for general recognition owing to the enormous amount of spurious phenomena, purporting to be spiritual, which investigators everywhere encountered, and the examination of which only strengthened their hostility to Spiritualism. But of late there are indications of readiness on the part of increasingly large numbers to make the distinction, the importance of which has been so often urged in these columns, between spiritual phenomena that can be proven to be real, and so-called spiritual phenomena, which, although accepted by many as genuine, can be proven to be fraudulent. The wisdom of the course pursued by the JOURNAL has been sufficiently vindicated and its position is now appreciated and approved by many who once thought the attitude of the paper in some respects, impolitic and injurious to "the cause."

The Public Schools and Excess of Dress.

One reason for the popularity of the Convent schools is a regulation which most of them have that pupils shall wear a simple uniform dress, with no jewelry throughout the school year. The children of the poor and of the rich are, in this respect, put on an equality. Let the common schools take a lesson from Convent schools.

Last year 14,000 children in Chicago, attended no school regularly. A large number gave as a cause, poverty or illness; many were truant. It is certain that the non-attendance was due, to a considerable extent, to the excess of dress, which humiliated those children whose parents were unable to give them fine clothes, jewelry, ornaments, and pocket money. Children are sensitive, and the directors of the public schools should consider this fact, and encourage, in the schools the principle of Democratic government and a public opinion which will supersede the necessity of any official rules in this matter. The Chicago Herald has some sensible words on the subject: As the week approaches for the annual closing exercise in the public schools excitement goes to a fever heat over the dress that will be worn on the "last day." There is no limit to its excess, except the credit of the foolish parents. The children of the poor beg for costumes of a sort fit to match those of the well-to-do. Debt is incurred in a large proportion of the graduates' families for the folly and immorality of overdressing daughters to make a show, not of their learning, but of their apparel, to a few visitors and the school. A rule by the executive that no dress should be worn the closing day that had not previously been worn during the school year would have a wholesome influence, and would set the tide of sentiment in the right direction for the future. The public schools would be more popular were they more Democratic.

The Copyright Bill.

Mr. Hopkins of Illinois, was prominent in opposition to the Copyright bill. He spoke against the bill on constitutional grounds just the same as, a few years ago, slavery was defended in Congress on "constitutional grounds," and just as the small politician is always using the National Constitution as a fortress for his pet wrong. Mr. Hopkins quoted this from the Constitution: "The Congress shall have power . . . to promote the progress of science and the useful arts by securing for limited terms to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." One of the declared objects of the Constitution is "to establish justice." This object cannot be

promoted by literary piracy. But according to the Illinois representative the men who framed the Constitution were not influenced by any considerations of justice to authors in providing for the spread of intelligence among the people. Mr. Hopkins' statement that the enactment of the Copyright bill would increase the price of books should be regarded morally as on a par with the slaveholders' assertion a few years ago, that the abolition of slavery would increase the price of labor, and the cost of raising cotton. What if it did? The negro was entitled to his freedom and fair pay for his work, and authors are entitled to the protection of their rights in the productions of their brains.

Publisher's Desk.

This is the last issue of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in the form which it has worn since 1865. It has become a household friend in thousands of homes scattered the wide world around, and its weekly appearance has been looked for with pleasure by thousands; by thousands whose longings for further light as to the future life led them to the paper as a trustworthy guide to a sure and satisfying knowledge that their dear ones still lived and loved, and, while traveling the eternal road a little in advance of those in mortal form were yet able and willing to turn back at times to lift the veil of sorrow, bind up the broken heart at give cheer and hope to the forlorn and smothering, the doubting and the weak; by other thousands the JOURNAL has been greeted as the staunch exponent and defender of a saving philosophy, an ethics based on psychical science, a rational religion toward which all the world is tending and which is bound to become universal. In these twenty-five years the JOURNAL's form has grown to seem that of a friend to those broken in spirit, to those seeking clearer light on the great problems of life, to those desiring the betterment of this world as well as some knowledge of the next. It has come to be a terror to evil doers and the Nemesis of the charlatan and trickster. Hence it may not be without a fleeting pang of regretful sentiment that my subscribers will join with me in bidding the old form a respectful adieu.

To change the form and general appearance of a long-established paper is a matter not to be lightly decided, and hence I have been for more than a year considering the question. As my readers will remember I took a census of opinion sometime ago and the vote to change to the form in which the JOURNAL will appear next week was practically unanimous—only one dissenting vote being recorded. In its new shape it will be more easily preserved; and a binder will be offered synchronously with the first issue, in which the paper may be filed each week by those who desire to keep it. The facilities for arrangement and classification of matter will be greatly increased and the paper will take rank among the most artistically made up papers in the country. The amount of patient care, the large expense and the labor involved in making the change in order to have everything perfect and that there may be no hiatus or hitch cannot be understood or appreciated by others than those who have had the same experience.

I shall be pleased to send specimen copies to all who wish to inspect the paper; and I will also send to any old subscriber as many copies as he, or she, can judiciously place among friends and acquaintances; requests for these should be sent in immediately, or lists of addresses where the papers are to be mailed from this office. I shall not object if subscribers insist on paying for these extra copies or donating something to aid in disseminating a knowledge of the paper. A great newspaper with all the auxiliary work which has gradually grown up around the JOURNAL cannot be successfully carried forward without large expenditures. I am sure the JOURNAL has a host of readers who if they could but realize the vast amount of unpaid labor, missionary work, and charitable effort done through this office would be filled with enthusiasm and an irresistible impulse to generously and continuously assist both with money, time, and influence.

I will send the JOURNAL twelve weeks on trial to any address for fifty cents; or, I will send it for one year to five addresses for \$10, provided the names accompanied by the amount are received at one time.

The JOURNAL has a host of friends and admirers; they are widely among the rational, intelligent, moral, truth-loving class. Will not these friends, one and all, now dedicate some portion of their time to advancing its interests? By so doing they will advance the interests of true Spiritualism, a Spiritualism which makes for good in this world and prepares the believer for the next; a Spiritualism broad and all-embracing in its definition; a Spiritualism as superior to spiritism in its life-giving, soul-saving, love-inspiring and ennobling qualities as it is possible to conceive; a Spiritualism so great and grand in its scope as to cover all interests both human and divine, and which seeks to enfold in its generous embrace all struggling souls regardless of belief or condition in life, and to guide them toward the "Church of the Spirit."

That in the continued publication of the JOURNAL I shall ever consider my duty and responsibilities to Spiritualism as the philosophy of life, and that I shall always guard the public interests in preference to my own, —where the two may seem from a worldly standpoint to conflict—needs, I think, no re-affirmation. While I shall give less space to the iconoclastic feature which has been so necessary in the past I will hold the JOUR-

NAL as nearly as possible a strictly scientific course in the treatment of the phenomena of Spiritualism; and I shall accentuate and magnify the work of construction for the purpose and to the end that the JOURNAL may be an important factor in advancing the world to higher ground along the lines of psychological science, ethics, religion and sociology—which cover nearly all that affects the welfare of mankind.

I am quite well aware that as publisher I have embodied in the foregoing some things that might more properly be said by me as editor, but where both offices are filled by a single individual it is not easy to differentiate the lines; though I am sometimes weak enough to wish that when I am performing the role of publisher I could forget that I am also editor. But whether I address you as publisher or editor I bespeak your confidence, good will and earnest co-operation, and point to my record in justification of my request and as a guaranty of the future.

Reply to a Complaint.

On the sixth page is printed an extract from a letter criticizing the JOURNAL for its attacks upon Roman Catholicism. The JOURNAL must say in defence that it does not attack any religion as a whole, and never in merely a wanton or iconoclastic spirit, never without pointing out the error or evil, which is the object of the assault. From this duty the JOURNAL, as a reform paper, cannot shrink. It is just as ready to criticize any of the Protestant forms of Christianity when their attitude in regard to social and moral movements, and the advanced thought of the age is obstructive of progress. The hostility of the Roman Catholic hierarchy to the American public school system is condemned but so is the position of the Lutheran ministry in regard to what is known as the Bennett law in Wisconsin; so are the efforts of Protestants to keep King James' version of the Bible in the public schools, to secure restrictive legislation in regard to Sabbath observance, to make the National Constitution an evangelical document, and to obtain governmental aid for schemes the ulterior purpose of which is theological.

If the strictures of the JOURNAL are unjust—and it would be presumptuous to assume that they never are,—the columns of the paper are, subject to limitation of space and other reasonable conditions, open for correction in the interests of truth and fair dealing.

W. E. Reid, of Grand Rapids, was sentenced on the 16th to one year's hard labor in the Detroit house of correction. This in consequence of the verdict some weeks ago, finding him guilty of using the U. S. mails for fraudulent purposes in plying his business of answering sealed letters by alleged spirit help. Ever since his indictment, a year ago and more, up to last week, his lawyers and defense committee have heralded to the world that "Spiritualism is on trial in the person of Dr. W. E. Reid." A few weeks since, the JOURNAL showed up the foolishness of this cry. But Mr. Moulton, of the defense, persisted in using it, even after the last trial. It seems, however, he has now changed his mind; it is a pity he could not have seen the point earlier. He will make an equally serious blunder if he endeavors to plead, as he is reported likely to do, that Reid's "religion is affected."

Rev. Edward C. Towne, who always has some crazy notion in his head, lately gave a lecture in New York endeavoring to explain how the dark-skinned race can be made white. He outlined a method of treating mothers by which the coloring matter would be removed from the trunk under the epidermis. The offspring that lived he said would be white, though most of them would die. This is a way of settling the race question which has not occurred to men of science or to statesmen.

No organizations in the United States have multiplied more rapidly in the past ten years than the sick-benefit, funeral-aid, death-benefit, and other kindred societies. As they are generally confined to those who are in the humbler walks of life, the good they have done is incalculable, carrying substantial aid to thousands of stricken families and inspiring those who are fortunate enough in being members with a courage which might not exist in their hearts without them. The members of these organizations will be glad to learn that Hon. Robert P. Porter, superintendent of the Eleventh Census, will endeavor to secure the statistics of the noble work these associations are doing, and it is safe to say that no other branch of the census will be more interesting. The business of gathering the data has been placed in charge of Mr. Charles A. Jenney, special agent of the insurance division, 58 William street, New York City, and all associations throughout the United States, whether incorporated or private, should assist by sending to him the address of their principal officers.

Dr. Maurice in the *Globe Democrat*: At least we can not escape a few established facts: (1) physical manifestations do occur that can not be explained by ordinary laws of nature; (2) psychical manifestations occur that must be classified as telephonic and clairvoyant; (3) there are communications, not only in waking hours but in dreams, of facts that indicate positive intelligent purpose.

Says Prof. George Howland, Superintendent of the Chicago Public Schools: "I have about made up my mind that children should be treated more like reflective human beings and less like Thanksgiving turkeys. To

fill to the neck with stuffing is one thing, to truly educate entirely another. Another great fault in the prevailing system is that it has not the power of making children self-helpful. Proper educational methods should inculcate a certain amount of self-reliance and native ingenuity. A parrot may be taught to talk quite well, but, at the best, he talks only at random."

Says the *Golden Gate*: Spiritualism is a philosophy, for only through it can a knowledge of the laws of psychology be obtained and aided by its clear, white light we are enabled to gain clearer perceptions of the ethics of human conditions—our moral duties toward ourselves and others, and our relations to the spirits who have passed to the supernal world, towards which we are all ascending in accordance with the harmonious action of the laws of spiritual evolution. Spiritualism is a religion, for only through its elevating influences, through the unfolding of our spiritual faculties, are we enabled to gain any knowledge of the existence of a divine Over-Soul, and to realize that we are all emanations from that omnipresent omnipresent fountain. If, as has been said, "the undevout astronomer is mad," in not being imbued with feelings of awe and reverence for the sublime power which causes the "stars to sing together in unison," can we class among Spiritualists those who are interested only in the mere externals of the subject, in the kinder-garden of phenomena? or those who have no reverence for a supreme power, wisdom and love which overrules the universe; those who have no belief in any power higher than that of poor, weak humanity?

Victoria says that Inspector Byrnes made an abject apology for his statements about her and her sister Jennie; but Inspector Byrnes denies this, and says that he is ready to meet the whole combination of Yankee audacity and British bravery in court. The combination says it will not go into court, for justice is not to be found there. It appeals to the press, from which it is pretty sure to get more justice than it wants, if it persists in its sensational methods of seeking notoriety.

It is the *Voice*, a strongly Christian journal devoted to the cause of temperance, and not an "infidel" sheet that says this: "Can it be wondered at that the savages of Africa are embracing the Mohammedan religion rather than the Christian? A native chief of the Congo region who had been taught by missionaries to read and write sent the following note to Archbishop Benton of the Church of England:

"Great and Good Chief of the Tribe of Christ, greeting: The humblest of your servants kisses the hem of your garment, and begs you to send to his fellow-servants more Gospel and less rum. In the bonds of Christ, UGALLA."

The notorious adventuress Ann Odella Diss De Bar is in prison in Rome awaiting trial on the charge of swindling the Hotel Bristol, where she had registered as "Mrs. M. A. Holland of London" and had fared sumptuously for several days. According to the dispatches she went to the Eternal City with big game in view and was as busy as a beaver there trying to entangle distinguished Catholic priests.

The question is often asked "Which is the oldest book in the world?" The popular reply is, "The Bible." But this is not true. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says: "The oldest book extant is believed to be the 'Book of the Precepts of Prince Ptah-hotep,' the oldest composition in existence. It is better known as the 'Prisee Papyrus,' and is preserved in the National Library of France at Paris. This book is of the age of Hsua Taktara, the last king but one of the fifth dynasty (Memphis) who flourished about 3750 B. C. The author Ptah-hotep, was a member of the royal family. It is a sort of handbook for young people, a treatise on practical morality, somewhat in the style and tone of the writings of Confucius. In some places the writings call to mind the wisdom of Solomon. Filled obedience is inculcated at the basis of all good order. There were probably other documents written in the hieratic characters of greater antiquity than the *Prisee Papyrus*, but this alone remains as the most important monument of that distant epoch."

The liberal attitude of the young German Emperor toward workingmen and the May-day agitation, have led a number of Berlin manufacturers and representatives of various industries at Chemnitz to form an employers' protective union, which is to be developed into a league embracing all the industrial centres of the empire. They see that the government is not likely to be so thoroughly identified with the interests of the classes against the masses as it was when Bismarck had control.

Says the *Christian Register*: "In the face of severe and painful conditions of social environment, it is no sufficient answer to say that nothing must be attempted because nothing can be done, and that natural laws are unalterably opposed to all modification. A more thorough study of social relations may at length show that man has more liberty in this direction than he is aware of, and that there are higher laws of love and duty which need to be sought out and applied to social redemption. Society is not a mechanism: it is a growth. In certain elements, it is plastic; and a fervid love of humanity may melt and fuse conditions which to the cold view of the intellect seem rigid and insoluble." Well said. Men must work to-

gether for the improvement of social and industrial conditions. Those who say: "Let the struggle go on, nature will take care of those fit to survive," do not realize that men have attained to moral conditions, and that future progress must be by moral methods. There can be no human advancement without human effort in the direction of justice and right. Indifference to existing evils implies moral imbecility; acquiescence in them would sooner or later result in moral and spiritual death. What is needed is more of the enthusiasm of humanity, and a deeper sense of obligation in all to work for the common weal.

Rev. James Kerr had an appointment to preach at a church in the country in Alabama. He was warned that a creek he had to cross was swollen and the ford dangerous. He answered that he was going to do the Lord's work; the Lord would take care of him. Half way across the stream his horse and buggy were washed down in the deep water and his wife and himself were drowned. He did not expect that the Lord would take care of him in that way else he might have been less certain as to whose work he was doing.

Oliver Wendall Holmes writes to a friend: "I am writing this with my own hand, but I expect before very long to put most of my correspondence in the hands of my secretary, as I feel myself utterly unable to answer the letters and read the books sent me. My sight is getting imperfect, and the fatigue of writing is wearing upon me; and although it will cost me an effort, I feel that, in justice to myself, I must throw off the load, which at 'threescore and twenty' is too much for my old shoulders."

Lesigne, a Frenchman, has written a book in which he endeavors to show that Jeanne d'Arc was not much of a hero, that she performed no important acts, that her main business was carrying banners, that she was not burned at the stake, but got married and died a natural death.

By the heavy rains the outlying districts in the Southwestern part of Chicago, were converted into a vast sheet of water. One of the occupants of a flat in the basement of which there was water to the depth of three or four feet, missed her baby and became alarmed. Asking some of the other children in the house about it, she was answered, "baby is 'little Moses.'" Not understanding, she asked where, and the little tot showed her down into the basement, where the horrified mother found her cherub serenely floating about in a huge wash-tub stuffed full of straw, where its little brother had placed it in playing the act of Moses in the bulrushes, while a little girl from a neighbor's played Pharaoh's daughter. The laundry for the flat is down there, and the children had taken advantage of it to put skeptics to the blush by demonstrating the feasibility of the preservation of Moses as set forth in Genesis.

Mrs. Emma Taylor, of Johnson's Creek, Niagara Co., N. Y., writes that a meeting was held at that place at the home of Abraham and Emma Taylor on May 11th in response to an application for ordination to the Spiritualist Society organized there in 1867. The society is composed of about sixty members who are among the most intelligent and responsible citizens of the town. The letter says:

"The society is legally chartered under the laws of this State with the full authority of all religious bodies to ordain and send forth ministers to preach the gospel of peace and progress as taught by the spiritual philosophy. Mrs. Cornelia Gardner and Mrs. Emma Taylor were so ordained Sept. 1st, 1878, Rev. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, officiating. After reading the application of Mrs. Robinson and testimonials of character from responsible citizens of Lockport, the certificates of ordination and right hand of fellowship were given by Mrs. Emma Taylor. The charge to the people and society was very impressively given by Mrs. Gardner who gave the history of woman's work in the world's history, closing with an appeal to all to live up to their highest convictions of right, and to the medium to be true to themselves. Mrs. Robinson followed with a tender expression of thanks to the society for the favor bestowed. The service closed by singing and benediction by Mrs. Gardner. An interesting service was given by Mrs. Robinson in the evening to the young people. This closed one of the most instructive and profitable meetings ever held in Niagara county. Better than all, another will follow in a few weeks, and so the good seeds of truth will be sown."

(Continued from First Page.)
APPARITIONS: OBJECTIVE OR SUBJECTIVE.

require the exertion of force, if not the presence of matter. But before discussing these real or apparent effects, we must consider one perplexing characteristic which (I believe), is frequently found in every class of phantasmal vision.

Veridical visions are not always—not even generally—correct transcripts of any fact which is passing elsewhere. They signify such facts, but they do not usually reproduce them. Nor is their deflection from reality comparable with any kind of optical distortion,—as though they had to make their way through some refracting medium. It is a symbolical deflection; it consists in the introduction of features which, while not in themselves accurate transcripts of fact, do yet produce an impression of the purport or meaning of actual facts. I see my drowned friend (suppose) dripping with water. But he is not in fact dripping, for he is immersed in the sea.

It is plain that such a modification of the actual reality as this must have a psychical and not an optical cause. It resembles the familiar symbolism of dreams,—as for instance when a displacement of the bedclothes makes us dream that we are at an evening party in insufficient costume. Pictures thus modified have plainly passed through some mind; their deflections from literal fact are in some intelligent, even if not intentional. By what mind they are modified we cannot

here discuss; we may merely admit that symbolical figures seen by several observers may be objective, but is not optical. Similarly a symbolical noise—and few of our auditory phantasms reproduce a sound being uttered elsewhere—heard by several observers, may be in some sense objective, but is not acoustic.

Keeping this in mind, let us consider the case where a phantasmal figure appears to exert some influence, not permanently registerable, on the material world,—as for instance to open a door and shut it again. Mr. Gurney used to remark that in all our first-hand narratives, whenever a ghost opened a door he did shut it again:—meaning, of course, that such apparent physical effects of the phantom's presence were in all cases merely phantasmal, as much a part of the dream-imagery as was the water dripping from the phantom of the drowning man. Once or twice, indeed, it has happened; that such movements have been almost demonstrably unreal; as where a handle has been seen to move which could not move;—which was so jammed that to shake it was impossible. In such a case the apparent movement seems analogous to those phantasmal sounds which simulate the noise caused by some specific movement (as the rattling of windows), which is visibly not taking place.

Before our ghost can claim materiality, he ought to show a registrable optical presence by affecting the sensitized plate, or a registrable acoustic presence by affecting the phonograph, or a constant weight or inertia by affecting the balance or other mechanical contrivances. Nor is this last kind of test an easy one; since the balance may be affected (as in Mr. Crookes' experiments with D. D. Home) by some unknown exertion of force, not by the presence of gravitating particles. But, on the other hand, it is of course possible that the categories "material" and "immaterial" within the best definitions which we can at present give to them, may be quite inadequate to describe what our ghost really is. The mode of his existence may transcend our mathematical formulæ as completely as it transcends our sensory experience. The impenetrability of matter, which seems our ultimate sensory fact, may be as relative and contingent a property as color itself. There is nothing to show that all consciousness existing in the universe can recognize a ruby as impenetrable any more than all consciousness existing on earth can recognize it as red. Our mathematics speak of matter as possibly a modification of the ether; but the ether itself, which to us at present seems primary and universal, may be a complex, contingent, limited manifestation of a system of laws wholly beyond our cognizance.

In the case, therefore, of a phantasmal sight or sound perceived by more than one person, we cannot safely say more than simply that an action is going on which is of a nature to affect more than one organism. The action—vibration or whatever else it may be—may possibly require the molecular world for its propagation or transmission. Or this phantasmogentic activity may involve modifications of the ether, independent of the molecular world. Or it may be absolutely independent of ether and of molecules—of everything which our mathematics can hope to grasp.

What we have to do, in fact, is not to refer these new phenomena to our existing formulæ, but to try to build up in time truer formulæ from the observation of these new phenomena themselves. It should never be forgotten that the most trifling of our telephonic experiments if the conditions are satisfactory probably implies a profoundly different employment of natural forces from that in any class of experiment hitherto known to science.

There is yet another perplexity which affects all classes of phantasms—namely: their relation to time. It is pretty clear that even when these phantasms represent a person or scene accurately they are sometimes after the event,—an added difficulty, of course, in the way of the supposition that they have anything like a material existence. And there is even some evidence that the phantasm may present itself before the event, in which case our previous experience would be transcended indeed!

But, in fact, the upshot of all these considerations is that our existing categories afford us little or no help in classifying these phantasmal phenomena. We cannot tinker any given phantasm as material, objective, or the like, and then infer from that general term that the phantasm possesses any specific qualities—as impenetrability, spatial location, or the like—which are commonly connoted by the wider term. We must simply for the present take each veridical phantasm on its own merits, and ask a number of separate questions about it,—most of which we shall usually have to leave unanswered. Does it exert force? Does it possess inertia? Has it a constant weight? Does it to any extent obey optical or acoustic laws? Is it perceptible individually? or collectively? (I. e., by some and not all of the persons present), or collectively by all persons within reach? Is it a symbolical or an accurate transcript of fact? and in the fact, which it represents past, present, or future?

Until we can answer these questions rather better than at present, it will be safer to choose our designation for these phantasms with reference to the negative quality which we know to be theirs,—namely, that they are not that which at the first blush they appear to our senses to be. This fact, and nothing more, we affirm when we call them hallucinations. And if we style them veridical or falsidical, according as they help us to truth or delude us with falsehood, we shall still be describing them purely in terms of our own experience, without pretending to a theory of their true nature. This frank confession of ignorance will at least leave us unentangled,—ready to adopt any truer classification of our phenomena to which further observation may point. In the meantime something is gained if, having started with the preconception that "all which is not A is B," we have come to the conclusion that our own subject-matter is neither A nor B, but X.

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THOS. HARDING.

A Crying Need.

D. M. T—.

Phenomena "Termed Spiritualistic."

From a long article in the *Globe-Democrat* by H

Facts and Inquiries Regarding that London Test.

**Reflections on the Past, Present and
Future.**

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Letter to Dr. Henderson.

WARREN HUTCHINS.

Washington Critic: Fishes are not ordinarily

The canine sentinels now being trained in northern France learn their duties quickly. Two soldiers start off leading a dog by his collar, and when a mile from the starting point one of the men turns

back. In a short time the dog is loose and he immediately tracks the other soldier back to the post, rarely failing. Dogs will scent an enemy at a distance of 100 yards, growling and snuffing to attract the soldiers' attention.

Berlin newspaper correspondents were not allowed to send the news of Bismarck's resignation on the night when it first became public. They rewrote their dispatches so as to make them say that it was rumored that Bismarck had resigned, and the authorities let them go in that shape. Then the correspondents filed a second dispatch saying: "The rumor is a fact," and the authorities could find no excuse for refusing to send it.

Harry Hill, New York's most widely known citizen, is finally "broke." The building where his famous establishment was located, at Houston and Crosby streets, was torn down some time ago, and of late he has been running a little saloon in Harlem. And what finally broke Harry Hill? Having pay too much for police protection. The officers of the law became more and more greedy, and at last he took a vehement kick. After that they watched him closely, and arrested him for the least violation. One reads with mingled rage and pity the history of such persecutions!

Totems are defined by J. G. Frazer as "a class of material objects which a savage regards with superstitious respect, believing that there exists between him and every member of the class an intimate and altogether special relation." They are tribal emblems, family symbols, signals of nationality, expressions of religion, bonds of union, and regulators of marriage laws and of the social institutions. The system of totems exists among the most primitive people, and in similar forms with the North American Indians, Australians, South Africans, Arabs, hill tribes of India, Polynesians and many other peoples.

The Passionate Electrician.

A name for the process of traveling by an electric motor was asked by the chairman of the new Electric Traction Company in London, and such terms as these were suggested through the Times: To voltate, to volve, to electrify, to electro, to lectro, to dyno, to morse, to teleway, to fare, to fluid, to galve, to electric, to veek, to current, to blizz, to flit, to buzz, to buzz, to electrify, to trize, to loere.

Sweet, shall we volt it? Dearest, shall we ohm our winged way across the ocean foam?
Or were it fairer to electrify
(Or electrify) our path to happier skies?
What's in a name when all roads lead to Rome?

Fairest and rarest under heaven's high dome,
Oh, shall we squirm, or wait, or electrify?
Or, if you feel you'd rather not voltize,
Sweet, shall we volt?

Heart of my heart, no fond and frolic tome,
But the grave *Times*, that moral monotome,
Bids us conk, or motorize, or motorize,
And now I think of it, the blue day dies;
'Tis time, 'tis time, that we were motting home—
Sweet, shall we volt?

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Well, Sarah, what have you been doing to make you look so young? Oh, nothing much, only been using Hall's Hair Renewer to restore the color of my hair.

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HON. A. B. RICHMOND AT CASSADAGA.

His Experience with the Bangs Combination, with an Explanation by One Who was Behind the Scenes.—The Putative Husband of May Bangs Declares Himself the Author of the Illustrated Rhymes Ostensibly Obtained by "Independent Slate-Writing."

In 1888 Hon. A. B. Richmond, of Meadville, Penn., published a book, entitled: *What I saw at Cassadaga Lake: A Review of the Seybert Commissioners' Report*. Taking for a text the well-known lines of Shakespeare, "Glen.—I can call spirits from the vasty deep. Hot.—Why, so can I, or so can any man; But will they come when you do call them?" the skillful word-wielder begins his introduction thus: "A curiosity like that manifested in Hotspur's question to Glendower, induced me to visit Cassadaga Lake in August last (1887). Will they come when you do call them? I had heard a great number of honest and intelligent men and women say that they would, but I did not believe it. In fact I was not sure there was a 'vasty deep,' or any spirits to come when called; and so I visited the lake in a frame of mind very unfavorable to conversion. My experience in the occult world of magic, my knowledge of the manner in which certain deceptions were produced, my success in exposing the jugglery feats of itinerating mountebanks who call themselves 'spiritual mediums,' gave me great confidence in my own detective skill; and when to all this was superadded the vast amount of useful knowledge I had derived from a careful perusal of the report of the 'Seybert Commission' I felt confident that I could not be deceived by pretended ghost or medium; and as I entered the camp-ground, and saw the great number of visitors there assembled, I smiled a complacent kind of a 'Seybert Commission' smile at the weakness and credulity of my fellow men."

"What fools these mortals be!" remarked the sage Puck, as he contemplated the vagaries of mankind; this thought of the fairy philosopher passed through my mind as I entered the arched gateway of the beautiful grounds of Cassadaga Lake.

"And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray," was my reflection as I made my exit therefrom.

Then with all the skill of a trained advocate re-enforced by fine command of language, an active imagination, wide reading, and wonderful power of satire, irony and ridicule the adept in criminal pleadings proceeds through 244 pages to lay the "Seybert Commission," reduce its flesh and blood to gases, hang its skin on the fence to dry and set its grinning skeleton upon the spiritualistic rostrum to be laughed at. As an example of artistic slaughtering the work is a masterpiece. The following year, Mr. Richmond having again attended at Cassadaga and whetted his weapons afresh, with the aid of the commercial grinders who frequent the camps, went for the defunct "Commission" once more. He took the skeleton off the boards and manipulated it with all the celerity and dexterity of a magician; and when he once more set up the grinning thing it was even more mirth-provoking than before.

Now we have no sympathy with the methods of the "Seybert Commission." Our letter books will show that we persistently and forcibly pointed out to a leading member of that Commission the puerility of its work and predicted its farcical ending. But we seriously doubt if the rapier and scalpel of Mr. Richmond have benefited Spiritualism one iota, however much his work may have tickled some people. The phenomena of Spiritualism are matters for cool, calm, scientific consideration; and this we have no doubt

Mr. Richmond will grant. That he does concede this is clear from two lines in an ably prepared paper contributed by him to the *Arena* for March, entitled: "Is there a To-morrow for the Human Race?" In that masterful and most interesting essay, Mr. Richmond treats the subject in a learned and impressive way and proceeds to accouture his logic with examples of his experiences at Cassadaga in August 1889. It is with his closing experience that we now have to deal. After relating a marvellous slate writing exhibit in which the words were "written alternately, in three colors, red, yellow, and blue, as if done with artists' crayons," Mr. Richmond proceeds as follows:

"The next day I procured two slates as before and in company with a friend visited another medium—a lady—of whose occult powers I had heard many, to me, incredible relations. I told the medium that I would not prepare any interrogatories, but that I desired to make a test experiment for publication. I placed a piece of pencil between the slates, tied my handkerchief around them and suspended them from a lamp-hook in the ceiling, over a table. My friend sat at one side of the table and I at the other. The medium was not at any time near the slates while they were thus suspended, she being seated at least ten feet from them; she asked me who I desired to come? I replied: 'Any one that can write on these slates, I don't care who it is or what they write.' We sat for some time conversing on the topics of the day and place, when I distinctly heard the pencil moving between the slates. It seemed to be making marks, it did not sound like writing. My friend and myself distinctly saw the slates moving with a vibratory motion. Soon the sound changed as if the pencil was writing; we waited five minutes, when all sound having ceased, I removed the slates from the hook, opened, and on one were two artistically executed drawings, with a poem (?) of two hundred and fifty words. The poem, or more properly rhyme, in connection with the drawings, seemed to be a joke perpetrated at my expense as if in answer to my indifference as to who wrote or what was written, and it was so pertinent, or rather impertinent, that my friends who have seen it have no doubt but that the 'intelligent force' was well acquainted with my foibles, a fact, which, on reflection, I can have no doubt of myself. The 'force' was not a Burns, neither a Shakespeare, yet it certainly possessed wit as well as knowledge. There was evidently more truth than poetry in this occult literary production, and the fact of the presence of an unseen intelligent force was so conclusive that Agnosticism was no solace to my wounded vanity. Observe, I do not pretend to be able to explain the phenomena I have described, and shall not attempt to do so. 'I have only a round unvarnished tale delivered.' That I know is true in every particular, and I earnestly request those who are capable of solving the mystery on a scientific basis to do so."

In January last we were called upon by a man we had never before seen, who introduced himself as H. H. Graham, the person whom "May Bangs" alleged to be her husband and from whom she was seeking divorce. Being familiar with the record of the "Bangs Sisters," and having detected and successfully exposed their fraudulent materialization show we were naturally interested in listening to the revelations of a man who had been on intimate and confidential terms for a long time with these shrewd tricksters. He appeared frank and candid, did not attempt to conceal his own foolishness, and gave details of many of the tricks perpetrated in the Bangs establishment and elsewhere. Our previous knowledge made it impossible for him to falsify to any great extent without detection—though he was not aware of this—but in the whole interview nothing was said by him calculated to shake our confidence in his veracity. We felt sure his statements were intended to be truthful and that in the main they were accurate. Among other things in illustration of the audacity and trickery of the Bangs combination, he told a story of how Mr. Richmond was imposed upon at Cassadaga last year with a

slate which he (Graham) had prepared merely as a joke and with no thought that it would be used. "I believe I can repeat the rhymes now," said Graham; "you may not be aware of Mr. Richmond's mannerisms and mental characteristics, but those acquainted with him know they are very marked. The rhymes were intended to hit him off, but one must know him in order fully to appreciate their hidden meaning." Thereupon Graham, with now and then a moment's hesitation, proceeded to render the lines in a most dramatic and amusing manner; explaining the significance of the several "drives" as he went along. When in March we read Mr. Richmond's article in the *Arena*, although it does not name the medium, we at once recognized the incident herebefore quoted therefrom as being the one Graham had related to us in January. We sent for Graham and asked him to reproduce as nearly as possible from memory a duplicate of the slate. He complied with the demand and we give in this issue a photo-electrotype copy of it, together with Graham's written statement which he stands ready to make oath to before any court in the country. Some days after completing the task Graham called to say he thought there was one stanza he had omitted in the duplicate: that he could not as yet recall more than the two last lines but felt sure he would get it all, and nearly as originally written. Later on he brought in the following, saying it was as near as he could recall the original:

Then know ye all men by these Presents I give,
The soul once born must forever live;
It cannot die nor give up hope,
For he is ushered here at the end of a rope.

GRAHAM'S STATEMENT.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
At your request I now put in writing an account I gave you in January last concerning an experience in slate-writing which Hon. A. B. Richmond had with one of the Bangs Sisters at Cassadaga last summer. I am the more willing to do this now that Mr. Richmond has publicly, through a widely circulated magazine, called for an explanation. The rhyme was written and the figures drawn by me under the following circumstances.

I was at the camp with May Bangs. I was drinking heavily, and under the influence of liquor. It was generally understood that Mr. Richmond was to publish a book, and he was then seeking experiences in "independent slate-writing" the records of which were to be incorporated in his volume. May Bangs wanted to go into the book as the star medium for slate-writing. She wanted to utilize my skill and versatility in drawing and composition to further her trick. I refused to be a party to the fraud; as I had always refused to take part in these deceptions or to give my assent that May Bangs, my alleged wife, while bearing my name should do so. But at a time when I was more intoxicated than usual I prepared a slate such as is described by Mr. Richmond; composing the rhymes and drawing the figures as a joke to be enjoyed with May Bangs, and with no intention or expectation that she would use it. She was always making fun of Mr. Richmond; and what I put on the slate was so much in keeping with her criticisms on that gentleman and so full of irony that I never for a moment dreamed she would attempt to palm it off on him as a genuine manifestation of spirit writing. Imagine, therefore, my surprise to learn she had used it on him in spite of its insulting nature.

I think Mr. Richmond will be fully satisfied I was the author of that "wonderful manifestation," as he knows I never saw the slate after it was in his possession; and no doubt he knows there are no copies of it extant. Therefore, while I do not claim that my illustrated rhyme is an exact reproduction of that on Mr. Richmond's slate, I feel sure he must recognize it as being done by the same hand; only the one is done with ink on paper by a sober man, while the other was done on a slate with a pencil by a man under the control of spirit "ferment"—in other words, whisky.

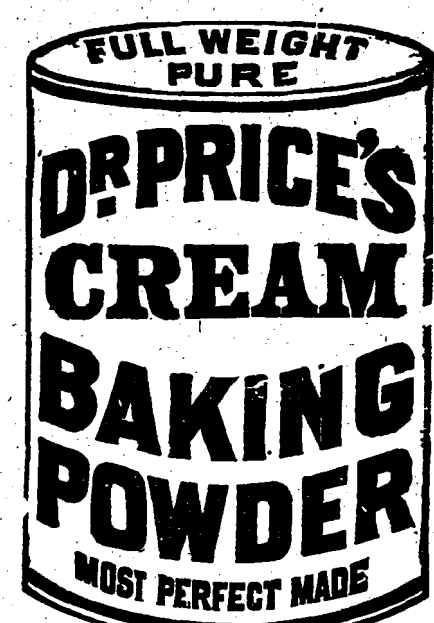
I do not intend this explanation as any refection on Mr. Richmond; on the contrary I wish to emphatically say, I believe him honest, sincere and careful, and anxious to pub-

lish nothing in relation to the facts of Spiritualism that is untrue. If he should desire further information as to the Bangs method, I can show him how slate-writing is done, how forms are materialized, lights produced in dark circles, and various "tricks of the trade," which, despite his skill as a prestidigitator, he has, apparently, not yet learned. March, 1890. H. H. GRAHAM. (Sober).

We do not vouch for the truthfulness of Mr. Graham nor for the accuracy of his reproduction; and we cannot here set forth the voluminous evidence which seems to corroborate his statements. But knowing as we do the skill and audacity of the Bangs Sisters in plying their vocation of deception, and knowing that they have repeatedly deceived people fully as able to cope with them as is Mr. Richmond, we credit Graham's statement. For reasons of his own Graham does not mix up the name of "Lizzie Bangs" with that of her younger sister May. It may be that Lizzie was the visible "medium" who posed in Mr. Richmond's presence, but it does not matter; the two women work together whenever either needs a confederate.

We have no desire to humiliate Mr. Richmond by making him public laughing stock. We have the most kindly feeling, personally, for the gentleman. He has earnestly requested "the solving of the mystery on a scientific basis." We have taken him at his word. In pursuance of our life-long course we have endeavored to throw some light upon the "round, unvarnished tale" of Mr. Richmond. Whether we have succeeded, time will tell. Our faith in the verity of the fundamental claims of Spiritualism is so strong, our confidence in the knowledge we have acquired of spirit phenomena is so great, that we feel fully armed for the support of the cause to which we have given twenty-five of the best years of life. He who has settled for himself the great question of the continuity of life and spirit manifestation to mortals, and settled it in the affirmative, has assumed responsibilities from which he cannot shrink and be a man. He must be doubly critical and careful as to all that claims to sustain his belief and position; and this, not for his own sake but for that of the cause to which he owes allegiance and for that of the public to which he owes duties which can neither be ignored nor evaded with impunity.

In order to give the public a better idea of the causes leading up to the present attitude toward each other of "May Bangs" and Graham, a brief statement may be necessary. Graham's wife and child, to whom it is said he was devotedly attached, died; this calamity drove him partially insane, and he took to drink. While in this condition he came in contact with "May Bangs"; and in the end, as he claims, she became his mistress. She avers there was a form of marriage in New York City, but seems unable to substantiate it, and Graham denies it. Then it appears there was, later on, a marriage ceremony at Racine, Wis. Graham claims that at this ceremony he was drunk and probably drugged. Finally he peremptorily declined to have anything further to do with her or to recognize her as his wife, whereupon she brought suit for divorce. After various episodes the case is now pending. Graham has filed a cross-bill alleging all manner of evil things against the woman—who, by the way, was a divorced woman when Graham first met her. Graham is a man of some property; and so far as we are able to learn was an industrious, honorable business man, and a devoted husband and father, temperate in his habits and respected by the circle in which he moved prior to his intimacy with "May Bangs." We have no defence to make for the man; we only desire to give the public data which, were it withheld, might possibly be considered disingenuous on our part.



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Must you still see the face and hear the voice, or does evidence strong Compell a Choice

On one hand behold ye an Angel bright and fair, on the other a demon with Stoney Stare,
One the Banner of Liberal thought unfurled, the other Bigotry gave to the World

The Great Gehovah in his awful way,
Does you know what I need not say,
The Children of Israel found the Deep Sea Dry,
Gehovah was swallowed by a whale Oh Fie Oh Fie.

Shall reason Die and such Tales Live?
Do we not know He really did Give?
A Thousand Blessings that are lying around,
Let us see them all, that more may be found.

Would you hang a Man or give him ten days, for all the Great things Orthodox Says
No Richmond, No, you have a higher Aim, a Brighter Mission a Better Fame

Think of the worry Pain and Grief, if Presiding Judge would not read your Brief
Then realize we Spirits would be heard, you have learned so much go speak the Word

If not you can never atone
To Yours Truly Wm Blackstone.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

panish Senate has voted in favor of universal showing that the news of the Republic of still echoing around the world.

by a Chicago Board of Trade man—one ne thinking on philosophic and econom— was asked to define religion. His reply ows: Religion is the minimizing of the le fluctuation of feeling in its moral aspect.

e Francis Train is a crank no doubt, but he ten all previous records in getting around this and he is entitled to be regarded as the cham- obe-trotter of the world. He made the trip in seven days and thirteen hours. His actual travell- ime was thirty-six hours less, he having stopped t length of time in New York City. Jules Verne's around the World in Eighty Days" was thought to e an extravagant piece of novel-writing, but it has been outdone in the world of actual fact, affording another illustration that truth is stranger than fiction.

From the *Christian Register*: Scientists are begin- ning to admit that a range of phenomena that has hitherto been too scornfully dismissed as "the super- natural" has become both natural and common. In the field of psychical research, which embraces the marvellous phenomena of mesmerism and hypnotism, the unexplained and unexplainable may and do actu- ally exist. It is admitted that, given a certain degree of nervous delicacy, the limit that shall divide the possible from the impossible in psychical perception is extremely difficult to set. We are realizing to-day what the earlier romances used to declare,—that, by strengthening of the spirit, a man's vision might pierce beyond the veil of flesh and see the things that are hidden of mortal sight. The story of the Holy Grail aptly illustrates this point. The "occult divina- tion" of the days of witches and fortune-tellers has become the "hypnotic impression" of modern times.

Years ago the papers published accounts of cures of the opium habit, the tobacco habit, and the appetite for intoxicating liquors, effected by Dr. La Roy Sun- derland at the close of his lectures on what he called "athetism," the same that is now known as hypnotism.

In some of the cases the aversion produced for the narcotic or stimulant to which the patient had for years been a slave, was extreme, and in many cases there was no return to the habit. The facts are given in Dr. Sunderland's published works. Now from Leeds, England, comes the statement that Dr. Bram- well of that place, has cured scores of drunkards of the appetite for strong drink by hypnotic suggestion. He throws his patient into the hypnotic sleep and tells them, while they are in this condition, never to use any more alcoholic liquors. When he is restored to a normal state the patient remains under the power of the suggestion, and not only abstains from drinking but is unable to drink, if so inclined. The appetite is gone and the cure is permanent. What is the limit of hypnotic power? Anesthesia is, it is well known, easily produced by hypnotism. It was used the other day in St. Louis to deaden sensibility in a burly negro, while a great gash in his cheek was being sewed up. The patient felt not the slightest pain, and he was sur- prised to find that the operation was concluded when the doctor called him back to consciousness. Used wisely and humanely, such a power is of the greatest value, but it seems to open also a field to unscrupu- lous characters who may be able to exert "the influ- ence over weak and irresolute minds to their injury and to the injury of others. The Belgian government in accordance with a resolution passed by the Brussels Academy of Medicine, has forbidden all public seances of hypnotism, and declared all hypnotism except used legitimately for healing purposes, to be illegal. The hypnotizing of girls under eighteen years of age is now punishable by both fines and imprisonment.

The Columbian Exposition should be opened on Sundays. It will be a school of art and indus- tries. It will be a series of object lessons in the world's progress, and an epitome of human achieve- ment. Art, painting, sculpture, literature, science and every industrial pursuit will be represented. Sun- day is the only day in the week on which workingmen can afford to attend, with their wives and children. A portion of the exhibition will appear to advantage only in daylight. Sunday is a day of rest and recreation, but not, according to the National Constitution, a Mosaic or Puritan Sabbath on which the people have no rights that pietists are bound to respect. The commissioners of the World's Exposition held in Phila- delphia in 1876, lacked the courage and the liberality to admit the public on Sunday, although they did not hesitate to conduct through the buildings distinguished persons and commissions and associations that were backed by wealth and political influence. Let the Columbian Exposition, to be held in this city, the great metropolis of the West, be more democratic, in the broad unpartizan sense of the word, and open its aisles and avenues, its fountains and arcades, its pavil- ions and galleries on Sundays, for the benefit of those who toil during six days of the week, and whose only day of leisure, rest and recreation is the Christian Sunday.

The decision of the United States court to which ap- peal was taken in the case of Kemmler, has been made with unusual promptness that death by electric stroke, delivered by order of the state, although "un- usual," is not a "cruel" mode of punishment, thus

sustaining the opinion of the New Yor departure from the methods which English-speaking countries since t were abolished, it is an indica'i cency, refinement and humanity. Bu ment itself is abhorrent to the higher it is really a barbarous way of deal The time will come when criminals, restrained instead of being murdered jected to a discipline and education with a ing out whatever latent good there is i. overcoming the evil. The present usual treating criminals, which are said to be ne prevent crime, serve to make criminals, and brutalize the people.

To the question: "Do you desire a Confession of Faith?" one hundred a presbyteries answered, "yes," and si- answered, "no." So the Presbyterian Gene at Saratoga last week appointed a comm sion to report in 1891 with instructions pose any alterations or amendments that way impair the integrity of the reformed tic system of doctrine taught in the C Faith. Since Presbyterianism is a dogm- cally constructed by logical minds, who assumed infallibility of the Bible, it will be found impossibl remove any important part of the theological struc- without making the other parts insecure. Once, mence revising the Calvinistic Creed, and good-by election, predestination, reprobation and everlasti damnation. Revision is in the air, and whate Presbyterians do in 1891 in regard to their creed, tl will be borne right along by the Time-Spirit with other denominations, and the result will be greater l erality and humanity in their heads and hearts, whet er these virtues are in their written creeds or not.

There is a vast amount of untaxed proper-ty Chicago controlled by religious denomin Although there are fewer Catholics than Protesta- the city, the former own 1,108 lots to the latter's 86 The average size of the sites of the Catholic church is larger than that of the churches of the other deno- inations. Fifteen lots are occupied by the Cath- Church of the Nativity. St. Columbkil Sister's Charity have sixty-eight lots; the Jesuit Church t the Holy Family eighty lots. Nearly one-third of a the Catholic land in the city is the property of the Archbishop. Of this much is unimproved; some o. the land is occupied by tenants from whom a revenue is received. A very moderate estimate of the value of all the lots in the city held by religious bodies puts it at \$2,094,000, with the statement that it is probably twice that amount. All this property is exempt from taxation under the laws of the state. The value o these lots is increasing rapidly, and the "unearne increment", in a few years, will make the societie that own them enormously wealthy, like the Trin- corporation in New York, for instance, and yet w the people are groaning under the burden of taxa- imposed by the city government, these valuable kept sacred to the Lord, enjoy the protection o law and the advantages of a great city without pa- one cent of taxes. In other words the people gene who own property are taxed to enrich relig- eties. This is most unjust and will result in

interests have not been broadened. From the birth to the present day THE JOURNAL has been an independent, aggressive paper. The of its founder has fallen upon us, and honorably and courageously have we striven to wear it all vicissitudes and trials, than which nothing more dramatic and unique in the history of the very beginning of its career as THE JOURNAL in most perspicuously announced that Spiritualism had to do with the interests of mankind; that it could not be confined within narrow sectarian limits, but do with life here and now as well as in the future. The writer of that editorial of the paper, was a man of affairs, responsive to human joys and sorrows, fully alive to the material as well as the spiritual interests of his fellowmen. Since his death, men have become more expert in analyses have been carried farther, differences are more sharply defined; but he caught the future and made a broad generalization of which is daily growing stronger in the thoughtful men and women, to-wit: "The Philosophy of Life." It should be at Spiritualism here means something more than the popular but wholly erroneous notion for forty years. It is not Spiritism, but a more scientific and more rational. On its scientific foundation, its foundation, in Spiritism, no more Spiritism than is one of Emergence of the English alphabet. There are millions of Spiritists, but Spiritualists are not such numbers. A Spiritist is one who believes in the continuity of life and the communion of the two worlds; this does not necessarily imply any spirituality or even morality on the part of the believer—though a majority of Spiritists are moral, as the world goes. A true Spiritualist recognizes and affirms the existence of the Spiritist, but sees in it infinitely more than his less developed, more ignorant and selfish. Countless hosts had seen apples fall to the ground, but only to a Newton did the falling apple reveal the mighty secret—a secret only because all men had failed to read correctly the every day lesson. An alphabet has no moral quality; it is neither moral nor immoral. It is unmoral. Commanded in words and wielded by a Plato, a Parker or a Luther, a Lincoln or a Gladstone it becomes a tremendous moral engine sufficient to move the whole world and inspire men to noble deeds, either of justice, patriotism, altruism or religion. Used by Ingersoll the alphabet teaches crass materialism; made to do duty in vulgar stories to raise a laugh at the expense of a religion dear to millions; wielded by a Moody this same alphabet makes thieves, robbers and debauchees tremble and turn from their evil ways, and extracts millions of money for benevolent purposes from the pockets of the wealthy. So it is with the facts of Spiritism. So it is with mesmerism, which has *per se*, no moral quality; the good or evil it does lies in the use made of it. Spiritism utilizes Spiritism as fuel to warm and vivify the higher attributes of human nature, and to furnish it as it were, to propel men toward the Good—to God.

Spiritualism has to do with religion and morals, with right-living and temperance. Only as men learn to understand the psychical side of life, can they act intelligently, justly and with the utmost efficiency. The judge on the bench, the lawyer, the physician, the minister, the educator in any field, needs to know all that

and nowhere else. Experience is this: that in the domain of psychics. Spiritualism is understood and interpreted by THE JOURNAL, rapidly diffusing itself and becoming universal; neither the discovery nor the exclusive property of any sect or party; it is found in the churches and among the vast body of the unchurched. While inspiring to the highest ideal, it accords the widest intellectual liberty; and concerns itself but little with any man's theological views. Spiritualism begins by affording certain knowledge of the continuity of life, of the survival of the spirit, of personal identity, of the persistence of love, and leads by regular stages to the highest conceivable attainment. "Whatever anybody may say about it," says that noble woman, Frances Willard, in her letter, published elsewhere in this issue, "everybody with a head on his shoulders or heart in his breast is interested." Continuing, she adds, "Beautiful and holy truths I have found in the realm of the spiritual, and I cherish these, and am grateful to those who have pointed out to me their location." For evidence of the attitude of representative men and women toward THE JOURNAL and the field it occupies, we call attention to the letters, published on another page, from such pivotal characters as Heber Newton, M. J. Savage, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, H. W. Thomas and others. Eliminate all the kind things these friends say about us personally, and take simply their expressions as to the cause for which THE JOURNAL contends; these should be enough to sober the careless and to stimulate the interest of the thoughtful.

The primary purpose of THE JOURNAL is to promote psychics; its ultimate aim is to help men to a correct ethics, thereby bringing justice into complete sway, and rendering happiness the normal condition of mortals; and finally, to be one of the many evolutionary agents in forming a universal church, THE CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT, with some such simple statement of belief as this:

God is the Universal Father; Man is the universal brother, and the Spirit of Love and Wisdom is the life of both. This Life brings immortality to light; and through spirit ministrations and intercourse Man is assured of the continuity of personal existence beyond the grave.

In this work and for these purposes we feel that we can approach, without fear and without excuse, every honest, right-minded individual, whatever may be his belief, or condition in life. We ask you, one and all, severally and collectively, to unite with us in the work, to strengthen our resources as editor, and our exchequer as publisher, by contributing to its columns, and by becoming subscribers. We ask this in no commercial spirit, but to the end that THE JOURNAL may continue its career with fresh energy and increased strength, and carry forward a work which is deemed all-important by so many leading minds of this country and of the world.

THE FOUNDATION OF MORALITY.

There is one class of religious and moral teachers who hold that morality is dependent upon the truth and acceptance of certain theological or philosophical doctrines. Now it is affirmed that belief in a divine personality is absolutely necessary as a basis and guarantee of virtue; now that the immortality of the soul only can give rational meaning to morality. Some writers have thought it incumbent on them, in their zeal for what they have regarded as the only true religion, to claim that knowledge of morality and the impulse and disposition to practice it, came originally by special, divine revelation, without which the distinction between right and wrong would never have been known to men. By thus dishonoring man, by denying his moral nature, and by ignoring the lessons of experience, and its practical results in individual and social life, these zealots have aimed to magnify the importance of certain theological dogmas, unfortunately mistaken by them for religion. By degrading man they have thought to glorify God. Such a view

must one look for a religion. The whole tendency of it is toward an ethical view of things, the deep foundations of morality and its sure guarantees. He who denies this, honors neither God nor man; he who affirms this thereby affirms the noble nobleness of man, and the goodness of the soul—things—the Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness. Neither the doctrine of the immortality of the soul nor any other fact or philosophic truth, ever indisputable, or dear to the heart of man, should be put forward as the foundation and reason of morality. On this point the position of the leaders of the Ethical Culture Movement is impregnable, and they do insist upon it in spite of adverse criticism. Prof. F. C. C. and Mr. Salter are doing substantial and admirable work in showing that ethics has foundations more solid than any special theological or philosophical which are continually undergoing modification. A work is needed to overcome the influences of this period of transition, tend to make men decide whether morality itself has any real and durable ethical distinction between right and wrong, is a moral advancement, and the best way to prevent criticism of this sort—quite different from criticism in regard to theological dogmas—is to teach morality on its own merits and on rational grounds, independent of opinions and speculations, in regard to which the wisest differ.

WOMEN ON THE SCHOOL BOARD.

There is a strong public sentiment among the intelligent and educated people of Chicago in favor of increasing the number of women on the school board and the importance of this reform has recently urged upon the mayor of the city by its most prominent and respected citizens. In a letter to the *Chicago Legal News*, Hon. James Bradwell writes in substance that believing women ought to have the right to hold office that men have, and a school board composed of six efficient men and six women, would be an abler and better board than one composed of twelve efficient men or twelve women. He drew and introduced in the legislature this state, in 1873, the bill which became a law making women eligible to any office under the general special school laws of the state. Under it, during thirteen years it has been on the statute book, women have been elected county superintendents of schools, school directors, and been appointed on boards of education and have given universal satisfaction.

Mr. Bradwell takes a very fair view of the subject. There are more women than men engaged in teaching in the Chicago public schools, and there are more girls than boys attending these schools. Evidently their supervision can be better intrusted to a mixed board of men and women than to one composed exclusively of men, since there are many things in the management and care of children in a school that would be looked after by women, which might escape the attention of men. Women should be consulted in planning, building and furnishing the school-houses with a view to the convenience and comfort of the thousands of children who spend a large part of their early life within their walls. There are many women of mature age and great ability who have made more careful study of the needs of pupils and of the right methods of education than the majority of male educators, and who are well fitted to judge wisely and to act judiciously in regard to questions which may come before the school board. There are often complex and perplexing difficulties arising in the discipline of all schools, and especially in the primary grades, in which woman's sympathetic knowledge of childhood and peculiar tact would prove of great value both to pupils and teachers. In cities where women are on school committees, teachers freely express their approval, saying that they can talk more easily to one of their own sex than to men, of questions arising in their schools pertaining to the physical, mental and moral

well-being of their pupils. Many women have more time than men and would be likely to pay more attention to the sanitary condition of the buildings. A city like Chicago whose women are admired throughout the country for the educational and reformatory work they are doing, unasked and unrewarded, should not lag behind the outside world in showing them appreciation. Mrs. Ellen M. Mitchell is held in honor for the moral courage she has exhibited in her position as the one woman on the Chicago board of education. Mayor Cregier has been requested to appoint two more women on the school board. Mrs. J. M. Flower, Mrs. Charles Henrotin, Mrs. C. K. Sherman, Mrs. Kate E. Tuley, Miss Mary Allen West and Mrs. Vaughan are among the persons who have been recommended for the position. Will the Mayor rise above the petty consideration of party politics, and be just to himself, to the women of Chicago, to the public schools of the city and to the public generally?

SUICIDE.

It is easy enough to say that those who commit suicide are insane, foolish, etc. Doubtless the mind that resolves upon suicide, is, at the time, in a disordered and abnormal condition, but what induces this condition and causes the number of suicides to increase year after year? The question involves many considerations, and cannot be answered in a few paragraphs; indeed, in the present state of knowledge it does not admit of an entirely complete and satisfactory answer. But there is one general cause of the conditions that lead to the numerous suicides in this country, not commonly regarded, and yet too indubitable to be overlooked in any careful investigation of the subject, viz.: the rapidity of the transition through which society and individuals are passing to-day, in which a multitude of readjustments in thought and method are a necessity of intellectual, business and social life.

So numerous and complicated are the changes required, that many minds are weakened at one or more points. With the majority the disturbance is but temporary, or so slight that it does not greatly mar their character or interfere with their success; but there are others who lack the mental flexibility and the coordinating power to effect the readjustments necessary to give them complete supremacy over the details and the affairs of their lives. The character—the more modern product of evolution—becomes confused, disturbed, impaired; reason loses its accustomed hold; the regulative power of the mind is destroyed, and the emotions and passions, uncurbed or undirected, lead the unfortunate individual, who is at once their possessor and their victim, to destruction. Multitudes plunge into excesses, and the amount of licentiousness, drunkenness and other forms of vice, and the number of crimes of violence are vastly increased. A number, small by comparison, but large separately considered, who become wrecked in health, ruined in business, unhappy in their domestic relations, or for other reasons discouraged and despondent, resolve upon self-destruction. A third of the cases of suicide, it is said, grow out of disappointment in love. Thus the strongest passion in human nature, by which life is renewed and perpetuated, and which is the source of the home, and of the highest happiness, perverted or uncontrolled by reason, impels to self-destruction.

Rapid progress, intellectual and social, and in the industrial and commercial world, is necessarily made at great cost. The more changes that are crowded into a small space of time, the greater is the demand upon those faculties which give balance to the mind, and the greater the demand for readjustments to the changes wrought. It is clear, therefore, without going into a discussion of particular reasons and immediate causes, why even in this new country, which is free from much that makes life burdensome in many of the older nations, suicides among all classes are of daily occurrence.

The State of New York has a law, enacted three or four years ago, making an attempt at suicide a criminal offense; but such a law is not likely to check an evil which has its causes deep in the conditions of our present intellectual, industrial and social life. Not there is some abatement in the feverish pursuit

of wealth and in the ambition for distinction, with the consequent desire for display, not until cramming in education gives way to rational methods, and sensationalism in literary and social circles is replaced by sobriety of thought and reasonableness of conduct, may we hope for any improvement of those conditions which lead to the moral ruin of multitudes, and which result here and there in those acts of self-destruction which, because of their tragic character, attract general attention and are viewed apart from the other sad consequences of the same conditions.

T. L. HARRIS.

The papers state that T. L. Harris, the founder of the religious sect known as the "Brotherhood of the New Life," is now at his home in Santa Rosa, Cal., where the community of which he is still the head, owns several thousand acres of land. Mr. Harris is described as "a gray-haired man, aged and infirm, apparently awaiting the final summons. . . . He has his followers here. Many of them are old and infirm like himself, but trusting, believing in him until death. His talk seems strange, his voice weird, and they tell me his mind has long since lost its healthy tone." He is reported as saying, "I am living in a heaven here, as compared with the world outside. I ask no alms, and desire only to be forgotten by those who are not believers in my faith." A letter says, "When Harris dies the 'Brotherhood of the New Life' will doubtless die with him. What will become of the valuable community property is another question. In all probability it will eventually pass into the hands of the State of California." T. L. Harris was born in England. His youth was passed in the vicinity of Utica, N. Y. He was deeply impressed with the first manifestations of modern Spiritualism, of which his poems, "An Epic of the Starry Heavens," "A Lyric of the Morning Land," etc., form a part of the early literature. His desire for leadership was strong. He was religious but erratic. He announced years ago that he had been in direct communion with God who had chosen him for the instrument by which He would communicate with the children of earth. Mr. Harris was a handsome, magnetic man, educated, poetic and a good conversationalist; and among those who became his followers were men and women of superior qualities.

NOT A MATERIALIST.

In our issue of April 9, 1890, appeared an editorial statement, called out by a reference in the *Banner of Light*, to Mr. B. F. Underwood's connection with THE JOURNAL. An extract from that statement is here reproduced:

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is devoted not only to technical Spiritualism, but also to "the Arts and Sciences, Literature, Romance and General Reform." It is wide in its scope, and aims to keep abreast of the best and most advanced thought of the day, on all subjects of current interest and of public importance. To do this work THE JOURNAL has to bring to its aid the best talent that it can secure. There are numerous subjects discussed in the editorial columns of THE JOURNAL, with which Mr. B. F. Underwood is familiar, and on which he is, in thought, in full accord with the editor, and with the ablest representative Spiritualists. His talent is not more conspicuous than his candor and fairness, as thousands of Spiritualists, who have heard him, can testify. THE JOURNAL, therefore, has been glad to avail itself of his ability and willingness to contribute to its editorial department on social, economic and other current themes and to render such literary aid as his other duties have permitted. THE JOURNAL has but one editor, and he holds himself personally, professionally and legally responsible for all editorial matter. Mr. Underwood has, during the past three years, written for the editorial columns of several papers, which have valued his work, although they are no more in sympathy with his views on some subjects than he is with theirs.

The B. of L. speaks of Mr. U. as a "materialist." This is a mistake. To our knowledge, Mr. U. regards materialism as a philosophically untenable system. Instead of believing that matter is the only existence and the cause of mental phenomena, he holds that matter is but phenomenal of a deeper reality underlying it. In short, his position is much like that of Spencer, which ignorance only confounds with materialism. When in 1881, the *Index* announced that Mr. Underwood was to be one of its editors, Mr. W. J. Potter, who was then in charge of the paper, said:

"He [B. F. Underwood] has been in the lecture field so long, and has won such favorite regard therein, that his name has become a household word in liberal circles in a majority of the States of the Union. As a liberal lec-

turer, his station for the moment. His reading, and religion which they were an in thorough student and admirer may be considered as the popular philosophy in this country.

For several years Mr. Underwood of the *Index* and many of our readers. The character and tone of the paper during that time, we still further say that Mr. Underwood toward Spiritualism is extremely hospitable rather antagonistic; and there is as little reason for the ob of the *Banner of Light* to his writing for THE JOURNAL there was for that paper's unfriendly remarks which U. assumed charge of the *Index*. THE JOURNAL scribes will be sure, appreciate our enterprise, securing the services of one of whom the Salt Lake *une* says: "More than any man in America, this man fills the role of a teacher of scientific freedom and whom the eminently respectable and Boston *Daily Advertiser* classes as 'one of the radical leaders both with his pen. Had our arrangement with Mr. Underwood permanent nature we should have been able to aid it to THE JOURNAL's readers. Our may be able to retain so competent and writer. The demand of the hour is: Not to sing of the 'sweet by and by,' but to grapple with the perplexing problems which beset this world and hinder diffusion of comfort and happiness. In this work Mr. Underwood we know of no one better qualified heart beats in full sympathy with the pulse of humanity, and his work in the complete development of psychology, religious and social reform, is as important and effective as that of any writer in America.

We are now able to say that arrangements have been made by which Mr. Underwood will write for editorial columns of this paper on any and all subjects concerning which his views are in the line of THE JOURNAL's thought; and on such other subjects he will contribute to the columns of this paper over his own name, whenever he shall wish to do so.

The question as to Mr. Underwood's philosophical views in this connection does not concern us, but since they may be of interest to the readers of THE JOURNAL, a brief editorial by Mr. Underwood is reprinted on another page, from the *Index* of January, 1890. Similar statements of his position may be found in the address given before the Free Religious Association, the name of which were printed in the *Index* as early as 1876.

Rev. A. N. Alcott, pastor of the Universalist Church at Elgin, Illinois, and whose able contributions to THE JOURNAL have attracted wide attention, has resigned his charge to accept a call from Peoria. During his four years' ministrations at Elgin, he has more than doubled the membership, and also made his mark as a citizen. An effort is making to induce him to reconsider his resignation. Mr. Alcott is a deep thinker, with the courage of his convictions, and is sure to wield great influence in the world of liberal religion.

An Alabama girl, now ten years of age, who lost the sense of sight, hearing and speech in infancy, was sent North by her wealthy parents to be educated in one of the institutions for the blind. The first year she acquired a vocabulary of 3,000 words, showing greater mental activity than did Laura Bridgman. A few months ago Miss Fuller, of the Horace Mann school, began to teach her to articulate, instructing her how to place her tongue, and all the mechanical elements of articulation. The child now talks quite readily, uses accent, and with her private teacher as interpreter, can carry on a conversation with her friends. Her voice at first disagreeable is no longer unpleasant, though slightly guttural and aspirated. This is one of a very few and remarkable cases of deaf-mutes learning to talk.

The most coveted prize of the year at Harvard, the Boylston prize for oratory, has been awarded to W. E. B. Dubois of the present senior class. The successful contestant is a negro. A few months ago the Harvard senior class chose one of its colored members by election for a class day honor. These incidents show the tendency in the educated circles of the East to judge men by mental tests, and not by the color of the skin. About the same time the judges awarded the palm to Dubois, the Episcopal Diocesan Convention at Charleston, S. C., by a vote of twenty-four clergical delegates out of twenty-eight, and twenty-nine delegates out of thirty-nine, passed an amendment

until his
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action of
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y delegates would not at-
negro rector in the diocese,
y additions of that kind.

years has been sustained in Boston a
society known as the Parker Memorial Science
It had its origin as a class in the Sunday-
of the Parker Memorial Fraternity or the
Eighth Congregationalist Society of Boston.
character entirely untheological, and the ques-
olved in theology are not considered within
of its aims, although they are occasionally
attention is given to scientific sub-
tures are by the members, but a
nent teachers of science, includ-
s of nearly all the leading institu-
in Boston and vicinity, and many
in the professions and technical pursuits, have
among those who have read papers or given ad-
before the society. Discussion generally fol-
address. The meetings are held on Sunday
n. The society is distinct from the usual gath-
ings on that day and it is fairly entitled to be re-
d as one of the important educational and sci-
organizations of the city.

Gustin, of Troy, Pa., is the inventor of a
signal code which officers connected with the Sig-
nal Service have pronounced superior to any now in
use. Commodore Porter, Chief Signal officer of the
United States Navy, Mr. Gustin informs us, has said
that it should be adopted when a new code is formu-
lated. The method is very simple and can be learned
easily. Mr. Gustin has described it very clearly in a
all pamphlet entitled "Optic Telegraph: A new
method, without Poles, Wires or Batteries." The let-
ters of the alphabet are represented by figures 1 and 2
and their different combinations, and the messages
are sent by flashes of light. A ship, a hill-top or
a house may serve as a telegraph station. Apart
from its practical advantages, the optic telegraph
could be made a source of profitable amusement for
young people.

Rev. John Snyder (Unitarian), of St. Louis, in a
sermon on Easter Sunday is reported to have laid
stress on modern scientific investigations into the phe-
nomena of Spiritualism, "as affording the only pos-
sible means of reviving a belief in the immortality of
the human soul, a belief which has been dying out to
an alarming extent in the minds of many good and
intelligent people."

A contemporary ridicules the idea of man's inter-
vention changing the climate of any portion of the
earth; but there is reason for believing that already
the building of railways, the destruction of forests and
the erection of telegraph lines, have changed atmos-
pheric conditions. If the French shall succeed, as
they very likely will, in letting in the water of the Atlan-
tic, and making a sea of large portions of the Sahara
desert, a change of the climate of Southern Europe and
Northern Africa is pretty sure to result.

A writer, after mentioning that insanity is increasing
in this country, and that nervous exhaustion, especially
among men following intellectual pursuits, is almost
epidemic in America, says: "The only moral check
lies in relaxation; in being content with modest ways
and frugal means; in seeking delight in nature, in liter-
ature, in art; in cultivating in the young a conviction
that this life, being not the only one, should be lived
worthily for another, without excess, without vice; or
being the only one—if needs must that this pessimism
shall be taught—that the only life deserves to be lived
worthily of itself. The doctors may prescribe poppy
and mandragora for those who bend the eye on van-
ity, and with the incorporeal air do hold discourse."
prevention of insanity in the United States has
been a more formidable undertaking than its treat-
ment in asylums."

AND THE UNSEEN WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR HENRY KIDDLE.

"How can a man obtain any knowledge of the un-
seen world?" This is the question asked by Col. Ingersoll
in his defence of Agnosticism in the *North American Review*.
He does not make this inquiry in order
to solicit information, but to assert by a rhetorical
figure that no such knowledge is obtainable, for he
goes on to make, dogmatically, a series of negative
statements, as follows:

"He certainly cannot obtain it through the medium of
the senses. It is not a world that he can visit. No person
has come back from the unseen world. No authentic
message has been delivered. Through all the centuries,
not one whisper has broken the silence that lies beyond
the grave. Countless millions have sought for some evi-
dence, have listened in vain for some word."

Now every one of these statements is contradicted
by the experience and testimony of—I will not use
Col. Ingersoll's favorite hyperbole, and say "count-
less millions," but—uncounted millions, who are just
as positive as Col. Ingersoll that there is abundant
proof by testimony and experience, that a knowledge of
what is called the unseen or spiritual world—the world,
or state of being, into which man passes after what
is called death—can be obtained by the senses, even
by the physical senses, but especially by that inner
sense which, though all may possess it in various de-
grees, in some persons seems to be a peculiar endow-
ment.

If Col. Ingersoll has thoroughly investigated the
great subject of the continuity of life, which also in-
volves what he calls the "unseen world," then he
should give some reason for rejecting the vast body of
facts which afford the basis of belief, or rather con-
viction, to so many cultured minds that there is a life
beyond material dissolution. If he knows nothing of
these facts, then he disproves his own dictum, that
"ignorance and credulity go hand in hand," and shows
that ignorance and incredulity go hand in hand. Cer-
tainly the latter proposition has much better support
than the former, as can be shown by copious illustra-
tions. There is scarcely a fact or truth of which the
Agnostic of these days claims that he has a "scientific
knowledge," which was not at one time rejected by
those who were the accepted exponents of scientific
truth. Many, if not most, of the modern discoveries
in science were rejected, derided, or disapproved by the
reigning scientific savants. Why? Because they were
ignorant of the things which they condemned, and
thus showed that ignorance and incredulity go hand
in hand.

"Intelligence," Col. Ingersoll says, "is not swayed
by prejudice, neither is it driven to extremes by sus-
picion. It takes into consideration personal motives.
It examines the character of the witnesses, makes
allowance for the ignorance of the time,—for enthusi-
asm, for fear,—and comes to its conclusion without
fear and without passion." This is undoubtedly true
of genuine intelligence; but do not we see much that
is assumed—that is spurious and pretentious, that is
exceedingly limited and partial, and yet sets itself up as
universal? Certainly we see many illustrations of
this fact in this age of scientific culture. It does not
follow that, because a man is a distinguished special-
ist in a certain department of knowledge, he is neces-
sarily capable of passing judgment upon questions
belonging to a branch of inquiry outside of his spe-
cialty. A physical scientist is not *ipso facto* an au-
thority in mental science, in metaphysical questions,
or in subjects pertaining to the intellectual and spiri-
tual nature of man. Every subject requires its own
experience, its own methods of research, even its own
peculiar talents or endowments. When the Agnostic
says, "I don't know; hence, you don't know; no one
knows"; does he simply admit that "he has no knowl-
edge"? Does he not, on the contrary, presumptuously
lay claim to knowledge which no one can possess—
a knowledge of the experience and means of acqui-
sition of all mankind? Does he not, absurdly, and
illogically, make his own want of knowledge the
standard of human attainment and of the general
ability to explore the mysteries of nature?

Were those scientists truly intelligent who rejected

"Kepler's law, and Harvey's discovery of the cir-
culation of the blood—who laughed at the alleged exist-
ence of aerolites; at the possibility of ocean steam
navigation, and Morse's telegraph? Did they "consider
personal motives"? Did they "examine the character
of the witnesses"? Did they "make allowance for the
ignorance of the time"—that ignorance of which they
were themselves the unconscious exponents? Were
they "free from prejudice"—against everything which
they had not learned? From "fear"—of losing caste
by an admission of their own ignorance? From the
"passion" of pride—in their scientific standing and
reputation?

Then let us look at Col. Ingersoll's Agnostic allega-
tion. He says:

"A man can obtain no knowledge of the 'unseen
world' through the medium of the senses." But do
we not obtain some knowledge of the "world of spir-
its," which is what he refers to, when we behold, hold
converse with in various ways, and actually hear,
touch, are touched by the inhabitants of that world,
and are confronted with various kinds of physical
manifestations accompanied with an intelligence, that
not only bears witness of itself—that it emanates from
the world of spirits—but can, logically and rationally
be attributed to no other source? At any rate such
has been, and is the view of very many patient ex-
plorers of this field of research,—men of cultured un-
derstanding and more than the peers of the eloquent
advocate, whose intuitive impressions and inward
guesses cannot take precedence of the conclusions of
careful, scientific investigations by men thoroughly
capable of making such research. The demonstrated
truths of spirit existence and manifestation, unfor-
tunately, need constant vindication from such inexcus-
able assaults.

ETHICS AND THE LIBERTY TO MAKE MONEY.

BY W. M. SALTER.

Ethics is essentially an ideal. What would it mean
if practically applied to men's ordinary notions of
freedom? "I have a right to make money as I please,
so I do not lie or steal or abridge anybody else's free-
dom to make money"—this seems to be the common
opinion. But I cannot see that there is any such right
and I do not believe that anyone who felt that the su-
preme rule was to do good and not evil to men would
claim it. A person with conscience will abridge his
own freedom and will not engage in or ask to be pro-
tected in any business which brings harm and degra-
dation to men. It is no matter if men are indifferent,
if they want that which will injure them, if they de-
mand it; no man of conscience will give supply to that
demand.

Had English merchants any right to demoralize the
inhabitants of China by introducing opium there?
Have the distillers of Hamburg, Amsterdam and our
own country the right to flood South Africa with
cheap, deadly rum and gin and brandy?—so that a
chief in writing to a Christian bishop pathetically ex-
claimed: "Barasa! barasa! barasa! [the name for rum]
before God I declare, it has ruined our country; it has
ruined our people very much; it has made our people
become mad." I do not mean the legal right—for the
great Conference of the Powers in 1855 decreed it, and
free trade in rum is the curse of Africa; but the moral
right, which can never be given by law and is itself
the foundation of all law worthy of respect. No, there
is no right, and none can be created, to harm the peo-
ple.

All this applies to us as well. To take one illustra-
tion (there may be others), there is no business which
requires so much conscience, and which as frequently
conducted seems to possess so little, as that of selling
retail quantities of intoxicating drink. I do not go to
the length of condemning it *in toto*; by no means do I
say that a liquor seller must be a bad man. But in
perhaps no other business recognized by law are the
temptations so great, in the pursuit of no other calling
is it so easy to become an enemy to our kind, as in
this. Grant, if we will, that selling a moderat
amount of drink to some persons may do no harm
"the money" is often in selling an immoderate amount
—and there are those for whom the least drop is t

that the fraternity, mercy, kindness, character are—these civil virtues all the various religious sufficiently agreed. And these morals can be easily separated from all theological speculation, dogmas and creeds. Instruction in one, and all the virtues, need never take the first step on any sectarian, denominational, ecclesiastical or theological domain,—on any religion which is the thread of speculative theory in it.

As our public schools are now managed, reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, geology, botany, grammar, Latin—all purely intellectual studies, and well enough adapted to the development and discipline of the intellectual sense, but bearing very little of the culture of the moral sense, and the building of grand moral character, usurp almost entirely the time and energy of the pupils, and the efforts of the teachers. Is it any wonder that, notwithstanding all our schools, our land is so filled with thousands who are deficient in moral sense and moral stamina, and open, not only to the temptations, but also to the invasions of vice and crime? Let us remember that it is education that makes the man.

Charles Sumner said: "The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened and decorated by the intellect of man." And Emerson went so far as to say: "Morality is the object of government."

Let there be, then, deliberate and text-book instruction in the morals in our public schools, in all those directions which affect citizenship,—a province wide and inexhaustible,—and let it be thorough and continuous. The state has a perfect right to educate the moral, as well as the intellectual sense of its youth.

CONSTRUCTIVE SPIRITUALISM.

By WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

There is an iconoclastic Spiritualism, and there is a constructive Spiritualism; with both I am in cordial sympathy. There is a cautious, discriminative Spiritualism, and there is an all-benevolent, *quasi* charitable Spiritualism, which takes in any and everything that calls itself Spiritualism; with both of these I am not in sympathy,—the first of the two being the one alone that commends itself to my judgment. To my mind, iconoclasm is as necessary in Spiritualism as is construction; but both require to be judiciously exercised. It is necessary that the mass of theological dead-wood cumbering the field of rational thought today should be removed, ere the temple of spiritualistic truth can be upreared; and to do this, earnest, persistent work is needed, critical, expositive, and remedial. To demonstrate the rationality of the tenets of the spiritual philosophy, the irrationality of many of the elements of the popular faith must be established; and so iconoclasm and criticism, wisely handled, are often requisite preparatives for constructive spiritual work.

Careful discrimination is demanded alike in our tearing down and in our upbuilding. Coarse, crude criticism of that held sacred by those addressed may rather than attract the investigator of spiritual phenomena and philosophy; whereas a judicious, discriminative presentation of the errors and fallacies which we are desirous of overthrowing may be crowned with success. Still more careful should we be as to the character of that presented as a substitute for the old-time dogmas. To free the mind from one load of superstition and error, only again to fill it with another burden as far removed from truth as was the former one, is of scant benefit. It behooves us above all things else in spiritualistic propagandism, to be particularly careful as to our constructive work. Let our facts be sure, and our conclusions thereupon sound. Let us not jump to conclusions too readily.

It seems to me that, as regards practical construction in the world, Spiritualists should be doing more than they are at present. The spiritual philosophy inculcates unceasing beneficence, humanitarian philanthropic endeavor, the utilization and cultivation of all our mental and moral endowments; it

teaches us that our condition in the spiritual world is dependent upon our labors here in this world, that the more advanced we are intellectually and morally in this world, the higher, grander, and happier will be our estate in the next country. No other faith probably furnishes stronger incentives to moral, spiritual, and intellectual growth and progress, than that of the Spiritualists. Why, then, do we not more effectually embody in our life-walk, individually and collectively, the sublime principles of our philosophy and of our religion? What a grand thing it would be for the world, and for Spiritualism, if the true, honest Spiritualists (exclusive, of course, of the pretenders, who use the sacred name of Spiritualism as a cloak for all crime and vice) would from this time forth exert all their efforts to live, each day, in full accord with the highest precepts of the spiritual philosophy. Each one striving, so far as in him lies, to develop all the higher elements of his nature, to do all that he can to improve the world, and to accomplish as much good as he possibly can in every direction that may be open to him. That is the practical Spiritualism that we need, and for one I would bless the day that witnessed the "materialization," in verity, of such a form of "Constructive Spiritualism."

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

THE JETSAM AND FLOTSAM ON THE CRESTED WAVES OF LIFE.

By C. G. ANDERSON.

Blighted hopes, once safely anchored by the chain of future possibilities and circumstances, apparently indicative of a useful and honorable life, are now scattered and sunk into utter oblivion through results of unforeseen events, leaving to the turmoil and strife, for a necessary existence, a being loth to finish a struggle, perhaps nobly begun. A little more courage and a little more ambition to prompt the efforts of the individual, it may be said, might have produced an entirely different outcome. True, but let us before judging too harshly, take an impartial survey of life in its manifold phases and, no doubt, our discrimination will lean to the side of forbearance.

The wreckage on the ocean's highway is caused, in too many instances, by direct neglect and carelessness, yet in a majority of cases by turbulent elements following out an ordination of nature's law. In human life, also, happiness is wrecked through neglect as well as folly, pride and indifference, and worst of all, wilful sin; still a large number of life's forsaken castaways can trace their down-fall to the self-ordained laws of formalities and customs enforced by society. On the deep and vast expansive ocean the jetsam and flotsam, that is, the parcels of cargo thrown by the board perhaps to save what is of more concern, the lives of passengers and crew, are looked for, and, if possible, recovered. How about the jetsam and flotsam cast upon the waves of life? Is the endeavor for their recovery such as to warrant the saying: "Are they lost?" In the mixture of life's dross and gold does not much of the latter become lost wreckage from the indifference on the part of those who thrust it away as all dross?

In the voyage of life there are many helping hands to save what comes within their reach; but how many are there not who, from avaricious ambition, crusty greed, grudging charity and an evil disposition, turn their backs on a fellow mortal who, with outstretched hands, asks their help? Then again, are there not others who, from sheer ignorance and an utter indifference to their surroundings, fail to see that which, to them as fellow-beings in existence, should at the very least receive a considerate thought?

Evil depravity, and lustful sin are breakers which can be seen and avoided, yet the under-current of temptations, too strong for a weak mind, drags many on to moral destruction, and no effort, however strenuous on the part of others, can save such from inevitable consequences. Still it is not the necessities of life, or the smallest portions of any hoarded earnings, nor is it the doling out of so much of this and so much of that from a plenteously stocked larder to another in need and want, which constitutes the donor the savior of life's wreckage. The charity thus tendered,

whether prompted by a kind heart, or a desire to do good on the part of the giver to appear as a benefactor among mankind, is apt to be considered as the only help needed. No, far from it, it may be the much needed morsel which stimulatingly may send the fast-ebbing flow of blood coursing once again, with renewed vigor, through channels which supplies the human body with the essence of life, yet only, perhaps, for the renewal of another struggle and eventual failure.

Jealous envy and bigoted pride, always distrustful of advancement and progress, malicious hatred and unjust criticisms finding their vent by way of a slanderous tongue, are insidious factors of opposition which make the efforts of those willing to do their share in the saving of life's wreckage, at times but a futile attempt, and society, encircled in the mantle of opulence and self-aggrandizement, is responsible, to a certain extent, for it all. Rid society of these evils, pluck from it the seeds which have their origin in the covetousness which lays the foundation for oppressive and grinding monopolies; endeavor to so mould it that honor and worth, not riches, intellects free and unprejudiced in concessions which lead to the acceptance of what is, not what was, embodying sentiments stripped of sordid imaginations and superstitions, which derive their instillation from bigoted dogmas and beliefs, and the change will be such, that the saving of life's wreckage will be multiplied a thousand fold.

LOOKING FORWARD.

By WARREN CHASE.

The legal cure for existing evils is what I am looking for in the future. I see in a Boston paper a statement of the Adams Express Company's fifty years existence which began by Mr. Amri Adams going to New York with a satchel, as I have heard him relate. The paper says it employs 20,000 men and runs 25,000 miles of railroads, and pays handsome dividends on \$12,000,000 of capital—stock of course, and mostly made of water. Who pays these dividends? and what do the stockholders do to earn them? and what is the utility of the corporation or its stock except to support speculating idlers and gamblers? The railroads can do all its business without increasing their watered stock. It should be legally closed up. The complete control by government of all corporate monopolies and the restriction of stock and the limit of dividends, is the only remedy I know of against trusts and oppressive monopolies. I would gradually repeal all laws for the collection of debts, beginning with the small ones by prohibiting the issue of process of collection as I once had it in a bill I presented in the Wisconsin State Senate, and I would stop all sales of homesteads on mortgage and ultimately prohibit mortgages of real-estate used for farms or homes of families. The ablest lawyers of Wisconsin approved of my bill to repeal all laws for the collection of debts, as I proved by the court records that the cost of suits for collection was greater than the judgments, many of which were never collected. It would be better for the government to furnish currency—legal tender—of National issue sufficient to enable the people to pay as they purchase, and put a stop to the ruinous interest on bonds and mortgages that is impoverishing the farmers, who are paying from five to ten per cent, while the increase from labor and production is only about three per cent. If we only had a congress and legislatures to enact laws for the people instead of for monopolies we should soon be released from the trouble among laborers.

CORDEN, Ill.

DREAMS.

H. Maurice, M. D., raises the question in the Sunday *Globe-Democrat* as to how it happens that dreams sometimes reveal facts about which the dreamer knows nothing, and about which nobody else from a terrestrial standpoint could know anything. Dr. Maurice refers to the theory that such knowledge comes by spiritual communication, and to the assertion that no real revelation of facts ever does come in dreams. He thinks that psychical science is now too far advanced to warrant investigators in being satisfied with it.

much; so that this kind of gain may freely grow and fatten on drunkenness. Hence, whether we go to the length of prohibition or not, (and I do not) I believe that we need a radical revision of the notion of a right to make money in our own chosen way and of the duty of the state to let us have our way without let or hindrance.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGES.

BY RICHARD HODGSON.

IN THE JOURNAL of May 10th an account appears, entitled "Verification of a Spirit Message," from *Neue Spiritualistische Blätter*. The reader should compare this case with the incident described in THE JOURNAL of April 26th, under the title of "Confirmation Still Wanted," with the editorial remarks thereon.

In both cases it appears that the name, date of death and other information concerning the supposed spirit were given through a medium, and the witnesses to the experience appear to regard the test as "a proof of the continued existence of man's spirit after the death of the material body." Now, I am far from asserting that the messages in question were not actual communications from spirits, as they purported to be, but we must keep clearly in view the fact that "proofs" of this kind are not such as will convince outsiders who are familiar with the more or less latent capacities of our own individualities. The experiences may possibly be accounted for, apart from "spirit-return," without supposing any dishonesty on the part of the mediums. In each case the medium may have previously received, consciously, the information given at the séance, and have lost it beyond any conscious recall to her waking state; or, on the other hand, the medium may have received the information given, without ever having been conscious, in the normal waking state, of having received it. The information when given at the séance, might then appear just as novel to the medium as to the rest of the sitters.

In an article which appeared in the April number of *The Forum* I quoted an interesting case which bears on this point. The case briefly was this: Mr. Z. was witnessing the trance writing of a Miss A. She wrote the name of Mr. Z.'s father, afterwards moved towards Mr. Z., drew her pencil several times rapidly across the two middle fingers of his left hand, then returned to her seat and wrote quickly, "Does this convince you?" Those two fingers had been cut off from the left hand of Mr. Z.'s father in his boyhood. Miss A. then wrote the name of a boy in Mr. Z.'s school, and described his being killed by running off an embankment when sliding down a hill, with other details. Now, this last incident had never occurred at all, and did not occur, but the boy, whose name was given, had, with other boys, coursed the hill mentioned, and Mr. Z. had worried over the matter, and was much relieved when school closed without an accident having happened. Mr. Z. states that neither his father nor the boy was in his mind at the time of their mention by Miss A.; and the incident strongly suggests that in both cases the information given by the medium was telepathically drawn from the store-house of Mr. Z.'s memories.

Again, let us take two cases given by Miss X. in her article on crystal-vision, in Part XIV of Proceedings of the S. P. R.:

"Here, for example, I find in the crystal a bit of dark wall, covered with white jessamine, and I ask myself, 'Where have I walked to-day?' I have no recollection of such a sight, not a common one in the London streets, but to-morrow I will repeat my walk of this morning, with a careful regard for creeper-covered walls. To-morrow solves the mystery. I find the very spot, and the sight brings with it the further recollection that at the moment we passed this spot I was engaged in absorbing conversation with my companion, and my voluntary attention was pre-occupied.

"It was suggested to me, one day last September, that I should look into the crystal with the intention of seeing words, which had at that time formed no part of my experience. I was immediately rewarded by the sight of what was obviously a newspaper announcement, in the type familiar to all in the first column of the *Times*. It reported the death of a lady, at one time a very frequent visitor in my circle, and very intimate with some of my nearest friends, an announcement, therefore, which, had I consciously seen it, would have interested me considerably.

I related my vision at breakfast, quoting name, place, and an allusion to 'a long period of suffering'

borne by the deceased lady, and added that I was sure that I had not heard any report of her illness or even, for some months, any mention of her likely to suggest such an hallucination. I was, however, aware that I had the day before taken up the first sheet of the *Times*, but was interrupted before I had consciously read any announcement of death. Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, with whom I was staying, immediately sought for the paper, where we discovered the paragraph almost exactly as I had seen it. We each recorded our own share in the circumstance and carefully preserved the newspaper cutting."

There are doubtless many readers of THE JOURNAL who are in the habit of receiving what they believe to be messages from their "spirit friends," and I am especially anxious to obtain accounts of instances where the proof of communication from some extraneous intelligence is much stronger than in the cases which I have referred to at the head of this article. I would suggest that those who believe themselves to be in communication with their "spirit friends" should ask those friends to assist them in establishing that they are what they purport to be, by tests which will compel the assent of skeptical investigators. For example, let them ask their "spirit friends" to communicate to them occurrences elsewhere which have just happened, and which by no possibility could be known to any of the members of the circle, with details rendering the account specific. Such occurrences might be the unexpected deaths of friends or relatives in other parts of the world, sudden calamities, etc., etc. The statements made through the medium, whether by speech in trance, or by automatic writing, or otherwise, should be carefully recorded at the time, and the signatures of the witnesses appended. Copies should be immediately sent to other persons before the verification of the message is known. Records of this kind would help to exclude at least some of the hypotheses, other than spirit return, which are at present applicable to such cases as I have taken for my text. I shall myself heartily welcome any such records. The verification should be substantiated also by the signatures of several persons who know of the occurrence to which the message relates. It is certainly the duty of all those who believe that their departed friends are still living and communicating with those on earth, to use the most strenuous efforts to obtain tests of the very highest quality, and I earnestly request the co-operation of the readers of THE JOURNAL that branch of our research which concerns most directly the spiritualistic belief.

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MORAL CULTURE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY A. N. ALCOTT.

Perhaps there is no question at present agitating the American people more important, or more far-reaching in its consequences than what shall be the character of the instruction in our public schools. Wendell Phillips once said in one of his speeches: "Education is the only interest worthy the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man." And Gay said:

"Impartially their talents scan,
'Tis Education forms the man."

It seems to be unquestioned on all hands that a government which is shaped and administered directly, or indirectly by the ballots of the people at large, must rest for its secure and only foundation, on the intelligence and moral principles of that people. Only knowledge and fit character can rear and maintain such a political structure. The people are its source, its creator, and its providence.

Now, has the state the right to prescribe the conditions which it thinks necessary to its own existence, well-being and perpetuity, and to enforce these conditions on the people by law? If it has a right to exist, it has. This would seem to be axiomatic. And it would also seem to be axiomatic that morality among citizens is just as essential to the perpetuation of a free state as is intelligence. And the state is compelled to enter with its decisions this domain of morals to a certain extent. Because of its supreme right to live, and therefore, its right to determine the principles of morality by which it may, and can live, it will not permit the establishment of a religion, even, which in its own judgment is inimical to the first principles of morality. No plea of the right of private judgment in religion, nor of the right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of the private con-

science, or

religion, or
mental principle

Mormonism, or any other religious faith, be tolerated. It must be crushed out. The live; and it must, if possible, live well and honestly.

Then since it does not seem possible, because of sectarianism, to teach religion in the public schools, why does not the state turn its attention to the instruction of its youth in good morals as far as morals bear on the palpable duties of citizenship? A would it not go far to solve, satisfactorily to all, the present vexed question as to what shall be taught in the public schools? Religions are various; morals are one. Sectarian differences do not distract our view of the virtues. Instruction in morals would be strictly secular instruction. Morals concern the relation of man to man. Therefore, they are secular, and not spiritual. And secular knowledge may constitutionally be taught in the public schools. Webster's definition of politics shows that good morals are a part of good politics—"Politics—the science of government, that part of ethics (morals) which has to do with the regulation or government of a nation or state, the preservation of its safety, peace, and prosperity; the defence of its existence and rights against foreign control or conquest, the augmentation of its strength and resources, and the protection of its citizens in their rights, with the preservation and improvement of their morals." Now politics is not religion; but good morals is, by this definition, a part of good politics. Good politics is just what the state would teach through the institution of the public schools. Public schools can formally teach morals, and not transgress their constitutional sphere. Morals are one; and as to them, I repeat, all classes of religious people can agree.

Now, my main point is this: There is no adequate—no competent—education, or development of the moral sense or moral nature of our millions of children in our common schools, to fit them properly for the duties of citizens, neighbors, and patriots. Is not this a condition that ought to be remedied? And especially, can it be remedied without infringing on any one's rights of religion. Whatever moral culture the pupil gets in the public school, he must get out of the air,—out of the general rules of behavior which are directed to the temporary end of order, and from the examples of his teachers and mates. He must wait till he enters college—if he ever enters there, for few do, comparatively speaking—to find a text-book on moral science or moral philosophy. And then he may possibly give to it a single term of study out of four teen years in the school-room. That very part of the education of our youth which would contribute most largely to the order, perpetuation, and well-being of our Republic,—to its fraternity, pure ballot, to honesty and equity in business, to civility, charity, industry, deference, goodness, loyalty, dignity and patriotism,—is almost wholly neglected in our common schools; while a multitude of people expend volume of energy in trying to maintain in them the superficial reading of scriptures, the repetition of puerile prayers, and the singing of hymns, as a substitute for formal and earnest instruction in morals. Such religious instruction is superficial, mechanical, and but a moment. No thought is awakened or stimulated on the deep problems of the moral life. No study is given them. The teacher is not permitted—so great is the jealousy—to be any guide. There must be neither comment, nor note. Everything in religion, and morals must be left to chance. Suppose the other text-books were used, and the other studies pursued in the same way. How much would the public schools be worth to us in any of their features? How much arithmetic or grammar or reading or writing or history or botany or geology or Latin would the pupils, on such a plan, know at the end of their course? Morals, on that side of them for which I am speaking, are secular and are one. All sects, all religions, and all men agree sufficiently as to what they are. What a pure ballot is, what honesty and rightness in business are, what patriotism and

these methods of disposing of the subject, and here are the following:

Let us suppose without dispute that one per cent. of the acts of remarkable dreams or visions is true and correctly reported. We have the following possible solutions: (1) Some person out of the flesh, a spirit, with capacity for knowing facts which we do not possess, has made known to the dreamer what has been revealed. To this hypothesis we have the objections that it is not presumable that spirits, if they exist in other organic conditions, can know what we in our organic conditions can not discover; that if they do know, it is not presumable that they can communicate with us any more than butterflies can communicate with the worms out of which they are evolved. There is a begging of the question on either side in this case, and we still await a demonstration that the communications are truly from departed friends, and from no other source. (2) It is affirmed by others that we have quite too materialistic conceptions of the universe. We speak of and think of universal matter, but of universal mind we do not. Yet later philosophy is quite as positive in affirming the mentality of the universe as the materiality. It is therefore asked why we may not suppose our minds to be at times in such direct and absolute relation to universal mind that we feel and know as the universal mind does? In that case our knowledge would rise to the extra-natural from the material standpoint. But may we not by true choice, by true living, rise to a very large degree of this oneness with mind? or, as great religious teachers express it, "oneness with God," for what is God but the "all-mind in all matter?" Will anyone therefore shrink back from the realized fact of the love of the father-soul speaking in and through our child-souls? I imagine Buddha came near some such idea when he sought to be absorbed in God. (3) The hypothesis remains that the conscious intelligent part of us learns much under certain conditions from the unconscious or subconscious part of our organism. All these functions of a human being which are now automatic were originally consciously intelligent. They are, in their present condition, the result of a long evolution of purpose. The automatic heart has a history very much like that of the hands of to-day. It was, and in lower organic creatures is yet, driven by conscious will. It follows that, although a large share of a human being, in organism and function, is now automatic, yet all that part is full of purpose, aim, wisdom. Does that wisdom always act automatically, or does it have at times another effect on our conscious nature? May not the conscious condition of our unconscious parts be revived under special conditions, so that the range of our perception shall be widened out to take in abnormally very much that it does not normally? It is a fact, for instance, that lower creatures can distinguish poisonous foods, and that they instantly reject the same. Is it quite certain that their powers, which are lost to us in a normal condition, may not be revived?

A CITY AND A SOUL: A CHICAGO STORY

By SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

CHAPTER IX.

A CAPRICE OF THE LAW.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters:

Justin Dorman, a Massachusetts farmer's boy, whose life until his 21st year has been passed in uneventful quietude, is offered a clerk's position in the office of a Chicago uncle, Lawyer Thaddeus Fairfield, his mother's brother. In the excitement and emotion caused by his leaving home, he is led into a quasi-love affair with a neighbor's pretty seventeen-year old daughter. Just before reaching Chicago, he makes inquiries of two young ladies on the train, Chicago teachers, which leads to the giving to him some good advice by the elder of them. The finding of the body of a young girl in the lake, while waiting to go to his uncle's, leads to a chat with a Chicago reporter, a young man from Boston, Ernest Floyd. Justin drives to his wealthy relative's home, and is introduced by his uncle, a dignified but business-like man, to his cousins, Ferdinand, several years his senior, a stylish, good-natured club man, and Flossie, a freakish maid of eight years. He finds a boarding place with his uncle's chief clerk, Mr. Vane, an intelligent, kindly, quiet man, with a matronly common-place wife. Justin resents the business-like way he is treated by his uncle, but accepts an invitation to dinner at his home the following Sunday. His uncle's lady wife patronizes him. Flossie makes him tell about her father's boyhood, and he is shocked to find his uncle and aunt laughing over the former's broken engagement of marriage to the maiden aunt of the girl Justin is to correspond with. In the evening his uncle and Flossie take him on a long drive, giving a view of Lake Michigan, Sunday theatres and unending Chicago streets. The effect of Chicago environments soon has a transforming effect on Justin's simple, sincere, strong soul. A thousand influences begin to affect him in various ways. He finds through sermons, reading, and association with such young men as Floyd, (with whom he renews his acquaintance when the reporter comes to the lawyer's office to get points on a divorce case) that he has an individuality of his own, and interests in common with the world. The Presidential election of 1884 arouses an interest in politics. Desiring to study German, he joins an evening class, where he meets the pretty girl teachers whom he met on the train at his advent in Chicago. His German teacher, Prof. Meyer, a dreaming theorist, soon becomes strongly attached to him, and on Sundays they take long walks together and discuss the labor question and other social theories. He is invited by Meyer and his wife to Sunday dinners at their home, where he meets the young lady friends, and friendly relations ensue. He is particularly interested in the younger, Constance Garrow, who is a teacher of drawing, and is something of an artist. Meyer brooding over the labor problem becomes melancholy. Justin, having listened to harangues the subject in the parks and elsewhere, begins himself to study matter seriously. At a chance meeting with Laura Delmarthe, Constance Garrow, in Lincoln Park, he is asked by them to help Meyer's mind from socialistic problems to other subjects. Justin explains his own position, and awakens their labor reform. He spends the afternoon strolling over the

Park in their company, and while they are resting on seats near the Lake Shore drive, the family carriage of the Fairfields appears, within which are Justin's cousins, Ferdinand and little Flossie. Flossie insists on stopping to speak to Justin, and he takes occasion to introduce his companions to Ferdinand, who to his surprise recognizes Laura Delmarthe with evident emotion, and proposes to call upon her. After Ferdinand's departure Miss Delmarthe explains that although she had in former years been an intimate friend of his uncle's family, her father's failure in business, his consequent suicide, and the departure of herself and mother soon after to New York, had prevented correspondence between the families, and that after her mother's death, when dependent upon her own exertions for a livelihood, she had been offered a situation in a Chicago school, she had accepted it, but had not cared to renew any of her former Chicago friendships. She did not, however, inform Justin of the peculiar relationship between herself and Ferdinand. Constance Garrow knew of this, but understood that Ferdinand had not on his part attempted to keep up correspondence with her friend after her misfortunes. However, the facts were that he had written very ardently to her on the occasion of her father's death, but the letter had fallen into the hands of his mother, who destroyed it. So Laura had never known of it. Constance's mother was the Eastern friend with whom Laura and Mrs. Delmarthe had taken refuge in their trouble. The girls, at the time of our story, are both motherless, and teaching and boarding together on the North Side. The time of the opening of the following chapter is in the autumn of 1885, when the labor troubles and anarchistic agitation were at their height.

In November the German lessons were resumed. Julius Meyer's fine face began to look strangely careworn, and his manner became more nervous and melancholy. Justin learned from Laura that it was with difficulty that Pauline kept him to his engagements. At her suggestion he called on the Meyers more frequently, on evenings between the lesson nights. He tried at such times to turn his friend's attention to other subjects than his favorite one, with but little success. The woes of the workman had taken such strong hold of his romantic and sympathetic nature that he seemed unable to think of anything else, or to see that his own wife was exerting herself beyond her strength with her day school, her housekeeping and the evening classes. From hints which he dropped it seemed to Justin as if Meyer were in possession of some secret which preyed upon his mind. At one meeting he would be wildly enthusiastic; at the next steeped in pessimism and deepest melancholy.

For Dorman at this time, though in no way had his material prospects brightened save in a small advance in wages, life was full of new significance. With his friend Floyd he had joined a club made up of a few earnest, thoughtful young men, the object being mutual improvement by reading the new books most widely discussed by the press, and afterwards holding debates as to their merits. This club, called "The Reading and Debating Club," held weekly meetings and began its sessions in October. Already at one or two meetings he had mustered up courage to express his opinion in the discussion and had surprised himself by his ability to speak without breaking down or becoming confused, and by the respectful attention his words received.

A contractor and builder whose workmen had struck for higher wages brought suit against some of them for conspiracy, charging that they had dissuaded and intimidated others from taking their places, and thereby prevented his filing a contract, causing him to lose heavily. Mr. Fairfield was counsel for the prosecution. The papers had discussed the matter and Justin had become deeply interested in the case. He began to make furtive dips into the large law library in the office to see for himself whether the action of the workmen could possibly be construed into conspiracy. He did not think the law could be so unjust. He accordingly went to the office a little before time in the morning and gained Mr. Vane's consent to his remaining awhile after office hours, giving this time to looking up authorities on the subject in which he was helped by suggestions from Mr. Vane, whose sympathies, like Justin's, were with the workmen, the more so because the contractor was known as a hard man disliked by many.

Once or twice Mr. Fairfield came unexpectedly into the office while Justin was thus engaged. On such occasions he shut the book hurriedly and put it back half expecting a reprimand, but his uncle said nothing, only glanced at him with a wondering but not offended look. These dips into the law-books had a curious relish for Justin. He bought some second-hand volumes of Blackstone, Kent and Coke, and frequently read or consulted them for information at his home.

As his mental and spiritual horizon thus widened day by day, he looked back to all the previous years of his life with dismay, wondering how he had managed to be so happy in such ignorant torpor, though he had already begun to realize that the price of knowledge is intellectual unrest.

In the midst of so many causes of congratulation he was of late distinctly conscious of two sources of dissatisfaction. The first was his knowledge that his cousin Ferdinand called frequently upon Constance and Laura, for occasionally as he wended his way of an evening to Mr. Meyer's, he saw his uncle's single carriage, a vehicle kept chiefly for Ferd's use, at the curb of No. — where the friends boarded, or Ferdinand himself on the steps waiting admission. Besides his cousin had of late become very cordial and confidential

with him. He spoke often of the grace, beauty, artistic talent of Constance, said that his mother, long called on her former acquaintance, Miss Delmarthe, had become interested in Constance, and given her an order for a picture or two. Justin remembered that when, soon after that accidental meeting in the park, he had spent one of his rare evenings at his uncle's, Mrs. Fairfield seemed very desirous of gleaning from him all the information he possessed in regard to Laura and Constance. This, in Justin's mind tended to show that she feared the influence of such a very lovely girl as Constance upon her wayward son. The possibility thus suggested worried Justin, also, though not from the point of view which he fancied his aunt took—that Ferd might make a misalliance, but with his knowledge of his cousin's occasional dissipation, he felt concerned as to the future of that lovely girl who in his opinion was fit to be the wife of the best man on earth.

So much did this thought trouble him that he, too, on occasion one evening when Laura came alone to the German class and they had a little music afterward to hint to her, as he walked to her door, some of perplexities. Laura looked very grave as he told the little he knew of Ferd's tendencies and his view about Constance, but she only said: "I am glad you have mentioned this. Don't be troubled about Constance. I don't think she cares in the least for him. Do you then think him so bad?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh dear no, not bad by any means, only he seems drifting without a purpose. He has too easy a time of it I think," replied Justin. "I really believe if he married some woman with a firm will of her own, a sensible and true as well as a determined woman—like you for instance, Miss Delmarthe, it would be the making of him. But Miss Garrow is so different. She seems some one to understand her and make things pleasant for her, not harder. You have taken such good care of her it would be a shame for any man to marry her and break her heart. She would never understand a man like my cousin as some other women would—see his really good qualities and make the most of them and a man of him. She would only break her own heart and do him no good."

Miss Delmarthe flashed a sharp glance at him, then, seeming satisfied with her observation, said with a half smile: "You are getting to be quite an adept in the study of human nature, Mr. Dorman. Let me repeat that you need have no fears regarding Constance—and now, good night."

As Justin took a Clark street car home, how his conversation with Laura brought back to his mind, his second source of worry—his relation to her. He had been away from her now considerably over a year. In that time the world's front had changed for him entirely. In a moment of adventure he had been betrayed into folly, but he had never in the correspondence since, made any direct declaration; his letters to her were only feebly kind, but her letters to him were much more outspoken and he felt somewhat in honor pledged to fulfill her expectations. Of late every letter received from her gave him a feeling of annoyance and he hated himself because of the fact. With his intellectual awakening her letters showed him the deep gulf between them. Of late they appeared to him more than usually silly—and petulant, but he was dissatisfied with himself and wondered what Laura and Constance would think of him if they knew the facts. It was about the closing hour of the theatres when he reached Washington street. There was an unusually tempting programme at each of the leading theatres, McVickers, Columbia, Chicago Opera House, and others near Madison street, and hundreds flocking out from the plays, filled the horse cars. Justin after waiting to see three or four crowded cars pass him concluded to walk home. He paused at the Madison street bridge to note the weird effect upon the black depths of the river of the lines of light reflected from the various craft which dotted its bosom. While standing on the sidewalk of the bridge lost in thought, unheeding the passers by, suddenly his attention was arrested by the sound of a woman's heart-broken sobs, and some muttered but fierce oaths in a man's voice. Turning in the direction from which the sounds came, he saw that the sidewalk on that side of the bridge was nearly deserted save by himself and a man and woman, who stood some distance from him. The woman seemed to have been following the man, for he faced her as Justin turned to look, and struck her a blow in the face. Justin could not stand that, and as he ran toward them he heard the remark: "I'll have no dogging my steps; you go home and stay there or you'll rue it."

"Oh Jim" she sobbed, "I'll go this minute if you'll come too; think of the children!"

There was another word or two, then the brute suddenly caught the woman in his arms, crying "Down you, I'll drown you." He was short but muscular; she was rather tall and slender. She grasped the rail of the bridge with a scream; he struggled to throw her over, but the next moment Justin had hold of him with a vise-like grip. The man turned in mad

Justin, and the woman escaping, ran screaming like" at the top of her voice. The fellow clinched the young man and a scuffle ensued. Late as it was, a crowd gathered suddenly as though it had sprung from the ground by magic, and before Justin realized the scene, he found his assailant pulled away from him and himself and the man, under arrest; the officers who won the glory of making the arrest, giving Justin a sharp blow with his club to enforce his authority. Justin's knowledge of the law caused him to submit quietly to this injustice, though he tried to explain matters to the officer; but his drunken assailant could talk faster and louder than he cared to, and the policeman bade them both "shut up," saying both would have a chance to explain in court in the morning.

"Why surely," cried Justin in horror, "You are not going to lock me up for keeping this brute from killing his wife?"

"I don't know anything about that. I found you and fellows fighting on the bridge and you've both got stay in the station to-night, and I want no more from either of you."

It was only a short distance from the station, but to Justin it seemed miles, and he pulled his hat well down over his eyes, hoping that no one in the crowd quickly gathered had ever seen him before. He did not then know that his salvation depended upon the thwarting of this wish. It was nearly midnight when he was locked in a cell dimly lighted from the corridors. His blood was at fever heat with indignation and shame and he did not think of sleeping and had he been ever so drowsy, the appearance of the bed offered to him would have chased away all desire for slumber; so he fancied then, but he had not fathomed all the depths of human misery, and did not know that there were men in Chicago that night who would have welcomed as a boon the bed that was so repulsive to him.

He sat on the edge of the iron bedstead thinking. He, Justin Dorman, the inmate of a police station, arrested for fighting! What would his uncle, what would his poor mother, what would Lissa, —and oh, what would his dear friends Constance and Laura think, if they should ever hear of this! And this outrage was committed in the name of law and order—just because he would not stand by and see a woman beaten and murdered. At this point in his thoughts, his brain became cooler, his anger went down a little. If it was all to be done over again, his conscience told him he would repeat the act. He had saved the woman's life at all events, and whether he was believed or not, even if he was to be eternally disgraced by the mistake of the law, he was glad that the opportunity to do good had been offered, and accepted. Then he felt ashamed of his own anger over the affair. It was his first genuinely altruistic act (he rather enjoyed this first use by him of this philosophical term) and was he to shrink like a coward from the pain which it involved? Never! And now his thoughts took a serene and sweeter turn, but still he could not sleep.

For some occult reason that night ruffianism and crime were rampant. Justin heard echoes of cells unlocked and locked, drunken shouts and insane laughter. He began to wonder whether he too were not out of his mind. Would morning ever come? What would Mrs. Vane think of his absence!

About two o'clock in the morning Justin was surprised by the opening of his cell door and the entrance of two policemen bearing the apparently lifeless body of a man, which they promptly deposited upon the bed.

"Good gracious," he exclaimed, "are you going to leave a dead man in here?"

They laughed. "Take it easy young man," one of the officers said, "this fellow is only dead drunk. He'll be all right in the morning. The cells are all full and you seemed to be our quietest customer to-night, so we thought we'd bring him in here. If he wakes up and bothers you, sing out, but I guess he's good for a nap till morning."

He went into the corridor and brought a lantern with him to enable him to get a good look at the new comer whose heavy breathing now told that he was quite alive. Justin was interested and drew near as the officer brought the light close to the sleeper's face. Good heavens! it was his cousin Ferdinand! He instinctively kept silent as to his discovery, and soon he was left alone with the sleeping man.

His own annoying situation was forgotten in the peril which threatened his aristocratic uncle's family. And then there was Constance! Through the vigil of several hours which followed, Justin did everything he could for his cousin's comfort and recovery, but it was not till long before he was fully aroused. Then he in a thoroughly bewildered way at the bare sight of the cell, at the hard bed, at the gratings of the door at Justin.

"What in the Lord's name, cousin Justin, does this mean?" he asked as he sat up and passed his white hands through his bright golden curls.

Justin shame-facedly told him in the fewest words

possible how he was brought in, and also how he himself came to be arrested at an earlier hour.

"Heavens! what am I to do!" excitedly exclaimed Ferdinand. "If this gets into the papers, it will kill my mother. Father told me I'd come to this sometime, but I am really not to blame this time. I was drugged, I am sure, and see I have been robbed too," feeling in his fob for his watch which was gone. Then he discovered that his seal ring and pocket-book were also missing. He broke down utterly, and to Justin's dismay burst into tears. Justin comforted him as well as he knew how; he was greatly disquieted for his cousin as well as for himself.

Ferdinand in fact was still in a half-maudlin condition and encouraged by sympathy became extremely confidential. Justin's feelings may be imagined as his cousin entered upon the history of his love for, and engagement to Laura Delmarthe, ascribing his fast habits to the breaking up of the match, and his consequent low spirits which craved excitement. Since meeting her in the park, when he felt all his old love revive, he had, he said, been haunted with the hope that she would once again care for him as in former years, but she would not listen to him.

At this point in his story Justin could not help exclaiming "Miss Delmarthe! Why I thought—I supposed it was Miss Garrow you cared for!"

"Miss Garrow! no indeed, tho' she's a mighty pretty little thing and has quite an artistic gift. I have made my admiration of art an excuse to see Laura the oftener. No, Justin, my boy, I don't know how it is; there is only that one woman in all the world for me! I can't explain it, but ever since she was a little girl she always held a wonderful influence over me. And if she would only marry me she could do with me what she pleased. She is such a fine woman you know, and has a way of saying things that makes a fellow think. My mother is dead set against her because she is poor now, although, she knows that when we first knew the Delmarthes, her father could have looked down on me for the same reason; but he didn't. He was a good fellow, Delmarthe, and when he knew I was engaged to Laura he treated me in a very fatherly fashion. Oh, if I had only been at home when the crash came, and he killed himself, everything would have turned different! Laura would have been my wife now with no danger of my getting into such a scrape as this."

He paused a moment ruefully, then went on a little resentfully. "How she can be so hard on me now, I don't know. She really is to blame for this affair, for I sent a note to her a day or two ago, enclosing theatre tickets for herself and friend and asking permission to accompany them. But she sent them back with a few frigid words that so disheartened me that I asked a few fellows to go to the theatre with me to-night; and when we came out we had a supper and then a game of billiards and I was introduced to a fine appearing chap in the billiard hall who said he knew of a cozy parlor on West Monroe street where we could have a quiet game of cards. I had drunk enough to be a little reckless, so I went with him. Everything looked all right. We drank some wine and smoked and played one game, I remember, but don't know who won,—and the next I knew I was here!"

The late December dawn was stealing over the city as they talked. Some plan must be adopted—both decided—by which Ferdinand's name should be kept from being recognized, but what that way was did not at once appear. At an early hour some one called at the station to inquire for Justin, and heartily glad was he to find it was his friend Floyd, the reporter.

"How did you know I was here?" asked Justin surprised.

"Why, I was just at the end of the bridge, on my way home from a reception, when the woman broke away and ran. I had just discovered it was you who saved her; and as I know the tricks of these people and the probabilities that you might be arrested, I ran on after her and caught up with her just as she turned off Market street to Adams. I made her give me her name and address with the alternative of going into custody and ordered her to report here at the opening of court this morning; so you'll be all right."

Justin was profoundly grateful to his friend for his foresight. Then after consulting with Ferdinand he took him into counsel in regard to his cousin's case. To their surprise he burst into a laugh. It struck him as a ludicrous coincidence that the cousins, so far apart in life should have been brought to one common level in a Chicago Police Station; but seeing their anxious faces, he sobered up instantly and thought a moment.

"Have they got you booked under your own name?" he asked Ferdinand.

"Not unless Justin here gave me away when they brought me in," he said.

Justin assured him that he had not appeared to recognize him, and Ferdinand gave him an appreciative look.

"Well, have you any money with you?"

"No, I was drugged and robbed, but don't want

any inquiry made about that—all I want is to keep folks from knowing of this."

"But won't the officers know and make a stir about the robbery?" asked Justin.

"Not if there is refusal to make complaint, I think," said Floyd.

"I have twenty dollars," said Justin, "will that do any good?"

"That will be plenty," said Floyd, "I'll be back soon—and I think I can manage that his fine wife be paid and he need not appear." He went out and after a brief absence returned and said it was all right. The court would soon convene when Ferdinand's case would be called and disposed of. Later, Floyd went out and called a cab into which Ferdinand rushed hurriedly and was driven to a quiet hotel from which he did not emerge until he was "himself again."

When Justin's name was called, the wife of the ruffian did not appear, but Floyd's testimony, with the address given by the wife which her husband acknowledged was correct, made the case clear as to Justin's part; the other was remanded until the wife could be brought into court as a witness. Floyd became surety for Justin's appearance when needed.

The following day as Mr. Fairfield came into the office he looked frowningly at Justin, and a few moments later sent word to him to come into his private room.

"What does this mean, sir," he said, pointing to a paragraph in a morning paper in the report of the cases tried before Justice—the day previous, which spoke of Justin Dorman's arrest for assault. Justin gave his uncle the facts and referred him to Floyd as witness. Mr. Fairfield's frown relaxed slightly, but his voice was still stern as he asked:

"Did you mention that you were in my employ or that I was your relative?"

"No sir," said Justin, with dignity. "On the contrary, I made some sacrifice to keep the Fairfield name out of the police court records."

"That was right," remarked his uncle in mollified tones. "My name has never been smirched in that way and this report annoyed me very much. Better not be so chivalric, young man; that sort of people are entirely competent to fight their own way."

Justin made no reply. He felt too angry and hurt to speak, knowing that but for his efforts and reticence, the "Fairfield name" might have been smirched worse than his own.

Two or three days later Ferdinand came up to him and handed him the amount he had let Floyd have on his behalf, grasping his cousin's hand warmly as he did so, saying, "You're a good deal more of a man than I am. I felt like a cur when the old man told me yesterday what he said to you about your affair. I think I must confess by and by when the thing has blown over a bit."

"It doesn't matter," replied Justin. "You have your family, and Miss Delmarthe to consider."

"Oh, if it hadn't been for them I would not hesitate. I may see my way clear later."

"I suppose," said Justin, with some hesitation, "that you will take care now not to put yourself in a way to have that experience repeated."

"I should think so!" he answered with emphasis. Fortunately no one else interested noticed the item.

Justin told the whole story frankly to Mr. and Mrs. Vane and they were very indignant over his arrest.

(To be continued.)

A correspondent of the *Christian Union* give the following specimen of plantation songs to which he listened in Southern Florida:

"Oh, Lord, Daniel, gim me the eagle wings!
Oh, Lord, Daniel, gim me the eagle wings!
I'm goin' to wear my starry crown,
I'm goin' to wear my long white robe,
I'm goin' to wear my golden band,
I'm goin' to wear my golden slippers.
I'm goin' to rock, Daniel,
I'm goin' to shout, Daniel.
Oh, Lord, Daniel, gim me the eagle wings!"

"They crucified my Saviour, and nailed him to the cross,
And the Lord will bear my spirit home.
He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead,
And the Lord will bear my spirit home."

Mary, she came a-running in the town of Bethlehem,
And the Lord will bear my spirit home.
He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead,
And the Lord will bear my spirit home."

The sepulcher could not hold Him, nor death's iron band
And the Lord will bear my spirit home.
He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead,
And the Lord will bear my spirit home."

"Bile the cabbage down,
Bile the cabbage down.
Look here, gal, don't cut no fool,
But bile the cabbage down."

Turn the hoe-cake round,
Turn the hoe-cake round.
Look here, gal, don't cut no fool,
But turn the hoe-cake round."

REPRESENTATIVE EXPRESSIONS.

From R. Heber Newton, D. D.

MY DEAR COLONEL BUNDY: I am very much pleased to hear of the new spring dress in which THE JOURNAL is to appear. It deserves the best clothes that it can have. May it prove so much more attractive in its new form as to win the hearts of hosts of fresh readers.

The sense of its vigor and ability and honesty and earnestness, grows upon me with deepening acquaintance. It ought to have the most generous support of those who are thoroughly converted to the faith which it represents. It will be a burning shame to the cause for which it has battled with such magnificent bravery, if it does not receive widespread, persistent, enthusiastic, co-operation and support in carrying forward its high mission. I watch with habitual amazement the tardiness of the great host of those who are thoroughly persuaded of the faith which THE JOURNAL represents, and who do not seem moved by that faith to hold up the hands of the man who has done more to purify this faith and make it reasonable and believable by the American people than any other man living. Yours, very cordially,

R. HEBER NEWTON.

GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

From Miss Frances E. Willard.

WORLD'S AND NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION. OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT.

COL. JOHN C. BUNDY. DEAR BROTHER: You have a very taking new "head," quite unique and harmonious in its aspect, and you are the ablest editor of a psychical paper that has been developed on this planet. You do not shun to declare the whole counsel of this inchoate science, so far as you understand it. In the pulverization of shams you are an expert as pronounced as Edison is in electricity. No honest student of the unknown, which constitutes the larger part of this universe, can fail to be thankful that you have lived and worked. Whatever anybody may say about it, everybody with a head on his shoulders or heart in his breast is interested in such work as you are doing. As you know, I am a Methodist sister, have been since I was twenty, and shall be during the remainder of my pilgrimage; but I see no harm, on the contrary, find much good, in traveling about like a bumble-bee who visits every flower and carries all the honey he can get back to his hive. Beautiful and holy truths I have found in the realm where you are a master, and I cherish these, and am grateful to those who have pointed out to me and others their location.

With kindest remembrance to that noble wife who has stood beside you always so loyally, and best wishes for your work, I am, Ever yours sincerely,

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

EVANSTON, Ill., May 10, 1890.

From Rev. Minot J. Savage.

MY DEAR COL. BUNDY: In THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for March 15, you announce that the twenty-fifth anniversary of THE JOURNAL occurs in May.

Now, though it be in ever so fragmentary a fashion, I want to take part in the celebration of this anniversary. I have no time to say much, but I want to say that I am glad the paper is so old and so young.

Two points I wish briefly to emphasize: 1st. No conceivable subject is of more importance than that for which THE JOURNAL stands.

2nd. No paper in the country stands for it in a braver, clearer, nobler way.

As to the first point, the attitude of the ordinary orthodox public is a curious one. People say they believe, and yet, in times of loss, they act as if they had no hope at all. I was talking the other day with a gentleman whose name is known in two hemispheres. Said he, "They don't believe." He was wishing for light. At any rate, the only people I meet who have really conquered death are the ones who have the hope that inspires your own work.

Then, while these "religious" people claim to believe, they at the same time bitterly oppose all idea of proof. They say that similar things once happened, but decline to accept all modern "revelation" even on evidence much better than any they have for the asserted ancient facts.

No thoughtful person can think otherwise than that this question—as to the destiny of man—is the grandest one that can engage human thought.

As to the second point, I only wish to add my testimony to the earnestness, the fairness, and the thoroughness of your work. old THE JOURNAL to the same high level, and fight the good fight for honesty and

the only method that can ever reach and convince rational men.

Wishing you and THE JOURNAL long life and all prosperity, I am heartily yours, M. J. SAVAGE.

• BOSTON, April 26, 1890.

From H. W. Thomas, D. D.

MY DEAR FRIEND BUNDY: This is a world of effects, as well as of causes. Whilst it is true that "truth springs up from the earth," it is also true, that "righteousness looks down from above." Inspiration is continuous; great truths come to the world now as they did in the ages past; and hence there is not only growth of knowledge, but increase by influx.

In some such way can we best account for the great movement of Spiritualism in the last half century. No one was looking for it or expecting it; unannounced, it came; not as something new, for its doctrines are as old as the Bible; but still new to the present age. And it came opportunely, or just at the time when the greatest material success of man was turning his thoughts to the earth-side of existence.

That Spiritualism has a mission, no thoughtful mind can question; and that there are back of it, and within it, great truths, is not less certain. Nor should it be thought strange that its real meanings and significance have been often misunderstood, and even perverted to the low ends of ambition and gain. In this it but repeats the history of all great movements; and it is precisely here, that THE JOURNAL has been the living prophet to rebuke the corrupt priests who have sought to make merchandise of its sacred altars.

In doing this, you have had a most difficult task; for he who attempts to criticize and purify the teachings and practices of a sect of which he is one, and a leader, must expect to be misunderstood and abused, and if it were possible, cast out as an enemy of the cause he is trying to serve. But in your noble work, of exposing the false and standing for the true, you have had the sympathy not alone of the Spiritualists who could appreciate your motives and sacrifices, but of the great unprejudiced public; and THE JOURNAL has won the high distinction and praise of standing fearlessly for the truth and the right; and its many friends rejoice in its well-deserved success.

When a paper has held its ground for a quarter of a century, and through such varying fortunes as have come to THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, its position is well assured. The higher interests of life must always lie on the side of the spiritual; and more and more will this be realized in coming years; for the greatest revelations of the near future are to be in man himself, and of his wonderful powers as a spirit, and the consciousness that he is now immortal. In this larger field, I wish for you and your excellent paper, increasing success and usefulness.

Affectionately,

H. W. THOMAS.

CHICAGO, May 15, 1890.

From Prof. James, of Harvard.

DEAR COLONEL BUNDY: It gives me great pleasure to hear that you are about to change the form of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. It ought to be of a shape better suited for preservation and binding, since it nearly always contains matter which I, for one, desire to keep. You have fought a good fight all these years, and I rejoice to believe that you are at last reaping some of the fruit of it in the more solid place which your paper holds in the land. I wish you God speed, and many years of future activity on the lines which you have so well laid down. Cordially yours,

WM. JAMES.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., May 11, 1890.

From Prof. Elliott Coues.

It is pleasant to be a wedding guest, and especially to be bidden to a silver wedding, as I understand THE JOURNAL's to be, now that it has for a fourth of a century joined religion with philosophy in bonds of an enduring spiritual marriage. I congratulate the editor on a union not less rare than fruitful, whose good results seem likely to be permanent. The present seems an auspicious time to don a new dress, like the toga virilis put on in classic times in token of accomplished manhood. THE JOURNAL's courage and candor, as they are beyond cavil, so also are they beyond encomium. With strength born of trial, and wisdom of experience, THE JOURNAL may fix its eyes upon yet another—even that golden wedding, which most of us will not live to see. There is in this as in all other civilized countries a body of thinkers, already large

and always increasing, whose names are as various as their casts of thought. I need not recount them; some are wiser than others, some otherwise; some seem steadily progressing along the right lines of human evolution; some diverge with varying degrees of obliquity; and some fly off at a tangent to cyclical revolution; some turn the crank of the world handily, while others are broken on the wheel of fate. But with whatever divergencies and cross purposes, all such persons have this in common: They do their own thinking, and put their thoughts in action. Nobody can tell what will happen when the great God lets loose even one thinker upon the world (here Emerson speaks), but most real thinkers come to this common end, namely: they turn with equal alacrity from religious credulity and scientific incredulity. Orthodox superstitions they venerate no more than the cat mummies of Bubastis, now sold by the ton for guano in a spirit of modern commercial enterprise; while the embalming process to which modern materialistic science would subject the dead body of their dearest hopes does not strike them very favorably. There must be some "better way"—some "golden mean" which vexes the soul less, which puts a man more in touch with his environment, which lets him live in peace and die in hope. That way no human perversity can discover, when its will is set up in opposition to any law of nature, perfect obedience to which is the highest part of an intelligent human being. And I think that way lies plainest and straightest before those who submit alike their individual wills and their wishes to the touchstone of the "greatest good to the greatest number," and who order their lives accordingly.

Let every one who thinks for himself consider how far the results of his thinking tend to the good of others,—and most of our differences would be harmonized.

Wishing you all good things, I am, with respect,

Sincerely yours,

ELLIOTT COUES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 20, 1890.

From E. P. Powell.

I shall be delighted at every sign of progress, external or internal, made by THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. You have done bravely in a way that any honest man may envy. Personally I have to thank you for ridding me of the—to be sure irrational—prejudice that prevented a first examination of Spiritualism. I am now at last sure of the phenomena that underlie your philosophy, and am confident that we shall enter the twentieth century without a shred of materialism left among scientific investigators. Whether the phenomenal do not imply and prove something far wider than intercourse with spirits, is still a question with me. Cordially yours,

E. P. POWELL.

CLINTON, N. Y., May 10.

From M. C. C. Church.

DEAR FRIEND: When I met you two years ago in your office in Chicago by appointment of a mutual friend, I little dreamed that I was in a sense, to be a sharer with you in the grand work then discussed. You laid your plans before me and asked for my co-operation. Although at the time I was mentally suffering from the most painful psychic experience of my life I promised to give you my cordial co-operation in the work proposed. I say nothing of the part I have taken in this work. I simply desire to add a few words to the many now coming to you from all parts of the world—words of cheer and hope—words, not empty sounds, but filled with the heart's affectionate sympathy and the greeting which your noble work shares at their hands. It is a grand tribute to the brave, unselfish man who cannot be bought, brow-beaten, or deceived in the chances of life which wreck so many. The servant has been tried, found faithful, and is now entrusted with the grander work of leading others into the higher realms of spirit—into a true spiritual life.

You and the dear friend who brought us together often call me your new found "Mystic." I plead guilty; but do you know it is this very mysticism—I call it Spiritualism—that is to make THE JOURNAL's work distinctive; is to discrete its work from the ordinary spiritism which is only the first step in the realization of that life which makes a man true to himself, his God and his fellows? Spiritualism taught me, nearly forty years ago, that there dwells in the heart of every man the Infinite Likeness—the Word—in which or by which God reveals himself to the human soul as the All-Father and that this One-ness of Presence is the Soul which unites all humanity as one. Is not the all

of Christianity, Theosophy, includes both—Spiritualism. into this simple statement? NATAL's creed gives expression to thought. It is a source of congruence that with the end of the old cycle of materialism we mount the new rung of order with the same old faith—brought clarified and adapted to the wants of the present. With THE JOURNAL as a for the radiation of the sun of the day we can go on and gradually draw together those of a kindred faith and create a body in which and through which the spirit of truth can quicken and enlighten the millions. God speed your work. Your co-laborer and friend,

M. C. C. CHURCH.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

From Mrs. F. O. Hyzer.

BROTHER BUNDY: It will always afford me the truest pleasure to do anything in my power to promote the influence of THE JOURNAL in its noble service to humanity. It has come to seem to me a living personality,—an earnest, consciously present laborer in the cause to which the best years of my life have been ceaselessly devoted. I trust you will remain in the external form to see it moving on in its rapid course when another twenty-five years have been added to its present temporal age. In its soul-inspiring labors of construction it shall prove as successful as it has been in the less attractive, but not less important work of preparing the foundation for the building of the "City of our God," in which there shall be no more night and no more tears, since the visible presence of Omnipotent Love shall illumine ever, then the truest love for it no diviner benediction.

I think I have before informed you that since the awakening to consciousness of my arisen daughter, there has been no day allowed to pass in which we have not had personal and direct communion. Her messages are as sure as her love is faithful. She is my constant companion, teacher and counsellor, and no question of inter-spherical science and philosophy am I capable of asking which she has not ever proved herself capable of throwing a still higher light upon than to my perceptions ever shone upon it before.

Yours most faithfully,

F. O. HYZER.

RAVENNA, Ohio, May 30, 1890.

From W. W. Currier.

TO THE EDITOR: In my opinion, the liberal thinker and true Spiritualist have great reason to be thankful for the noble stand not only taken, but maintained by THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL during its twenty-five years of spiritualistic labor, ever ready to defend a place true mediumship in the front ranks, and always ready to use the pruning-hook upon those enemies of purity and true manhood and true womanhood,—the simulators and dishonest mediumship. While your correspondent would not be unmindful of your predecessor and the noble work performed by him in the interest of spiritualistic unfoldment of the nations of earth's people during his lifetime, he would congratulate the Editor-in-chief and the companion of his life, who has shared the battle side by side with him, in heat and cold, prosperity and the seeming darker hours for the years. That the good angels will their help in all and every honest yours to evolve a purer and better Science, no one need for one moment question, and as THE JOURNAL starts out on its mission of love and labor on its second quarter of a century under new and more pleasing form and dress, that it may receive the sustaining influence it so richly deserves, is the honest wish of

Yours fraternally,

W. W. CURRIER.

HAVERILL, Mass., May, 1890.

MATTER.*

By B. F. UNDERWOOD.

The majority of the people think they know a great deal about matter. They name its so-called properties and qualities never doubting that they are describing external substance as it exists *per se*, one of the different ways in which the consciousness is affected by a reality of ultimate nature they know nothing imagine that outward things are mirrored by the senses, and that exactly what they seem to be. that to us matter is a congeries of qualities,—weight, resistance, extension, that these words imply and describe own conscious states, and the effects of

itself,—and they are utterly comprehend what you mean. The less true that mind and form are, the more they are a synthesis, and neither can be understood without the other. We are led to think of mind in terms of matter, and matter in terms of mind. The softness and softness (resistance) for which we ascribe to matter are the substantial form in which we are compelled to represent mind is necessary material. Every perception, every sensation, implies a sensitive organism and an external reality acting upon the organism; in other words, two factors, without either of which sensation is inconceivable. This is what Aristotle meant when he described sensation as "the common act of the feeling and the felt." Without the living organism what are sound, color, fragrance, hardness, softness, light and darkness, or any of the so-called secondary, not to speak of the so-called primary qualities of matter? Can there be sound without an ear to collect and transmit the vibrations to the acoustic nerve, or to use a materialistic terminology, can be assimilated and transformed by the mysterious process into sensation, or are they can be so modified that the vibration, in its subjective aspect, becomes sensation we call sound? Without an ear there can be luminous effect? There must be both vibrations of air and acoustic nerve to have sound, undulation of ether and retinal sensibility to have emanations of particles and an olfactory nerve to have fragrance, and external objects and nervous sensibility to have ardness or softness. Vibrations of the ether, emanations of ether, emanations of ether may all exist in the absence of a but what are sound and fragrance and hardness but sensations? And of the external factors mentioned, what do we know, except in connection with the subjective factor? We need not pursue these reflections far to become convinced of the truth of Tyndall's remark that "matter is essentially transcendental in its nature." By psychological analysis, our conceptions of matter are reducible to sensation, "the common act of the feeling and the felt," and this is what Tyndall meant when he said of matter, "It is a *je ne sais quoi*, which melts within my hands as soon as I press it."

Let no one imagine that these facts give support to the theory that there is no objective reality, and that everything resolves itself into the various states of the conscious subject. The doctrine of the relativity of knowledge, as Kant and Spencer have shown, leads logically to the conclusion, in accord with the universal reason and common sense of mankind, that there is something beyond consciousness that, in co-operation with the organism, produces the sensations of which we are conscious. What is the externality? What can be affirmed of it? We turn to the great philosopher Kant, and he tells us that knowledge of the object unmodified by the subject, can never be known, since subject and object co-operate in every act of cognition; and that "though the existence of an external world is a necessary postulate, its existence is only logically affirmed." "As well might the bird when feeling the resistance of the air, wish that it were *ex vacuo*, thinking that then it might fly with the greatest ease." And Spencer says: "The antithesis of subject and object, when transcended while consciousness renders impossible all knowledge of Ultimate Reality in which subject and object unite." Mr. Fiske declares that we cannot identify it with mind "since we know as Mind is a series of phenomenal manifestations," nor with Matter "since what we know as Matter, is a series of phenomenal manifestation. Thus is Materialism included in the same condemnation with Idealism." What is the Ultimate Reality that produces in us co-existent or latent states of consciousness, that is presented to us under the forms and appearances of space, matter, force, time and motion? Who can tell?

The Index (Boston) January 8, 1885.

TRANSITION OF MRS. O. J. ALBEE.

By Mrs. ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

The connection between the seen and the unseen worlds is continuous; changes, mutations are the order of universal life—the flow of spiritual intelligences from the lower spheres is as steady as the currents of the sea. One by one the family circles melt into invisibility, draw us irresistibly to the contemplation of the central truths of being, receptively we are prepared for the supreme moment of a loved one's transition.

The screen which separates the two states of being becomes diaphanous—the countenance of the dying reflects the glory-light of awaiting angel hosts, and through our streaming tears we catch a glimpse of Heaven's joy!

On May 2nd Mrs. O. J. Albee, of Santa Clara, slipped from the sheath of suffering flesh, and was clothed anew in garments of immortality. At the height of her intellectual power and usefulness, the physical organism gave way, and after three years of suffering, (during which period she continued, by sheer force of will, the oversight of large business interests), she left her lovely earth-home for a "mansion not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Mrs. Albee was an almost worshipped wife and daughter, widely known as a successful business woman, active in all good work and a member of many charitable societies. Her life radiated goodness, and she will be greatly missed in this community. The truths of Spiritualism were not made clear to her mind until the last weeks of her illness, when she began to see the angel friends who came to administer strength and comfort. Gradually, like the coming of the dawn, the psychic side of nature shone through the material environment, and a wordless revelation of eternal verities dispelled all doubts and fears, and sweet expectations soothed the pain of mortal partings. Her mother, Mrs. Bicknell, at the moment of her daughter's passing from the body, was herself almost transfigured by an influx of spiritual power, under which she poured forth a prayer of hope and resignation, which will be long remembered. On Sunday, May 4th, a large concourse of friends assembled at the Albee residence to pay a last tribute to the noble woman and sympathize with her bereaved family. Earth, herself, seemed newly born that day, in her flowing robes of fragrant grasses and fine embroideries of flowers! The sky an unclouded sapphire, and sweet, "pacific" winds swept softly through wide-spreading trees that sheltered the so lately happy home, while from a thousand feathered throats poured forth delicious music. On such a day, amid such surroundings, it was not difficult to believe the words of hope, faith and bright prophecy spoken above the outward sign of death. We felt the Heavens' blessed overflow; Nature seemed indeed our provident mother, and God's tenderness was made palpable. A fine quartette sang three appropriate hymns, and the inspired services, conducted by the writer, closed with the following impromptu lines:

The tide of life sweeps bright and strong
Around our dear, old world to-day.
And breaks in gentle waves of song
Above this fragile form of clay.
And God's love glows in every beat
Of mighty Nature's loyal heart.
And breathes its benedictions sweet,
In haste to soothe the grief's burning smart.
The flowers' tender hands have brought,
As friendship's fragrant offering,
In silence teach the sacred thought
That life from death doth ever spring.
And what the flowers teach is true:
Death is the Spirit's glad New Year;
And dear ones lost to mortal view
Have passed into a higher sphere.
As from the pearl-like eggs unfold
The winged creatures of the air,
So from the human form, now cold,
Was birthed a being far more fair!
And when from death's mysterious trance
She woke in joy, from suffering free,
She learned that law, not idle chance,
Had given her immortality.
And now a song of gratitude
Is on her smiling angel lips,
To God, the Universal Good—
For death's divine apocalypse.
Rejoice with her, oh, loving friends,
And let your lives so noble be,
That when your earthly sorrow ends
You'll meet her in eternity!
There is no dark dividing line
Between the earth and realms above;
All are embraced in life divine,
And bound together by God's love.
And dear ones whom you sadly miss,
Drawn by your longings, doubts and fears,
Oft leave their brighter homes for this,
To give you strength and dry your tears.
Take courage, then, all ye who grieve,
And let your hearts be comforted;
Look up! Be brave, and oh, believe
There are no lost, there are no dead!

SUNNY BRAE, Cal., May 6, 1890.

Perhaps 'twill be, our present thorns
Will yield sweet roses by-and-by
To bud and bloom and shed perfume
Beneath some more congenial sky.
Perhaps our disappointments sore
Have all for us appointed been,
To shape our course, which else were worse,
By loving friends of ours unseen.

—BRIAN O'BRIAN.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

I WILL BE WORTHY OF IT.

I may not reach the heights I seek,
My untried strength may fail me;
Or, half-way up the mountain peak,
Fierce tempests may assail me;
But though that place I never gain,
Herein lies comfort for my pain—
I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,
Despite my earnest labor;
I may not grasp results that bless
The efforts of my neighbor.
But though my goal I never see,
This thought shall always dwell with me:
I will be worthy of it.

The golden glory of love's light
May never fall on my way;
My path may always lead through night,
Like some deserted by-way.
But though life's dearest joy I miss,
There lies a nameless joy in this:
I will be worthy of it.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

Upon the walls of the office of Mr. J. H. McVicker, the veteran theatrical manager of Chicago, may be found some curious reminders of the past. Among these is a framed play-bill of the date Feb. 26, 1875, which announces the last two performances of Charlotte Cushman. Both entertainments closed with the popular comedy of Simpson & Co. "How did you come to play with Miss Cushman in 'Simpson & Co.?' asked a *Tribune* reporter of Mr. McVicker. "It was at my request," was the reply, "that she appeared as Mrs. Simpson—a character which afforded a remarkable contrast to Lady Macbeth and showed Miss Cushman's great versatility. In consenting to assume the role she made it a condition that I play Mr. Simpson. I tried to beg off, but she insisted; so I played it then for the first time in my life. Since then I have appeared in the part with other actresses."

Americans are justly proud of the life of Charlotte Cushman," continued Mr. McVicker, "and no apology is needed for a resume which will keep her fame and her virtues fresh in the minds of the coming generation. The great women who were her contemporaries have left memorials in their works. George Eliot's voice is still heard in the 'choir invisible' and George Sand's sorrows still appeal to the world in the pages of her books. Charlotte Brontë's reputation is growing. Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning is doubly happy, her name being linked with that of Robert Browning in a marriage of immortality. But the generation that knew Charlotte Cushman is rapidly passing away, and with it what is substantial in her fame. The works of poet and novelist will descend to posterity, but Charlotte Cushman will be a memory and a shadow."

Yet while she lived her greatness was beyond that of her sisters in other arts. They had rivals, competitors, even superiors. She had none. They tasted but gingerly of the world's applause; she drained the brimming goblet. As her glory was greater than theirs, so too was her suffering. Poverty was her nurse, and sleepless toil her companion. Lavish as were the laurels that she won, her deserts were beyond them, and she honored her profession more than it could honor her. The admiration which her countrymen expressed for her genius was exceeded by the respect they felt for her worth. Such a life as her's it cannot be mere idleness to review.

Charlotte Cushman was descended from Puritan stock, being the eighth generation removed from Robert Cushman, preacher, who came over in the *Fortune* from England in 1609. She was born in Richmond street, Boston, July 23, 1816. Curiously enough, the city of her birth was, during the larger part of her career, indifferent and even cold to her. When more than half a century afterward she returned to Boston to die, she said, with sadness, "They never believed in me here as much as they did elsewhere." But Boston's recognition, though long deferred, came at last, and anticipated death. Her grave at Mount Auburn to-day overlooks the city of her love. A public school bears her name.

Her father, Elkanah Cushman, was a merchant on Long Wharf. He was at one time prosperous, but met with misfortunes, and when he died left his family almost destitute. In her own words, Charlotte was "born a tomboy." Her earliest recollection is playing about the wharf with her brother. Her high spirits were at an early age sobered. "Many a night," she wrote, "I have laid awake watching my mother walking the room, high distracted, she not knowing which way to turn; I fearing she

would rush from the house and drown herself in the sea."

Charlotte left the public school when she was only thirteen years old. Her musical education, however, was kept up several years, for she had a fine contralto voice, which her friends hoped would be turned to account.

Even before she was thirteen she had witnessed her first theatrical performance. It was "Coriolanus," with Macready in the title role. The child little thought that this distinguished actor was destined to give her the finishing lessons in her art. The effect the theater had upon her, besides stimulating her imagination, was to give her an idea of reading. She surprised her teachers and classmates by her talent for reading which had been curbed by shyness; and her playfellows were wont to say of her, "O, of course she can read; she goes to the theatre." The child, by the way, owed her first pleasures of the mimic world to a sailor uncle who on his visits to Boston patronized the play-houses.

Her first appearance as a novice was as Selim in the burlesque of "Bluebeard." It was not a pretentious effort, for the scene was the attic of her father's house. Tradition does not preserve full particulars of the entertainment.

It was Charlotte's intention to become an opera singer. Her first professional appearances were at the Tremont Theatre as Countess Almaviva in "The Marriage of Figaro" and Lucy Bertram in "Guy Rannering."

A severe disappointment met her at the outset of her career. While singing at New Orleans her voice, probably overstrained and affected by the change of climate, deserted her. The upper notes were gone forever. In despair she sought advice of Manager Caldwell. "You were never intended for an opera singer," he told her; "go to acting."

She did so and began with Lady Macbeth. She was fairly successful. The good reports of her induced the manager of the Bowery in New York to offer her a three-years' engagement. She was to receive \$25 a week the first year, \$35 the second, and \$45 the third. Five dollars a week were subtracted from her salary to pay for her wardrobe.

Out of her first earnings she built a home for her mother and other members of her family. But the Bowery burned down; her engagement and her wardrobe went up in smoke, and she was deeply in debt.

Although she had begun acting by playing Lady Macbeth, she now saw the necessity of beginning at the beginning. She signed a contract to play at the old Park Theatre for three years as "walking lady" at \$20 a week. Her opportunity came in 1840 when Mrs. Chippendale, who was billed to play Meg Merrilies, was taken ill, and the obscure "walking lady" was called on to fill the part.

Miss Cushman went about her duty without great expectations; indeed, she was unaware of her powers until a moment before her entrance. She stood at the wings waiting for her cue and listening to the conversation of two gypsies who were decrying their mistress as old and feeble-minded, and unworthy of authority. The weirdness, the passion—all the possibilities of the part—revealed themselves in a flash to the actress, and thrilled with the consciousness of power she made for the first time the memorable entrance which was to be ever afterward famous. The audience was carried away. Spectators at this and subsequent performances described the sight as one that chilled them. The greatest figure was not a gypsy or a witch, but a Fury or a Fate. Wild locks of gray hair streamed from a parchment-hued and haggard face; a withered branch served her as a scepter, and on the head a turban of twisted rags wore the shadowy semblance of a crown.

Charlotte Cushman's Meg Merrilies was great from the beginning. England afterward ratified the expression of America on the splendid achievement.

But the actress was not yet the accomplished artist. Her ability was beyond question; but her powers were yet rude and uncultivated. She knew her defects and saw her opportunity to supply them when Macready visited this country early in the forties.

She supported him in his New York engagement; and shared the honors with him. She found herself recognized at last as at the head of her profession. But there was yet another world to conquer. She started for England.

It was the year 1844 when she came to England. Fame was slow to travel in those days. No one knew of her ability but Macready. He invited her to join him

s, where he was acting; but she remained a point of professional etiquette, could not enter into competition with Helen Faucit (now Lady Martin), who was supporting Macready. She was slow work waiting in poor quarters in London. The actress and her maid on a mutton chop a day and counted pennies which they spent for bread. She knew she had enemies; she vowed to conquer them. At this time visited England and hired a leading lady. He instructed his nager to employ Miss Cushman. She sented, but on this condition: She must give one night beforehand for her own use. It happened that Feb. 14, 1845, she made her London debut as Bianca in "The Two Friends." When the great scene of the play reached where Bianca supplicates her father for mercy the passion of the actress given full swing, and the audience was transfixed. Miss Cushman said afterward that at the climax where she falls a huge heap at the feet of her rival she lost for a moment her own self-control. The audience also seemed to have lost self-control, for it had risen and abandoned itself to a tumult of applause. She had time to cover herself before the play could go on. In 1849 Miss Cushman returned to America for a tour. She contemplated retiring from the stage many years before she did so, and made repeated starring tours of England and America. For several years before her final leaving of her countrymen Charlotte Cushman was afflicted with a malady of an agonizing nature. She bore it bravely. It was in this period that she wrote to a friend: "I get so dreadfully depressed and all things seem so hopeless I pray God to take me quickly at any moment, so that I may not torture those I love by letting them see my pain." The end came painlessly, Feb. 18, 1876.

Her power as an actress lay in the equilibrium which was preserved in her between passion and intellectuality; for passion, like fire, has been called a good servant, but a merciless master.

The suggestion of the heroic which one finds in her life comes less from the sublimated creations of her genius than the granite strength of character she inherited from her Puritan ancestors.

Poor, uneducated, struggling in early life, she was in years when repose should have come, attacked by a terrible disease. And through it all she worked, worked incessantly, and not so much for herself as for others.

She publicly stated toward the end of her life that she had known purer and more self-sacrificing lives in women behind the foot-lights than in those who moved in private society. Of the truth of this statement her own career is the best illustration.

The Equal Suffrage Association of Englewood, a suburb of Chicago, held a two-days' convention, the past week. It reminded one of the old days, when the suffrage societies were the only ones who dared to discuss the ballot for women. Before the days of women's clubs, etc. As our Methodist friends would say, "there was an outpouring of the Spirit." The beautiful new Universalist church, presided over by the broad and progressive woman, Rev. Florence Kallack, was crowded to its utmost capacity the last session, over one thousand being present. Dr. Alice B. Stockham, President of the Association, Mrs. Harbert, President of the State Association, Miss Gougar, of Indiana, Mrs. Colby, editor of the *Woman's Tribune*, Mrs. Zeulda Wallace, Mrs. Laura Haviland, Mrs. Hasskett, Mrs. McKinney and many others addressed the meeting. Mrs. Stacy sang in her usual inspiring manner, and Mrs. Lida Hood Talbot gave some very fine recitations. The meeting will long be a delightful memory to those privileged to be present. There is no such solvent to this great question as education, and if every locality would form a suffrage club, women would soon have the ballot.

CENSUS OF HALLUCINATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR: May I ask for the publicity of your pages to aid me in procuring co-operation in a scientific investigation for which I am responsible? I refer to the Census of Hallucinations, which was begun several years ago by the "Society for Psychological Research," and of which the International Congress of Experimental Psychology at Paris, last summer, assumed the future responsibility, naming a committee in each country to carry on the work.

The object of the inquiry is twofold: first, to get a mass of facts about hallucinations which may serve as a basis for a sci-

entific study of these phenomena; and second, to ascertain approximately the proportion of persons who have had such experiences. Until the average frequency of hallucinations in the community is known, it can never be decided whether the so-called "veridical" hallucinations (visions or other "warnings" of the death, etc., of people at a distance) which are so frequently reported, are accidental coincidences or something more.

Some 8,000 or more persons in England, France and the United States have already returned answers to the question which heads the census sheets, and which runs as follows:

"Have you ever, when completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being or inanimate object, or of hearing a voice; which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?"

The "Congress" hopes that at its next meeting in England in 1892, as many as 50,000 answers may have been collected. It is obvious that for the purely statistical inquiry, the answer "No" is as important as the answer "Yes."

I have been appointed to superintend the Census in America, and I most earnestly bespeak the co-operation of any among your readers who may be actively interested in the subject. It is clear that very many volunteer canvassers will be needed to secure success. Each census blank contains instructions to the collector and places for twenty-five names; and special blanks for the "Yes" cases are furnished in addition. I shall be most happy to supply these blanks to any one who will be good enough to make application for them to

Yours truly,
(Professor) WILLIAM JAMES,
Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed, under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

THE PROSE DRAMAS OF HENRIK IBSEN. With Biographical Introduction by Edmund Gosse. New York: John W. Lovell Co., 150 Worth St. Paper, pp., 450. Price 50 cents.

The frontispiece portrait of the Norwegian dramatist whose plays have so recently taken the attention of the American public, is that of a strongly individualized thinker and a spiritually-minded man. The four dramas in this volume are translated by William Archer. The opening one is "The Doll's House," a woman's rights play, which was the first of his works to which the English speaking public's attention was directed through its translation by Frances Lord. The others are "The Pillars of Society," which aims to show something of the pharisaism of modern society morality; "Ghosts," a lesson in heredity, and "Rosmerholm," the leading purpose of which seems to be to dissipate the glamor often thrown over the underlying selfishness in the pursuit of high ideals. These dramas are not altogether pleasant reading nor will they be everywhere recognized as being true to facts, but they are wonderfully natural in tone, strong in expression, and thought-stirring. They show a distinctively original mode of treatment. They are intended not alone to be attractive in performance but to serve as awakeners of intellect and conscience; they uncover the underlying motives of surface morality and the inward springs of human actions.

Ibsen's women are by no means "dolls" such as his "Nora" was educated to be, but strong, self-reliant characters, and independent thinkers. Few, if any, male writers have given us so true or so high a conception of womanhood as does Ibsen.

The one great lack in these works is that while they exhibit strongly the mistakes to which human nature is liable, the author fails to point the way to any real remedy for our social evils.

A STRIKE OF MILLIONAIRES AGAINST MINERS: or the Story of Spring Valley. An Open Letter to the Millionaires. By Henry D. Lloyd. Chicago: Belford-Clarke Co. 1890. pp. 204.

According to Mr. Lloyd four corporations—the Chicago and North-Western Railroad, the Spring Valley Coal Company, the Spring Valley Town Site Company, and the Northwest Fuel Company of St. Paul, are the four legal dummies or fictitious "persons" that created Spring Valley; behind these are the real persons masked, the stockholders, who have received each his share of the profits, and who must bear each his share of the responsibility for the violation of pledges to poor miners,

and for the wretchedness, squalor, disease and death which have resulted from the treatment of the employees of the Spring Valley coal mines. These stockholders are the millionaires, "accessories before and after the fact," who are addressed in this volume, which narrates the story of Spring Valley, a town on the Illinois river below La Salle and Peru, and around the bend, out of sight. . . . once called the 'Magic City,' more likely to be known henceforth as the 'Tragic City,' and to share with Starved Rock the romantic interest of this unhappy valley."

Mr. Lloyd has made the conduct of those whom he arraigns—their conduct as capitalists and corporations—the subject of careful investigation. He is thoroughly acquainted with their doings. Terrible as is his arraignment, he frankly avers that he believes the case of Spring Valley fairly represents the relation between miners and mine-owners throughout the country. This he justly regards as the worst feature of all. If Spring Valley were an exception it might be dismissed as "a mere aberration of the commercial conscience" of some particularly depraved locality; but after acquainting himself with the official reports of legislatures, and congressional reports of committees on various strikes, Mr. Lloyd is satisfied that Spring Valley is "but one pustule of a disease spread through the whole body." Only a change of names and a few details are needed to make it identical with the story of Braidwood, Ill., "where babies and women wither away to be transmigrated into the dividends of a millionaire coal-miner of Beacon street, Boston," with the story of Punxsutawney, "where starving foreigners have eaten up all the dogs in the country to keep themselves loyally alive, to dig coal again when their masters re-open the coal kennels," with the story of Brazil, Ind., "where the Brazil Block Coal Company locked out their thousands of miners last year until their wives and children grew transparent enough to be glasses through which the miners could read, though darkly, the terms of surrender which they had to accept," with the story of the Hocking Valley, "where Pinkerton gunpowder was burned to give the light by which Labor could read the free contract" its brother capital wanted it to sign, "or the story of the Reading Collieries, where, as the congressional committee of 1887-1888 reported, "the employers provoked the miners to riot, and then shot the rioters 'legally.'" Indeed our author tells the millionaires that the story of Spring Valley "needs not many changes to be a picture of what all American industry will become if the power of our Bourbons of business, such as you have shown yourselves to be at Spring Valley, develops at its present rate up to the end of the nineteenth century."

Mr. Lloyd admits that Spring Valley and its miseries and wrongs were, at the beginning, but the conception and achievement of one or two of the leading owners of railroad and other companies, who did the planning, secured the approval of the board of directors, and the active influence of the railroads through whom, by special freights, the business of competitors was stolen, coal land was bought, and the scheme was invented, by which fortunes were to be made from the workingmen's necessities and the misuse of the powers of the common carrier. But none of the directors, none of the stockholders, who received the profits of the scheme, protested against it; on the contrary, all accepted unprotestingly their "share of the guilt and—gilt;" "and," Mr. Lloyd adds—addressing himself to millionaires—"if you have had any other anxiety than that the millionaires should succeed in their strike against the miners, so that you might have more gilt, you have never let the public become aware of it. Not one of you, so far as known, sent a word of sympathy, or a mouthful of food to the thousands who were being ground to powder by your agents for your benefit." The names of the stockholders of our public corporations, it should be noted, are kept secret, and who "the accessories of the original willing sinners" are cannot usually be learned.

Mr. Lloyd gives a mass of facts and figures which prove, on the part of corporations employing men at Spring Valley, an amount of greed and heartlessness which seems incredible in an enlightened country.

The author of the work is a philanthropist, evidently urged to the investigation of this subject and to the expression of his thought by interest in the condition of workingmen, and indignation at the treatment the miners of Spring Valley and other places have received from their employers.

Mr. Lloyd is a literary artist as well as a man of deep feeling, and he combines felicity

of diction with fervor of expression, and writes with and power.

The book should be read by all interested in the labor question—this tactical issue of the hour. It certainly industry in the collection of the facts data from which the conclusions are and a disposition to deal justly and with the subject.

DINNA FORGET. By John Strange. No 60 of Lovell's International Series. Paper, pp. 214. Price 30 cents.

A pretty love story of a soldier laddie and his bride; told in the inimitably charming style of the lady who writes under the above mentioned *nom de plume*.

EARL STIMSON. By Phebe Consalus Burtard. New York: American News Co. Paper, pp., 380.

Apparently the first venture of a new writer who follows a little too closely upon old models of story telling. Although there is a little too much mannerism in the style the morals and manners of the heroes and heroines are beyond question.

A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE. By L. T. Meade. No. 52 of Lovell's International Series. New York: F. F. Lovell & Co. Paper, pp. 222. Price, 30 cents.

This is a story of English life, portraying the strength of character and comparatively high ideals which are often found among those compelled to live amid poverty, with mean associates and in apparently hopeless conditions.

A MAGNETIC MAN AND OTHER STORIES. By Edward S. Vandle. No. 6 of Lovell's International Series. New York: F. F. Lovell & Co. Paper pp., 211. Price 50 cents.

The "Other Stories" in this volume are "A Tangle of Hearts;" "Chemical Voyance;" "An Emperor's Decree;" "The Jingling of the Guinea." All are bright, clever novellettes, well told, and readable, touching on the fads and philosophies of the present day.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

of Millionaires Against Miners;
Story of Spring Valley. By H. D.
Chicago: Ford-Clarke & Co.
The Serial Story. By Edward P.
New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.
cover. Price, 50 cents.
From Lee & Shepard, Boston; A. C. Mc-
g & Co., Chicago, the following:
Primer of Darwinism and Organic
Evolution. By J. Y. and Fanny D. Ber-
gen. Price, \$1.25.
Edward Burton. By Henry Wood. Price,
\$1.25.
Marion Graham. By Meta Lander. Price,
\$1.50.

From F. F. Lovell & Company, New
York, the following:
In the Valley of Hailah. By Frederick
Thickstun Clark; The Talking Image of
Urur. By Franz Hartmann, M. D. Price,
each, 50 cents.

Live Questions: Including our Penal
Machinery and its Victims. By John P.
Alfeld. Chicago: Donohue & Henne-
berry.

Spiritualism and Spirit Phenomena in
1707. San Diego, Cal.: Geo. S. Pidgeon.
Price, paper, \$1.00.

Not all new things come from the effete
East. The Bannack and Crow Indians
and other tribes in the northern Rockies
are laboring with an extraordinary delu-
sion that Christ has come to earth and is
now in the Big Horn Mountains, some-
where between Fort Custer and Fort Wa-
shakie, Wyoming Territory. General
James S. Brislin, U. S. A., commanding
in Montana, has in the New York Ledger
of May 17 an interesting letter concerning
the hallucination and giving full and in-
teresting details about it.

LIST OF BOOKS FOR SALE

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ULIA GREY BURNETT.

ing in the Spring,
re had aroused from sleep
the love-birds sing
ins, and their trystings keep
re decked in rich attire
were fair, the meadows green,
and, the mountains higher
y dressed to hail their queen.

ere seemed full of life
delight at Spring's return;
envy, discord, strife,
d or leaf-bud flower or fern.
ere so inviting fair
'such a lovely day,
to work and care,
ed to their shades away.

e Quaker-ladies grew,
alf-hiding from the light;
o find the violet blue,
ower with its eye so bright.
is in green and gold,
and smiling at the sun,
new a tale untold
al since the world begun.

s slope the sunlight streams
h leaves of green, and branches gray:
ad where love's fond dreams
assed the happy hours away.
ould have listened long
I have heard each word they said,—
s bright, and young and strong,
rently his cause he plead.

ould guess the theme,
ushes pink were on her cheek,
er eyes the lovelight beam
losed the Spirit pure and meek:
cious they of strangers near,
nything to mar their bliss;
hisperings I could not hear—
ah! I'm sure that was a kiss!

his was love's Spring holiday,
time sped by on winged hours;
I, passing, grave or gay,
noticed less these bright May flowers?
dainty, fairy Queen,
ne of wildwood flowers the King:
m on their carpet green,
brook and birds their songs to sing.
GTON, D. C.

IMMORTALITY.

HE EDITOR: Mrs. Gestefeld takes
ext for her article in THE JOURNAL
17th: "If a man die, shall he live
and says: "The most difficult
produce to-day is evidence of man's
lity."

ne ask a few questions bearing upon
blem of man's immortality—after
ntioning the fact, that the tendency
t persons discussing this problem,
be to regard man not as a unitary
out as being constituted of two or
dependent parts that have separate
ons—instead of regarding him as a
phenomenal expression, the condi-
f which change so as to place him in
ious relations with the phenomenal
hereon he may for the time being
his activity.

's not a man some-thing?
an some-thing come from no-thing?
hen did not this something that
tes man always exist in some form?
s not the same true of all things?
s not self-existence the everlasting
in of Being *per se* from which all
flow? in which all things have their

Can there be unfolded or developed
a thing, that which does not have a
tial and inherent existence within it?
As man has been unfolded and de-
ed into an objective existence, does it
ollow that man is a potential quality of
xistence? and therefore his phenom-
pression but the objective presentation
unfoldment of his self-existent quali-

Can that which is self-existent cease
st?
Is not continuous existence immor-

JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK.

THE MYSTIC HOPE.

s this mystic, wondrous hope in me,
when no star from out the darkness born
s promise of the coming of the morn;
life seems a pathless mystery
hich tear-blinded eyes no way can see,
ess comes, and life grows most forlorn,
to laugh the last dread threat to scorn,
ries, Death is not, shall not be?

self! Tell me, 'O Death,
il'st the earth: 'if dust to dust'
nd of love and hope and strife,
nd is blown this living breath
lf to whispers of strong trust
—if 'tis a lie—of life?
—M. J. SAVAGE.



Copyright, 1898.

Said Sarah to Mary:

"Pray, tell me, dear cousin, what can be the matter?
Sure, a few months ago you were fairer and fatter.
Now your cheeks, once so rosy, are sunken and fallow.
Your thin, trembling hands are as hueless as tallow;
Your nerves are unstrung, your temper is shaken,
And you act and appear like a woman forsaken."

Said Mary to Sarah:

"Your comments seem rough, but the facts are still rougher.
For nobody knows how acutely I suffer.
I am sick unto death and well nigh desperation.
With female disorders and nervous prostration,
I've doctored and dosed till my stomach is seething
And life hardly seems worth the trouble of breathing."

Said Sarah to Mary:

"Forgive me, my dear, if my comments seem crusty.
And, pray, try a cure that is certain and trusty.
'Tis needless to suffer, to murmur and languish,
And pass half your days in such pitiful anguish.
For 'female disorders' of every description
Are certainly cured by Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

Mary heeded this good advice, bought a
supply of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip-
tion and it wrought a perfect cure. The
history of her marvelous restoration to
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To Those who "Do Not Care for a Religious Paper."

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if you knew of one that does not advo-
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Hiero-Salem.

ve fallen upon prophetic times. At the first rosy flush—the very dawn of a new psychic era—is all that brightens light now, yet there are those among us who are accustomed to stand upon the old even to take flights above the earth. Such have caught enough of the beam of the advancing monarch's sun of sunshine to figure forth what inner of day is upon us. Among these the popular Edward Bellamy, and a companion piece to his "Looking Backward" is s. Mason's "Hiero-Salem"—which might properly designated "Looking Forward." The book is upon the material plane of our many-sided natures—it is a great piece of mental engineering, under whose teachings my workmen are already preparing to set the course of the mighty river of humanity that threatens to overflow its banks. The other book is upon the spiritual plane, and reveals to us a vision of the perfection that will be ours when the coming day is at its meridian.

Hiero-Salem is full of mannerisms and petitions, which, in their overplentitude may tire the mind unaccustomed to breathe an atmosphere too ethereal "for human nature's daily food." But from the book bring supporting wings, which, after silent reading, sweep the reader along, till he finds himself a thinker and a psychic seer; whether he will or no. We can forgive a face that is plain, if the spirit breathing through throws light upon our pathway; and we can forgive this book its faults for the same reason.

Hiero-Salem presents, especially, the feminine element in the Godhead—a pearl of knowledge descending to us from the ancients of the Ganges, the Euphrates and the Nile, which the dust and debris of centuries have nearly buried from sight. The history of the family life of such cultivated psychologists as Mrs. Mason pictured is in striking contrast with common-place humanity to-day, and for that reason seems exaggerated and unnatural. But who shall say that another century will not show many a realization of that picture? This book is for those who are to come after us; it will never be popular until it reaches those now waiting to be born, to whom it will be but a record of familiar things. One reason why few persons can recognize the purpose of the work is because few of us have cognized the things of which it treats in any previous epoch of our existence. Its intent and meaning can best be given by the writer herself. Writing to an appreciative reader, Mrs. Mason says:

"Recognition of truth implies much self-recollection. And can one recover his true self, who does not even surmise that his or her identity is thousands of years old, and is perhaps to be re-collected or gathered together again out of the wreck of experiences in times and climes far remote from those of which he is now consciously living? This recognition or recollection is a God-like power, tending on toward that unspeakable state in which omniscience perceives there is neither Past nor Future, but an eternal Now. My book will have had some success if it reveals Woman as Woman is when she in liberty lives. In the problem of life, woman is the unknown factor or quantity; and as long as she remains thus, so long will that problem continue unsolvable. So it will be until Woman, living in liberty (which is the reverse of license), dares to be the wondrous beauty that is her nature. I admire and even adore the real woman who is yet to emerge from beyond the just opening gates of the new day. Sometimes I catch a heavenly glimpse of her. But, were she here to-day, people would rather fear than love her—so long have men supposed that ignorance is innocence, and that 'unfounded shame' is modesty. I am happy in my advancing years; for well I know that heavenly satisfaction will descend upon our race, when the on-coming mothers are secured in that liberty which is, in itself, plenteousness, peace and pure joy."

We have said enough to show our readers that in Hiero-Salem they will find no ordinary book, and that we have here to deal with the utmost recognitions and discernings of a very remarkable woman, whose influence will be most felt by those who are most experienced in the realities. Her spiritual power has more than once been felt in the Baptist Church, in which her husband is a clergyman of distinction. It is some years since we first made her literary acquaintance in a brochure pleading for the recognition of "Our mother who art in Heaven," as well as of the more familiar aspiration to the masculinity of the Godhead—that one-sided Semi-God we have from the Semitic traditions of a Jehovah who lacked all the redeeming qualities of

the androgyne deities of the more polished and philosophical Pantheons.

Hiero-Salem cannot yet be a book for the many; but its light shines for those who can comprehend it. T. S. GNOSTIC.

*Hiero-Salem: The Vision of Peace. A Fiction founded on Ideals which are grounded in the Real. Etc. By Mrs. E. L. Mason. Illustrated Boston: J. G. Cupples Company, 1889.

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A Vivid Vision.

THE EDITOR: About one year and a half, a lady whose friendship I have had some ten years, since our first meeting in Rome, Italy, came to visit me in New York. She is an exceptionally lovely gentle character. She has resided years in Albany, and is a member of Teese's church, of this city, and is orthodox in her views. One Sunday morning she asked my husband and myself we would not like to hear the great sermon, Dr. R. Heber Newton, who was course upon Robert Elsmere that day. I consented gladly and accompanied her. The church was crowded, and we were next to the chancel, she on the right side, and we on the left. The sermon was marvelously interesting, and my friend absorbed and captivated. Lifting her head and glancing to the left, perhaps to see me, too, were enjoying the flood of eloquence that fell from those inspired lips, she stood at beholding the form and face of our darling son,—he who, eight months previously, had been caught in a storm, his canoe tipped over, and he, with his loved friend, swept into the whirlpools of a storm-tossed lake, and there he stood! His eyes were filled with an expression of deepest love sympathy upon his father's face. Ah, my friend! Was it not possible that his loving spirit foresaw that in one short month his beloved father would be stricken down, and, thro' pain, and suffering, must pass over the mysterious river? And it was even so.

On returning from church, our friend related to us the vivid vision she had seen. She added: "I tried to think it was only my imagination—I turned away—I thought of my mother—I endeavored to see if I could not place her image there—I thought of her memorial which I was having prepared in Bishop Doane's new cathedral, but all I could do, I could not banish dear Ed's form from that chancel, for there he stood, with his gaze riveted upon his father's face—remember, this is not Spiritualism!"

"I beg pardon, my dear friend," I replied, "but this is Spiritualism!—Your vision was opened by some kind angel, and you saw our son."

And thus through myriad channels come the glorious proofs that our dear ones can come back to us, and do—whenever it is possible.

The orthodox skeptic who finds the veil sometimes really lifted, yet will scorn to believe that, as a rule, good spirits are permitted to return; only the wicked are allowed the freedom of the skies;—all others are hemmed in, perhaps by alabaster walls, and in forgetfulness of earthly friends, are enjoying a *dolce far niente*, while "awaiting the judgment day." Who would go back to this dreary belief? R. S. T. STANTON, Fla.

Jennie B. Hagan, after a busy winter's work South and West, spoke at Fitchburg, Mass., May 4, 10, and 11; Westborough, Mass., Sunday, May 18; Columbus, Ohio, May 25th to 29th inclusive, and will speak there Sunday, June 1st. She is engaged at Mason, Ohio, June 3d; Cassadaga Lake, N. Y., June 6, 7, 8, and North Collins, N. Y., June 14 and 15. Parties desiring Miss Hagan's services for week evenings in vicinity of above places, can address her at 242 South Third street, Columbus, Ohio, before June 2d.

The annual picnic and Sunday Assembly of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association, at Lily Dale, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., will be held June 6, 7, and 8, 1890. Speakers: Willard T. Hull, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Jennie B. Hagan, of South Framingham, Mass. The Northwestern Orchestra, of Meadville, Pa., will furnish music Saturday and Sunday, and for the dancing on Saturday evening. All are cordially invited to participate in what has heretofore been one of the pleasantest assemblages of the year.

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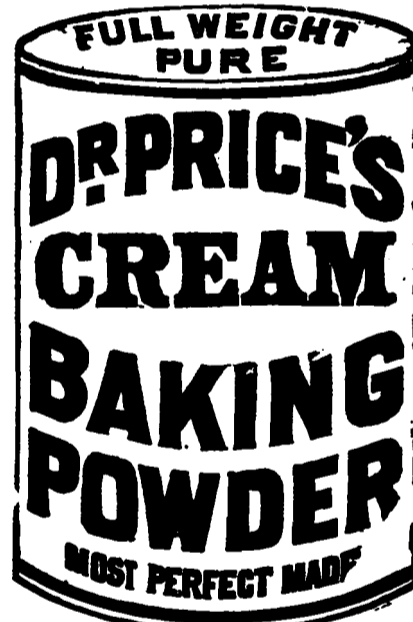
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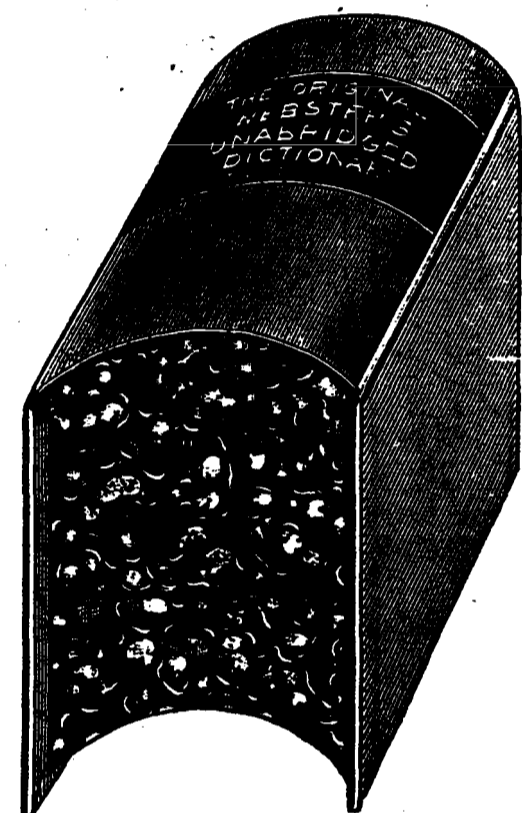
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